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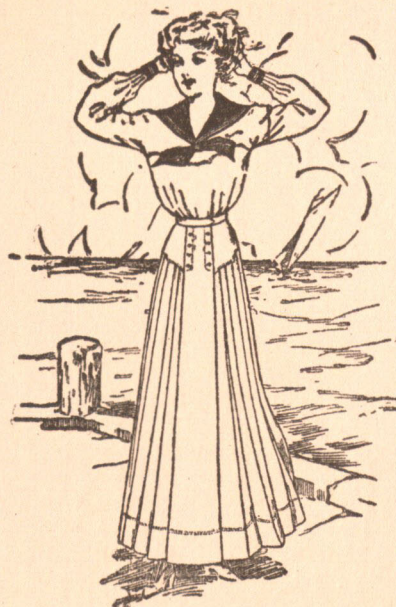
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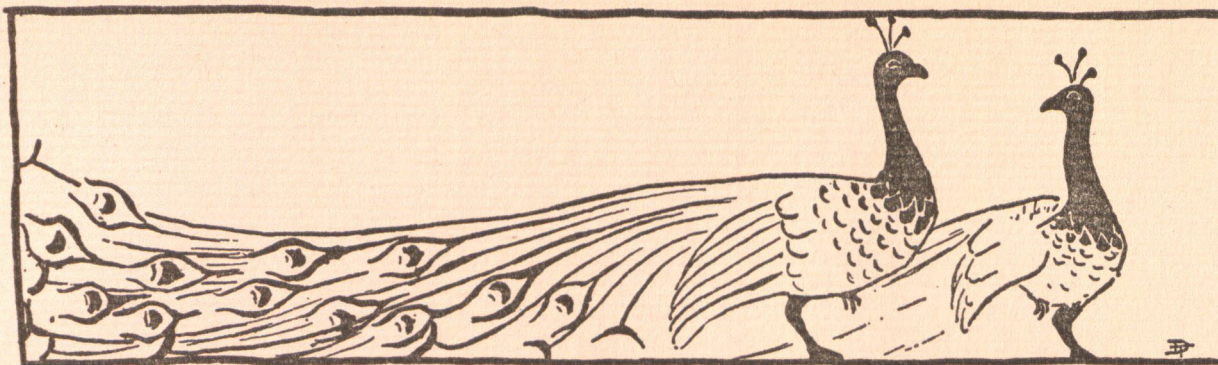
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## Foreword

WE are having a foreword because Hobie says Mr. Clarke says it will look better, and we are very particular about looks. So far as we know, no class has ever had a foreword before, which was rather against it to Leila, the conservative member of our board, but when we pointed out to her that it would be a good place to state our motto, she was reconciled to it. She thinks a good deal of that motto, does Leila; in fact, we all do, when it comes to that, and it seems as if the class were with us. Our motto is "There is no hurry." Some of them wanted "Haste makes waste," but that seemed to us to be a bit stereotyped, and we are nothing if not spontaneous.

It is our conviction that to a patient class like 1911, a mere matter of a week or so, or perhaps a year or so, sooner or later, principally later, will make no difference at all, and though we are naturally spontaneous, we are capable of living up to our convictions. Besides, we will all enjoy reading the class book to our grandchildren more, if it hasn't been about the house too long. For ourself, we fancy something fresh for grandchildren—it seems more wholesome.

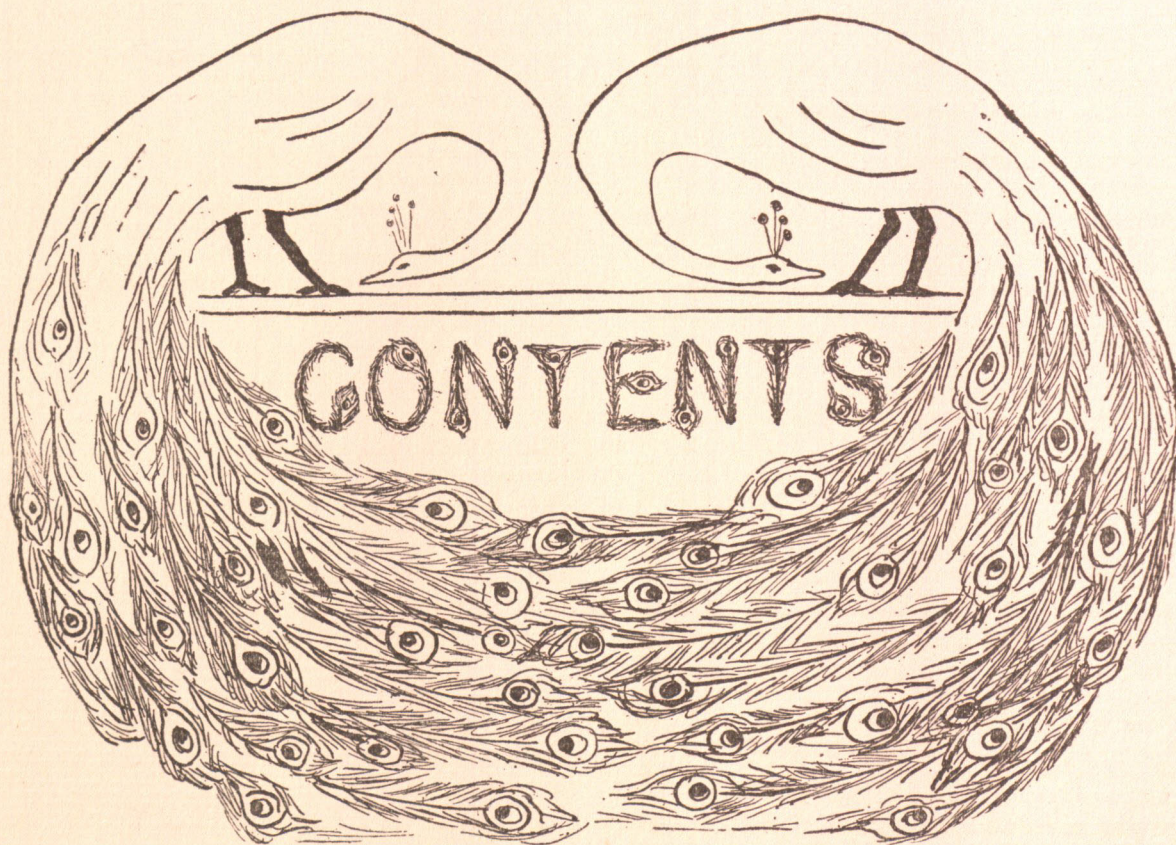
We hope that other classes, who have known us in college, may sometimes care to look over and read our book. We hope English readers will not, or, if they do, will omit the foreword, as we are painfully conscious of a lack of transition just here. And we will be glad if any of our friends find anything to interest them in these pages. But, in explanation more than in apology, we announce here that this book is primarily for the Class of 1911 and wholly by and about the Class of 1911. We are deeply and frankly interested in ourselves as a class, and now that we are out of college, we want, more than ever, to emphasise our entity and continued existence as a class. Few of us can write well, those who can do not put their fine writing here. Here it is our pleasure to recall and to record anything that brings back the spirit of the class, both serious and gay—not only events and experiences at Bryn Mawr, but all the characteristics, even to follies and shortcomings, that we shared, and that bound us more closely together. In short, a frank case of spread-peacock.

Now we have written a foreword—quite the first that has ever come from our honest pen. You may say what you like about it, we suppose that, like most work of human hands, it has its defects, but, take it all in all, it is a foreword, and as such we glory in it.

We herewith have the honour of presenting the book of the Class of 1911.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.







	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . .	7
OFFICES HELD BY 1911 . . . . .	11
THE FIRST TEN . . . . .	14
SCHOLARSHIPS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OF 1911 . . . . .	15
OUR FIRST CLASS MEETING, <i>Marguerite H. Layton</i> . . . . .	16
RUSH NIGHTS, <i>Margaret A. Prussing</i> . . . . .	18
CHOOSING THE CLASS ANIMAL, <i>Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	20
1911's SINGING, <i>Margery Smith</i> . . . . .	23
"EVERY FRESHMAN;" OR, NOT VULGAR BUT, <i>Leila Houghteling</i> . . . . .	28
BEHIND THE SCENES, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	30
GYM DRILLS, <i>Marion D. Crane</i> . . . . .	34
BREAKS, <i>Phyllis Rice, Ruth Tanner, Mary Williams</i> . . . . .	38
FRESHMAN CLASS SUPPER, <i>Frances Porter</i> . . . . .	40
THE SOUL, <i>Ruth Wells</i> . . . . .	41
ON FRESHMAN YEAR, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	44
1912 COUCHANT, 1911 RAMPANT; OR, HOW WE RID THE COLLEGE OF AN INJURIOUS CUSTOM, <i>Amy Morehead Walker</i> . . . . .	48
COMMUTING AND THE CLOISTERED LIFE, <i>Jessie Clifton</i> . . . . .	50
THE GYM CONTEST, <i>Isobel M. Rogers</i> . . . . .	52
1911 À LA MODE, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	53
1911 EN NEGLIGEE; OR, DRAMATICS, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	56
SUNDAY BREAKFAST, <i>Margaret A. Prussing</i> . . . . .	60
LANTERN NIGHT, <i>Helen Huss Parkhurst</i> . . . . .	64
THE POLITICAL RALLY, <i>Amy Morehead Walker</i> . . . . .	66
PRECIOUS STONES, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	68
COLLEGE PERIODICALS, <i>Leila Houghteling</i> . . . . .	70
THE MYSTERY OF THE PEACOCK'S SQUAWK, <i>Louise S. Russell</i> . . . . .	72
FAREWELL TO 1909, <i>Amy Morehead Walker</i> . . . . .	75
ATHLETIC STATISTICS . . . . .	78
ENGLISH MAJOR, <i>Alice Eichberg</i> . . . . .	86
ON BECOMING UPPERCLASSMEN, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	89
THE PASSING OF MILK LUNCH, <i>Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	92
COLLEGE SONGS, <i>Alice Eichberg</i> . . . . .	95
TABLE EMOTIONS, <i>Virginia Custer Canan</i> . . . . .	97
BANNER NIGHTS, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	99
LAB, <i>May Margaret Egan</i> . . . . .	102
PROCTORS, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	105
TRACK, <i>Isobel M. Rogers</i> . . . . .	107
MAY DAY FROM THE INSIDE, <i>Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	109
MAY DAY FROM THE OUTSIDE, <i>Louise S. Russell</i> . . . . .	112
QUIZZES, <i>Jessie Clifton</i> . . . . .	115
ATHLETIC SCENES, <i>Helen Emerson</i> . . . . .	117
THE NURSE, A FOUR YEARS' REACTIONARY BY A PATIENT SENIOR, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	121
THE JUBILEE, <i>May Margaret Egan</i> . . . . .	123

	PAGE
OUR SENIOR MELODRAMA, <i>Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	127
ORALS, AN EXPLODED SUPERSTITION, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	131
MARRONS vs. ONE'S FAVOURITE AUTHOR, <i>Helen H. L. Henderson</i> . . . . .	133
HOW TO KEEP A SECRET, <i>Marguerite H. Layton</i> . . . . .	136
CHINESE POETRY, <i>Helen Huss Parkhurst</i> . . . . .	138
CLASS GOATS; OR, APOLOGIA PRO VITA MEA, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	140
FIRE DRILLS AS SEEN BY THE UNSOPHISTICATED, <i>Leila Houghteling and Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	143
WATER POLO, <i>Isobel M. Rogers</i> . . . . .	145
SONGS OF 1911, <i>Charlotte Isabel Claflin</i> . . . . .	146
NOTE TAKING, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	148
TO THE SENIOR STEPS, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	150
HALF AN A. B., <i>Elizabeth Willis Taylor</i> . . . . .	151
ON THE RIGHT TRACK, <i>Alpine B. Parker</i> . . . . .	153
SENIOR YEAR DRAMATICS, <i>Margaret A. Prussing</i> . . . . .	155
LECTURES; OR, TAILOR-MADE AND TAYLOR-MAID, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	158
SCARLET FEVER . . . . .	160
R-REVENGE, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	161
TWENTY YEARS LATER, <i>Leila Houghteling and Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	162
PICNICS, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	162a
MAJOR POLECON, <i>Margery Hoffman</i> . . . . .	163
THE HYENA CLUB, <i>Margery Smith</i> . . . . .	167
1912'S JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	173
THE OLD GYM AND THE NEW, <i>Leila Houghteling</i> . . . . .	175
FAREWELL TO THE LIBRARY, <i>Margery Smith</i> . . . . .	177
3.00 A. M. AND ALL'S WELL, <i>Rosalind Fay Mason</i> . . . . .	179
FACULTY RECEPTION, <i>Agnes Lawrence Murray</i> . . . . .	181
SENIOR CLASS SUPPER, <i>Marion D. Crane</i> . . . . .	184
THE TREASURER'S REPORT, <i>Isobel M. Rogers</i> . . . . .	186
ACADEMIA, <i>Margery Smith</i> . . . . .	187
WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, <i>Leila Houghteling</i> . . . . .	189
THE PASSING OF THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE, <i>Ruth Wells</i> . . . . .	191
THE CLASS PROPHECY, <i>Margery Hoffman</i> . . . . .	193
BONFIRES . . . . .	203
GARDEN PARTIES, <i>Esther Stuart Cornell and Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	204
COMMENCEMENT REHEARSAL, <i>Margaret A. Prussing</i> . . . . .	208
THE COMMENCEMENT PROCESSION, <i>Alpine B. Parker</i> . . . . .	211
THE LAST LAP OF THE COURSE; OR, THE EXIT OF 1911, <i>Margaret Jefferys Hobart</i> . . . . .	214
OUR LAST CLASS MEETING, <i>Catherine Lyman Delano</i> . . . . .	218
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	220
L'ENVOI, <i>Marion Sturges Scott</i> . . . . .	221
CLASS ADDRESSES . . . . .	222
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	228
THE FACULTY . . . . .	229







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*Members Students' Council*—CATHERINE DELANO, AMY WALKER, HELEN TREDWAY



**First Ten**

TREDWAY, HELEN . . . . .	91.621 . . . . .	Physics and Chemistry Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa.
CRANE, MARION . . . . .	88.3 . . . . .	Philosophy and English Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.
CLIFTON, JESSIE . . . . .	86.26 . . . . .	Mathematics and Chemistry Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
DARKOW, ANGELA . . . . .	86.23 . . . . .	Greek and Latin Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
DELANO, CATHERINE . . . . .	86.214 . . . . .	Philosophy and English Francis W. Parker School, Chicago, Ill. Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.
EGAN, MAY . . . . .	86.214 . . . . .	French and Spanish Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Conn.
EMERSON, HELEN . . . . .	85.285 . . . . .	Mathematics and Physics Lincoln School, Providence, R. I.
DOOLITTLE, MARGARET . . . . .	83.273 . . . . .	Greek and Latin Heathcote Hall, Scarsdale, N. Y.
WILBUR, CONSTANCE . . . . .	83.144 . . . . .	Mathematics and Geology Asbury Park High School, Asbury Park, N. Y.
CLAFLIN, CHARLOTTE . . . . .	82.75 . . . . .	Greek and English Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.



## Scholarships Received by Members of 1911

MARIA L. EASTMAN BROOKHALL SCHOLAR

Helen Tredway

ELIZABETH DUANE GILLESPIE HISTORY PRIZE

Helen Ramsey

Hilpa Schram

EUROPEAN FELLOWS

Helen Tredway, 91.621

Marion Crane, 88.3

GEORGE W. CHILDS ESSAY PRIZE

Marion Crane

MARY HELEN RITCHIE PRIZE

Marion Crane

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Greek—Angela Darkow

Latin—Margaret Doolittle

Chemistry—Helen Tredway





WHAT a contrast to some of our perfunctory "25 cents fine for non-attendance" class meetings was the mysterious, melodramatic setting of the first class meeting! Then our faces had not yet acquired that unmistakable class meeting look, one of mingled dullness, virtue, and indignation, especially if the day were rainy and the place of meeting the Gym.

At first our one chief thing was to guard against any appearance of going to a class meeting at all until wafted there by Lucky Providence in the shape of a Junior. Lots of "Juniors" came around to see us that first day to tell us confidentially to meet in the cloisters at six o'clock. They were such pleasant girls, with frank, engaging smiles, but with such a disconcerting habit of sitting on the 1910 side of the chapel the rest of the year. Then other Juniors came who told us not to believe anybody or go anywhere but just to wait.

My particular Lucky Providence came late when I had almost given up expecting it, came with Pleasaunce Baker popping in at the Merion dining room door and beckoning. I left my soup precipitately, after a hasty apology to the faintly and frigidly amused warden. After Pleasaunce's whispered question, "Are you a Freshman?" she gave me directions as we went up the stairs, then we separated to go different ways.



I opened the door of the middle suite just as Pleasaunce had said, "Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound to be heard." I opened the bedroom door, and there, filling the room to overflowing, piled up on the floor, on the bed, and perched on the bureau, was the first class meeting.

There were figures familiar and yet strangely unfamiliar. Flo and Anna sat huddled up in a corner in kimonos, with soap and towels in their hands, just as they had been seized on their way to the bathroom. Harriet Couch was there in evening dress and cape, with a gold band in her hair which riveted my attention like something new and strange, although I had seen it every day for the past year in school.

My climax has to suffer somewhat here for no Sophomore jumped out of the closet or crawled from under the bed, as Florence Wyman was nominated chairman. Everything went smoothly, and we elected our chairman, with the usual implicit faith in our Juniors, though not one of us knew who, what or why Florence was. Somebody opened a window and a cheer went up from the crowd of Juniors gathered underneath.

The meeting was over, and we all adjourned to the Arch for the singing and cheering and to meet our new chairman.

Thus was the little account settled between 1909 and 1910. After the words of "Les Romanesques," "One first class meeting with variations attempted," and 1911 was henceforth to go calm and undisturbed along the path of regular and uninteresting class meeting.

MARGUERITE LAYTON.



## Rush Nights

I AM commissioned to detail our Rush Nights because until I was a Junior I never took part in one and so have a calm, judicial opinion of them. Freshman year, I remember well, we had a wild class meeting when, among other things, we learned to sing with an appearance of enthusiastically believing it, that "here we came." The choice of people to lead the line was another important thing accomplished at that class meeting. Some one suggested Jeanette and some one else said: "Get up and let's see you." Then Jeanette arose, inflated her brawny chest, and rolled up her jumper sleeve to show us her muscle; that was enough—and she and Agnes Wood successfully butted their way through all obstacles.

Speaking of jumpers—I was ignorant in those days, and when Florence told us we were to wear "jumpers and short skirts," I had visions of us in some sort of baby clothes. The appropriateness of it even made me mad. I was so relieved when Scottie told me a jumper was a "middy blues."

Well, that first Rush Night, I hear, was fearfully thrilling, and it accomplished the purpose it was meant to. It introduced us to 1910 thoroughly, and to 1909 most pleasantly, and we were *not* divided.

But the thrill of Sophomore year. It began when we decided to wear Pierrot costumes, it rose when John Richardson discovered 1912's tune and Amy and Scottie wrote derisive words to it,—it reached a climax when behind Radnor we scattered the Freshmen, like so much astonished chaff, thanks to Schmittie's correct imitation of a Freshman. I did get in on some of that Rush Night, for, coming out from town, and entering Denbigh, I heard Kate Rotan Drinker shout, "No violence! Remember, no violence," while she pushed Hoby through the wall with one hand and propelled 1912 along with the other.

A little farther down Elsa was begging us to remember that we had given up violence, while she deftly hung Delano over the electric light fixtures and helped the Freshman keep on the key.

When we finally arrived under the Arch, Jeanette and Frances Hearne still locked in a deadly struggle, Leila "ironing out" any one who came in her way, Virginia acting like a snow plow through the masses of 1910, the Freshmen had been as it were discounted and the contention was carried on by those most interested.

As Juniors we had arrived at the point of decrying violence ourselves, with fierceness

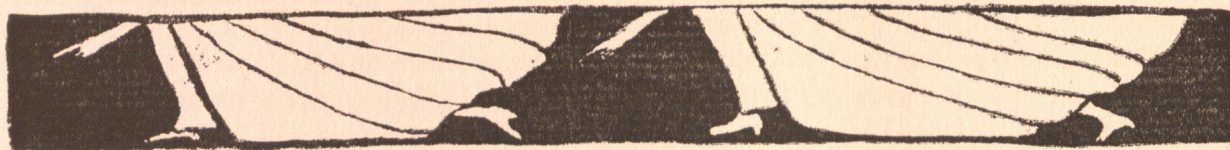


that dared 1912 to lay hands on one Freshman. Detailed to clear out the halls before the rush entered, we encountered one persistent party of ghosts which had to be dragged out by the heels from some room on the ground floor of each hall. The corporeality of their supposedly spiritual bodies made it stiff work, and we felt justified in bumping them along the floors as we hauled them forth. Then, too, there was a curious weight, a feeling as of solidity to their "rushes without violence" at doors of the various halls. If there were any Freshmen in that rush, I don't remember them (I suppose there must have been, however), but the uproar, and the pushing, and the fighting, all so strictly "without violence," were simply wonderful.

It was with a proud consciousness of our superiority and yet with undignified regret and open longing that, with satin capes and supercilious smiles, we watched the same old "rough house" sweep past.

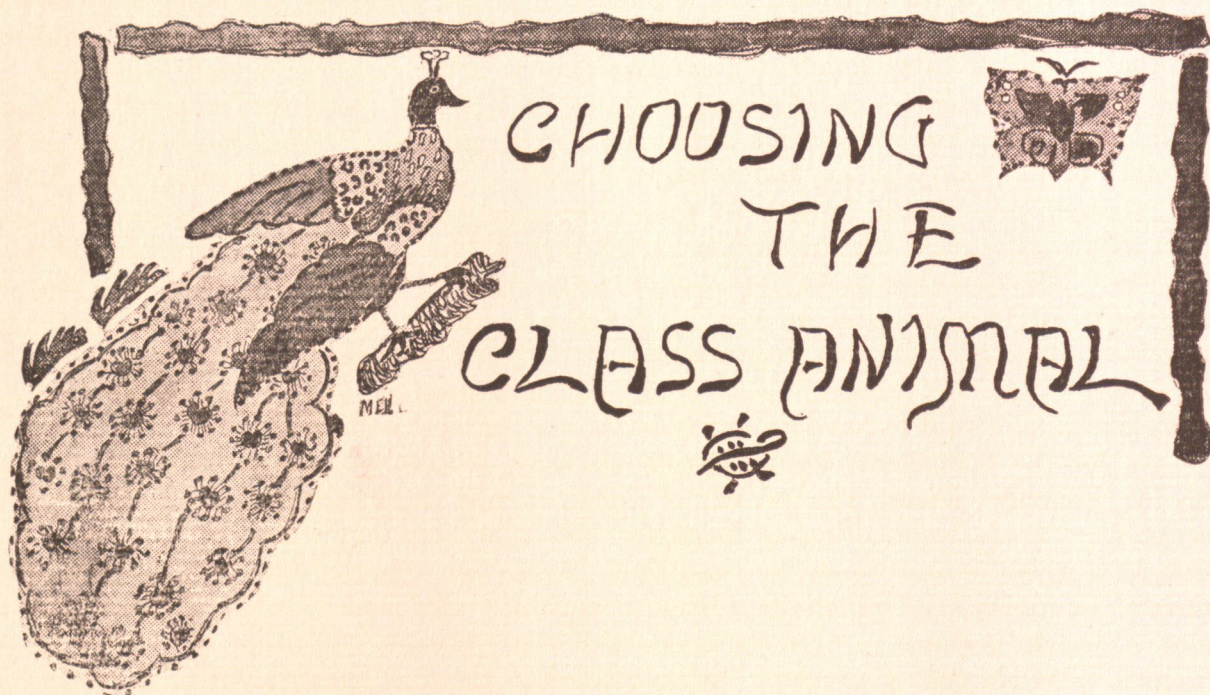
Past! Ominous sound, yet for us there was one thrill left in Rush Night. Our bones creaking and gray hair waving in the breeze,\* we had the satisfaction of taking our places on the Pem West steps and of starting that first *Anassa*.

MARGARET PRUSSING.



\*Is it *disquette* to write this way about Senior year





THE notices posted on this particular occasion by our secretary did not state that the business before the meeting was the choice of a class animal. But we all *knew* notwithstanding; and our Freshman hearts thrilled with that sensation, possible only to Freshmen, of being about to do something irretrievable: something by which we, as a class, would stand or fall in the eyes of the college. All of a sudden, we were roused to tremendous interest in the fauna of Bryn Mawr and its environs. At least we sought out such of the fauna as had the misfortune to be coloured green. And all such green animals we looked up in the encyclopædia, where we discovered the qualities of their inner souls; also, much information concerning their symbolism in ancient days (as will appear later). Then, crammed with information and ideas, and crammed also with antagonism bred by recent controversy at the luncheon table, we betook ourselves to class meeting, ninety strong.

The nominations took place as they would in any election. The list read as follows: frog, scarab, chameleon, green dragon, and peacock. After they were closed, I believe that



Ruth was on the point of asking the nominees to please withdraw, when she realised the difficulty involved. Since then, however, I have been told of a class, one of whose members had the honour of being nominated as class animal. We, however, simply proceeded to speak for our nominees. Scottie made a fiery and eloquent speech in favour of the frog. I think most of us know where her ardour for a frog came from. Thus inspired, she spoke at length of his beauty, grace, and decorative quality. Members of the biology class, however, thought only of the limp, bony (not to mention odoriferous) creatures that awaited them with outstretched arms in Dalton; and Scottie did not, so to speak, carry her audience with her. Then another spoke in favour of the scarab. She reminded us of what a charming ring it would make, and we were all delighted with the notion until someone vaguely suggested expense. Imagine dispatching a little order to Egypt of "eighty scarabs for the Junior Class!" "Besides," said Scottie, clinching matters, in her snappiest tone, "As if any one would want to have an *embalmed bug* for her class animal!"

As for the chameleon, we dealt with him most scornfully. We recalled his propensity for changing colours; a propensity of which, even in those early days, we felt ourselves incapable. Then Rosie addressed the chair. She said, both loudly and fervently, that she thought a green dragon would be beautiful! Again she repeated the remark, with that intense *empressement* of which only Rosie is capable. We somehow felt that Rosie must know a dragon personally; that she must have deep, intimate reason for her feeling about dragons. We dared not protest. So we passed to the next candidate.

He was mine. Someone had given me two peacock pillows for Christmas, and I couldn't help thinking how nice they would look, decorating a class show, or something. Also, I thought I remembered having seen peacocks in the Catacombs; and behold! the encyclopædia had revealed to me wondrous facts concerning the elusive bird. After I had endeavoured to set forth these facts in polished English, the inevitable protest arose. The peacock was the bird of ill-omen. Oh, well, that was mere superstition, far beneath us as Bryn Mawr students! And finally it was said that 1911 had a reputation for conceitedness (a thing which, by the way, we did not long retain), and that the peacock was the "symbol of vanity." Then I played, as I thought, my trump card. Fresh from research in the reference room, I replied with dignity: "Anyone with *any* education at all would know that the peacock stood for immortality." But then Scottie, who also had been to the reference room, rose and retorted with fervour: "Anyone with *any* education at all would know that the frog stood for inspiration!"

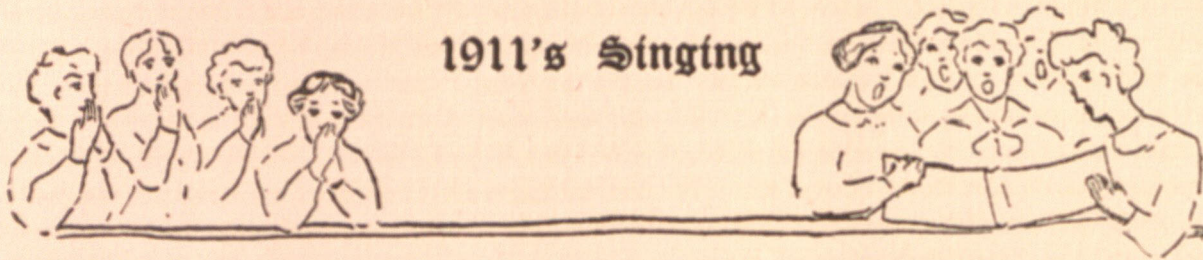
I relapsed into painful silence. Both of us had perjured our souls, but it would have



been a case of the pot's calling the kettle black, had either one protested. Fortunately Amy saved the day. She had spent the preceding evening poring over "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations." "It is immortality to die aspiring," she quoted magnificently; and our Freshman souls were thrilled. No one else had even thought of a motto. Frog, scarab, chameleon and dragon now stood forth in all their pitiful, fleshly nudity, in their hopeless lack of a suitable quotation. We did not then stop to reflect whether we desired to die, even for the pleasure of doing it aspiringly. We did not consider whether the peacock had a peculiar tendency toward dying—aspiring, or any other way. We merely voted, hastily and enthusiastically, and the majority favoured—the peacock.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.





SOME of those people,—who lacked that subtle something called class-spirit, a thing which covers all faults and extols all virtues,—have been heard to say that 1911 was not a singing class.

Now that is manifestly untrue and most wretchedly unfair, for everyone sang, whether she could keep a tune or not. Especially those who could not. This feeling for the heroic seemed to urge them on to the most daring attempts to rush the heights of melody quite unaided by those arbitrary little steps which the over exact have seen fit to include in the octave and call a scale. No more deadly blow could be dealt a classmate than to request her *not* to sing on all occasions. Of course we grant that there were some saints like Hoby and Leila who would consent to smother their musical emotions for the so-called good of the class; but this was only on occasions such as when Pallas Athene had to be led out to be decently murdered, the corpse being properly interred in the cloister. With them the murder might have approached the indecent. During this operation they were quite forbidden to utter a sound, and as result of this stern prohibition spent many a wet morning in a snug bed bemoaning the bitter fate which decreed that discretion was the better part of valour, and their slumber more valuable to the community than their song. Oh! this nipping the bud of rising genius is one of the necessarily hard things of college life. Who knows but that many of our now muted song-birds might have become Patti's? I don't mean chicken à la Miller,—but real prima donnas, stirring the hearts and clouding the vision of the entranced audience, with never a sound to cause the spine to quiver or the flesh to creep as it used to do in those early days of their musical careers when the shattered committee cast them from the music room with cries for mercy. Oh, who knows but what our Alice or our Rosie might now have been climbing the steep Wagnerian slopes, balancing easily on the highest peaks (not shrieks, lest you misquote me) and holding the throbbing attention of the vast opera house with the "liquid" notes of the Rhine Maidens.



It would be hard to place these singers satisfactorily because they could excel in so many parts. I know Rosie would have made a bully Parsifal; but I'm not quite so sure about Alice for Kundry. However, she might do the part with real feeling, and thrill the house as she came crashing down the wild cadences of Wagner's magic maniac.

But alas these things, which I picture before the ardent members of the most noble class ever graduated from Bryn Mawr, are only the fleeting visions conjured by a doting classmate who sees what might have been from out the that which is not. Nothing can be done, for the time for working such wonders is past. These with others of that vast crop of frosted blossoms fell withered beneath the bitter blast of ingratitude blowing from off the iceberg of our class-spirit.

"For goodness sake, don't sing so loud in the Lantern Song, your flatting puts everyone off the key," were the biting words which cut deep at the roots of some truly musical emotions when the desire to sing was opening the lips of some Freshmen as the Spring sap opens the petals of the crocuses in the cloister—(a good old classical illusion).

It may thus be stated that it was with the fervour of the early Christian martyrs that the various music committees worked, sorting and re-sorting the sheep from the goats. In spite of the most scrupulous care in selection there were some sad mistakes and many a student who was thought sufficiently white and fleecy of voice to be admitted to the flock of the chosen few, developed most alarming traits which soon put her into the category of the refractory members or black sheep, and from there it was but a short step to the limbo of the goats. In fact, in spite of the game of weighing in the balance, which F. Wyman and B. Taylor started in music-room G, there were found to be a shocking number of those found entirely wanting in every musical requirement. Some couldn't carry a tune wrapped up in a basket and others were discovered to have no sense of rhythm and could keep the jolliest waltz time to the most solemn march ever written.

Having mentioned the committee in terms of semi-disparagement—at least, as regarded their inhumane treatment of the goats,—I feel called upon to give some idea of the results of their efforts and also of the patience of the mutes.

Dawn hours and wet feet was the lot of the average singer—to that add a petrified smile, which had to be maintained at all costs, and you get the fate of the musical directors. They, of course, had to be examples of cheerfulness and early rising. About seven-thirty,—it should have been quarter past,—a chastened and saddened multitude went beneath the Arch and proceeded to the library. In this procession worried mutes walked by the sides of singers and busily tried to remember just which foot came on just which syllable when



they stepped out of the cloister door, for it made a vast difference. Often the rhythmic beating of the tin pan by the fountain and the shuffle and sway of the line overcame their sense of obedience and caution and they would burst into song, only to be suddenly hushed by the person behind. On the whole, Lantern Night went off well and the class was very graceful in its acceptance of compliments on the singing. No one said a word about that galley service in the moist morning when we staggered and tottered into the cloister before breakfast trying to achieve that most difficult of feats, to keep our breath and our balance going down steps.

In looking back you realise that those were grand days. Our feeling for freedom permitted us to sing any song any way, not caring who wrote it either, how, when, or why. Each singer felt at liberty to put forth her own interpretation and often there were as many renderings as there were girls to rend them, but on the whole the effect was fair and anyone with a sufficiently wide range of musical knowledge could come somewhere within ten composers of the song we were singing. For let it be known that our choice was exceedingly varied, extending from Wagner to Weber and Field.

Now I have spoken only of those dear lost voices, and they were lost, through no fault of their own. Let us turn for one brief moment to the people who really did the musical work and rode hard on the outlaws and uncertain members. It was Norvelle Browne who for two years gave us a clear firm starting note and had voice and faith enough to keep many people on the key and some people somewhere near the tune. Among these latter ones were a few staunch adherents, who knew a good thing when they saw it, noticeably Leila, who would get near enough the air occasionally to strike a fine alto.

Most of this happened Freshman and early Sophomore year and was in the golden age of our singing life, when it never dawned on the class that it was not a body collected solely for the purpose of regaling the campus with song. Then no one was discouraged and everyone sang.

About the middle of Sophomore year was introduced a regular system of Black Hand, which kept many of our most lusty members under a sort of vocal cloud from which they could but occasionally burst forth and could shine only when out in such company either where it was thought that they could do no damage, or where kind friends could not get at them to remonstrate more forcibly than by savage glances. By the end of Sophomore year the reign of terror was having an excellent and most salutary effect on the fractious ones, and the busy pens, pencils, and brains of Betty, Delano, Mary Frank Case, Amy, P. Rice, and many others were putting out enough songs to keep the class busy on the athletic field,



while our polite ditties to the upper classes, inspired by some of their illustrious members, should have ensured us a place on their good books forever.

At the end of Sophomore year the Herculean labour of a song rested quite easily on the class shoulders and we stood at the foot of Senior steps and sang our returns of 1909's praise quite happily. We seemed to give each other confidence singing *en masse* and had an almost touching faith in our starter. Toward the end of May the songs took a sadder note and moist-eyed Sophomores began to count the days before June should scatter the protecting red class to the four corners of the earth, perhaps never to return.

At last the end came and 1909 ceded the steps to 1910, and the old classes stood shoulder to shoulder on the ground for their last collective song. Mutes and all broke into "Thou Gracious" with an astounding vehemence and it was the strength of the rush which carried the song without a tearful breakdown.

Junior year was one singularly lacking in all musical efforts, save the singing at dinner of the May Day songs in which 1911 merely followed the lead of 1910. It was fortunate for us that little was required for we had lost so many voices that we needed time to recover and to develop another leader. What we lacked in song we tried to make up in dignity—but it is a question as to how we succeeded.

In the course of time we were given the steps and we did manage to get up without mishap. I suppose every class that takes the steps for the first time feels as though it had stolen something and been taken red-handed; but in spite of emotion we did start "Thou Gracious" and were for the first time full-fledged singing Seniors.

In the Fall of 1910 anyone coming on the campus about half past seven would have heard a "sound of voices,"—but—it was not around the psalmist's crystal sea, and if it had been I am sure those "harpers harping on their harps" would have thrown down the instruments along with their heavenly crowns and beaten a hasty retreat from the scene of confusion. The sound produced was wonderful and fearful. The curious may want to know what I'm driving at—well it's 1911's Senior singing, and that is something that won't be driven and can't be led. There was the class gathered on Taylor steps in all stages and kinds of attire, fighting merrily over and around the patient form of Pinkey who had been made leader—a position much like the one of the person who blacks his face, sticks it through a hole in a canvas and dodges the ball of the ardent pleasure-seeker who aims to hit the nigger-baby, and thus get a good cigar—well it was a toss-up between Pinkey and the other fellow. There she sat *in medias res* ducking her patient head and waiting for the storm to pass. From the description it may be gathered that Amy was not there. Each girl had a request for a song

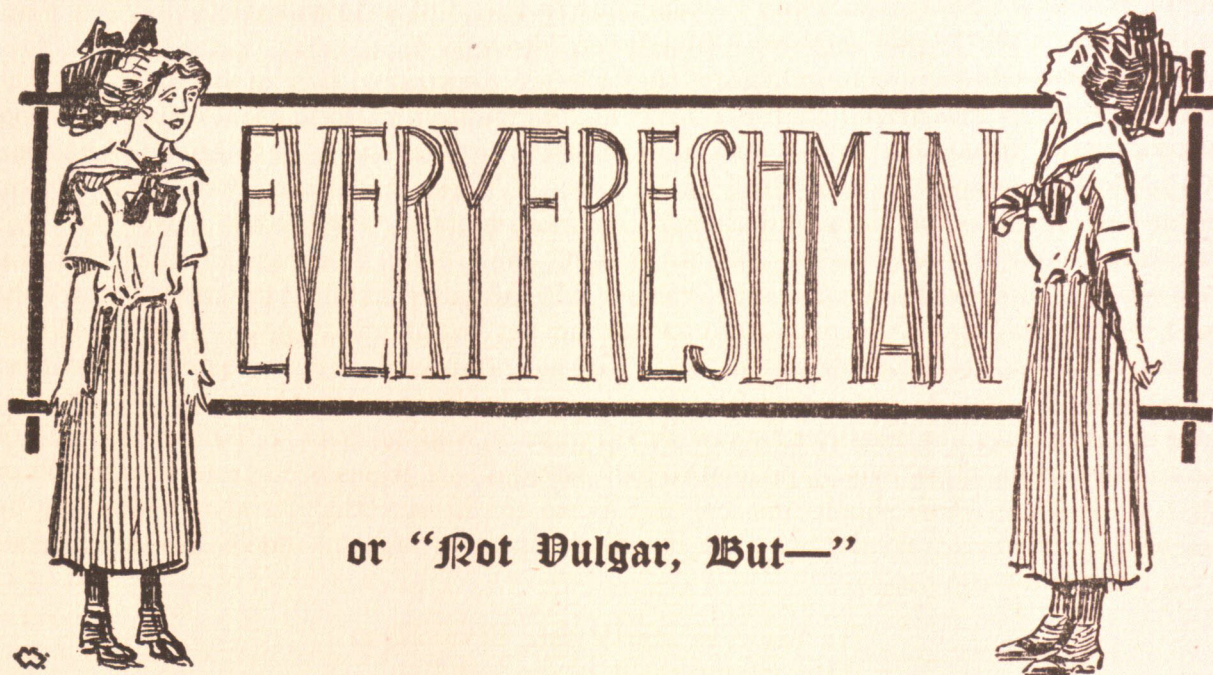


and no two were of the same mind. Some shouted fiercely for the Denbigh opera, some for "Bi" chorus, while Esther and other soulful ones, P. Rice among them, insisted gently but firmly on *J'ai Perdu*. It was usually decided by mob majority and the lower classes' calling for Hellie Henderson and Pinkey to do the Helen and Menealaus. These would follow another embarrassed storm of protest from the "Titian Terrors" which was joined in by the Seniors pro and con and in the course of time the duet was evolved, the effects being varied by a few coughs and giggles ending in choking laughter. This of course was not the solemn and awe-inspiring function that it should have been, nor was it always a riot. There were many nights when no one fought with Scottie and when the class sang even though with much true feeling and a good measure of real success. Such evenings were the redeeming features and went toward the making of a very fine singing average for the class of 1911.

Of course, a few fractious mutes and people like M. Smith who knew thoroughly every third word in a song, helped to bring down the average, but, considering the drawbacks and the scarcity of voices, the Senior class did creditably in its vocal performance.

MARGERY SMITH.





THE Freshman Show was our first colossal break; there had been plenty of lesser breaks before, but they all led up to this one great never-to-be-forgotten climax. I can well remember the class meeting in the gym when Pruss read us the manuscript of the show, and how we listened complacently to it, finding nothing unusual in the setting of the first scene or in the open hits at our respected faculty. I remember that I objected to asking the age of the President and was almost reduced to tears by the scornful words of Hoby, Ruth Vickery, Prussie and several other dignified people. Aside from little details like this we were satisfied. It was evident from the beginning that Providence willed that I alone should be responsible for that first scene, for my companions on the Scenery Committee were laid low at the crucial moment, Dottie Thayer with appendicitis, HOFFIE with water on the knee. How I laboured with Mr. Abernathy about those miserable doors for the first scene! He couldn't understand why we wanted so many and why they should be of that particular kind. Finally he said "Oh, yes, they are to be tavern doors, aren't they?"



We left it at that, as I really couldn't explain any further, but he must have thought we were going to give a pretty gay show with four tavern doors in it.

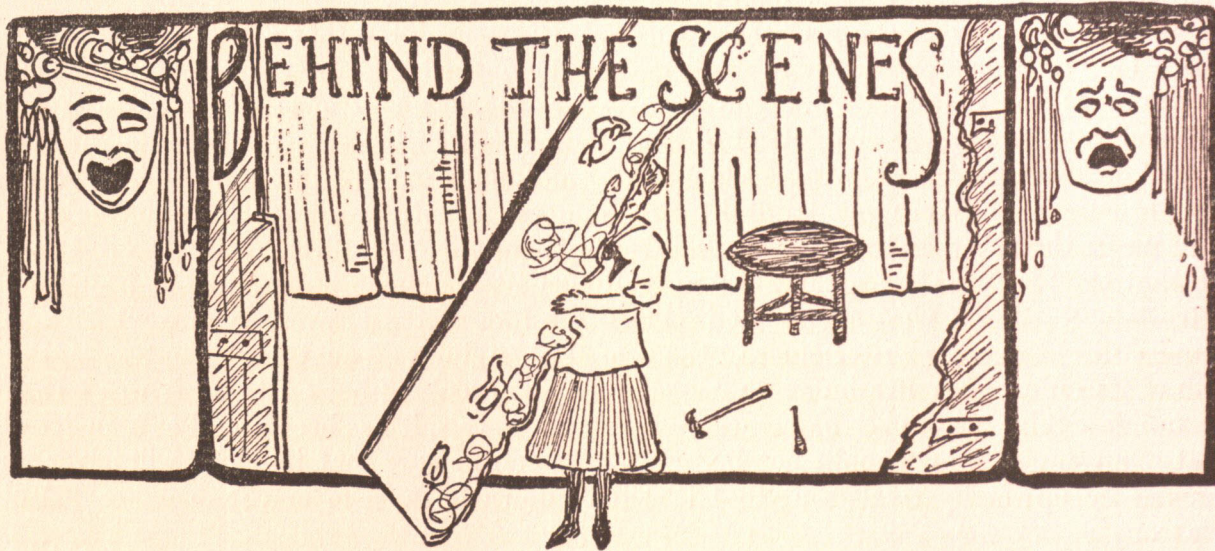
It is almost beyond comprehension that we never suspected that anything was wrong even after our Senior friend in the gallery had announced in clarion tones that the scene shifters were "disgusting fools," and Frances Browne, in a sort of last agony of despair had made us remove the sign "Well of Mimir C. T." from the stage. We threw all our young energies into the show and thought we were doing ourselves proud. But not long afterwards our eyes were opened and we realised the worst. I always thought that the criticism of the show in the *Tip* was worded with wonderful skill. Practically all it said was that the play had the great merit of ending better than it began. What a mixture of truth and caution that statement is; it can be interpreted any way you want to take it and still not lay the writer open to the charge of having said anything definite. But in spite of its failings our Freshman show *was* funny; in looking back I think it was one of the funniest things that ever happened to us. Besides this, it has been useful as a model of what a Freshman show should not be, and so we can be sure that its glory will never be lessened by unworthy rivals, but that it will go down to fame in lonely splendour. And if, as our Senior song says:

"We came to startle fair Bryn Mawr  
With things she'd never seen,"

we certainly fulfilled our purpose and set a high standard for the rest of our career.

LEILA HOUGHTELING.





MY subject was suggested to me one hectic day last April. It was the week before 1911's farewell appearance on the boards—Peggy and I were at the Tea-house dejectedly eating milk-toast. We had spent the morning showing the scenery man how to turn Media's palace into the Petkoff's cottage, and the afternoon selecting Bulgarian uniforms from Van Horn's supply of American military costumes.

"Scottie has written something for the Class Book about *1911 Behind the Footlights*," Peg volunteered. I looked up from my bunch of lists—so much derided by Leila—and grunted,

"You and I had better write about *1911 Behind the Scenes*."

So we arranged, in order that the article might be full of feeling, to write it while we partook, according to our immemorial custom, of a common\* Tea-house meal on the night of the performance. For some reason, however, we were a little hurried that evening,—I think that Mr. Skelley had forgotten to send the chairs over to the Gym,—and we put off this important duty until after the press of Finals and Commencement. But Peggy, if

\*I. e., Common in its original sense of *side-by-side*. Far be it from me to suggest anything less laudatory of a Tea-house supper.



you please, dashed, diploma in hand, from the Gym platform to the Broadway stage, and I found myself left alone behind the scenes.

Then I considered asking Catherine to help. She really knows a lot more about it than I do. Only I am afraid that she is disqualified. She has won her orchids *behind the footlights*. My only dramatic hit I made *behind the scenes*, when I charmed the ears of my audience by a tuneful serenade. Moreover, Catherine in non-dramatic fields has issued beyond the background and stood majestically and effectively in the public eye. While I—well, everyone knows my modest, shrinking nature. I remember that when Amy asked me to serve ice cream at our Senior reception, I thought, here at last is my chance to come forth into the arena. So, adorned in my new hobble, I strutted carefully to the Gym, only to discover the bitter fact that my station was on the back stairs, half way between the festive table and the base of supplies. Up and down that ladder-like ascent I toiled, my train tucked up over one arm,—you all realise, of course, how becoming that is when the skirt is narrow and attached to the petticoat,—up and down, between Gym Jennie and Dotty and Virginia.

Since then I have known my place and have stayed discreetly behind the scenes. Leila, who has always shown a kind solicitude for my soul's welfare, once thought it might be won better, if I were to remain *under* the scenes. This she attempted to accomplish at the dress rehearsal of *Arms and the Man*, by heaving the heaviest flapper-wing at me and pinning me down securely under the weight of an oak forest and a stone wall. Had not Pruss wanted the whole of the stage for her company, Leila's philanthropic endeavour would have proved completely successful.

In point of fact I began my dramatic career under the stage, partly because in the old Gym it was the only spot where the stage manager could find a resting place, and partly because I had to make my immortal address to Everyfreshman up through the anathematised well. There I caught Ellen Pottberg when she made her exit with that remarkable ease and grace which the old stage facilitated. There it was that I extricated from her gray pencil case Scottie, kicking and screaming in convulsions of laughter, while I listened to Mary Frank's sobs as I rolled the mangled pieces of her handiwork out into the open. Oh, that was a merry day! Down in the swimming pool H. P. as mistress of the robes rescued the Lobsters from a watery grave, and up in the Gym, Leila and her sturdy band set the stage amidst the thundering jeers of 1908 and the piteous entreaties of 1909. Some think that 1911 made the sensation of its life after the curtain went up. I believe that glorious moment was before.



Sophomore year the scene shifters, led by Peggy and Catherine, sought pastures new. The stage was reared at the non-pulpit end of the Chapel.

“We made up in the Interview Room  
And costumed in the Hall.”

Never was Taylor so desecrated before. We are therefore not surprised to find the same class, in their Senior year, led by the intrepid members of the English Club, inviting Mr. Hadfield to render Kipling from the pulpit and to arrange his rouge pots and powder puffs on the altar of the first president. That performance resulted disastrously, for on the ensuing Sunday night the Bible was found to have vanished mysteriously, and Dr. Barton and I were forced to make an agonised search for it while Catherine held the minister in sweet conversation. We were just on the point of wiring Mr. Hadfield——. But I am straying from my story. As Sophomores our impiety met with less frightful consequences. It is true that only one person at a time could shift scenery without falling into the laps of the faculty, and 1912's themes were in danger of being made up more rapidly than the English Department had bargained for, but bruises soon heal and the odours of even spirit-glue can be dissipated by gardenias.

Then came *His Excellency* and the new stage and the real green-room. Such luxury enabled our energy to manifest itself in a new direction. Catherine transformed Indian clubs into the hoofs of an orderly's charger, and Scottie and I displayed our recently acquired knowledge of physics in the manipulation of a telephone.

Junior year was a study in dramatics *sans* stage, *sans* scenery, *sans* play, *sans* rehearsals, *sans* all the essentials and accompaniments of the art. Nevertheless Rock produced an aeroplane; Pem, an aurora borealis; and Denbigh, a flock.

Senior year introduced Shaw and Shots. We used caps for *Press Cuttings* with the result that I was deaf for a week. When Peg told me that I'd have to be the fusillade in *Arms and the Man*, I nearly wept. Instead I procured a pistol from Van Horn. It kicked at the dress rehearsal. Scottie and Hoff got no cues—or at least none at the right time—and I shot Pruss in the leg. So next day I went to the Oracle. I had to wait until the President had finished consulting it on the subject of the new paint on the lamp-posts. But its answer was not cryptic. It simply lent me its own gun. With pride I sat me down on the Gym steps and rehearsed the fusillade once, twice, thrice, again and yet again until I was forcibly stopped by a message from the Deanery inquiring whether interclass feuds



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had taken the place of hazing or whether we were merely collecting statistics for use in our Peace Essays. Nevertheless that night I did *not* miss my cues.

Later in the evening, when I rang the curtain down with the same little bell that had rung it up on *Everyfreshman*, and Catherine closed her prompter's copy, and the class gathered rapturously around Peg and her all star company, I decided that though less brilliant and æsthetic than the activities before the scenes, no less varied and thrilling were the activities behind.

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.





MY first recollections are naturally, in general, of the old Gym, and particularly of my entrance examinations. I remember most distinctly, not my first examination, but that fateful day when I essayed to write my entrance English paper—on Edmund Burke. It was not a day to be forgotten. It was a stormy afternoon, with the rain dashing in through the swinging windows, and it was five years since I had read Burke's *Conciliation*. Moreover, I was struck at once by the incongruous juxtaposition of Miss Donnelly and the parallel bars. It was a triumph of intuition, but there is nothing like English, especially entrance English, for sharpening the wits.

The intervening time is blotted out between that effort and the day when I was guided into the maze of little upstairs offices for physical examination, heart-and-lungs, and vaccination. The three operations as they were there and then performed are blurred together in my mind, and I cannot remember for how much of the time I sat amazed in a toga.

Then there was that day of trials, the day when I struggled over the horse and manipulated a wand under the inquiring eye of Miss Applebee, who thereupon put me in B, light and heavy, with hopes of my improvement. There was ever that peculiarity about my gymnastic situation; always there were hopes of me. I was strong and willing, and, as Miss Applebee continued to remark, *looked* as if I had sense. Miss Applebee's



remarks might confer an invidious distinction, but they were precious to me. Word was always being passed, "If she yells at you, it's because you're worth noticing." In those days I hardly knew which to aim for: to be yelled at, or to be worth noticing. It was after long determination on the latter alternative, backed up by my looks, that I got into the gym contest. I think we all felt the strain of that occasion. I can see us now, as we sat rigid between acts, hotly conscious of our hands and feet. It has never been so hot, before or since, as in that week of our Freshman gym contest. As for the acts themselves, will there ever be misery to match that miserable moment when you found your wand up while everybody else was lunging to the right, and the whole class disgraced and defeated because of you? Miss Ward met me next day with a solicitous inquiry after my health. "I don't think," said she, "that you ought to go in for those gym contests. Your face was too red yesterday." Alas for 1911 and vaulting ambitions, her solicitude came too late. True, we did win next year, but that was merely in spite of me. My face, I dare swear, was no whit less red, but even as a Sophomore, I could not sacrifice my personal aspirations to the common good, nor could I ascend with H. P. to that summit of indifference, not to say scorn, from which she regarded all athletic prowess. But burning desire stood me in no stead. To the last I might hold up my head with the English sharks outside the Gym, only to be diminished and brought to the dust by my own Indian club within. In the old days, Miss Applebee would bring Jack Morris or Frances Browne, into well-deserved prominence before the Freshman. "Now then, Self-Gov." she would say, "let's see what you can do." But never once in the year 1911 did she threaten with obloquy our sacred institution. Miss Applebee is not without the quality of mercy.

There was a season when we were equal, high and low, when Margaret Doolittle could no longer point a finger of scorn from the top of the ropes, nor Willie twirl Indian clubs derisively. When first we came back as Sophomores the old Gym with its familiar red brick walls over the bulging front of the swimming pool had disappeared, and in its place was the new Gym, with its fresh stonework, looking from Senior Row like the fairy metamorphosis of some mediæval castle. Its finishing, promised and repromised, was delayed until long after Christmas, but Miss Applebee inexorably demanded the registration of heavy exercise. Main Line inhabitants must have been constantly fighting off the fear of an hypothetical fire, for the countryside was fairly infested by running students, girls in strange clothes, with flying hair, who ran not as the mood might take them,—sporadically and for the pure joy of living,—but doggedly, desperately, for thirty-minute periods. I remember—and the joke is long since time-honoured among my friends—I remember once protesting to



Pat Murphy, as we toiled together up the long incline past Miss Wright's School: "Oh, Pat—even horses don't run up hill." Pat, pounding on ahead, grudging every extra breath, flung back her answer: "Horses," she panted, "don't have to register exercise." But for a steady pacer, commend me to Esther Cornell. One rough cart path, off Robert's Road, is indelibly impressed on my memory by the pains with which, upon one occasion, I followed the indefatigable Esther. Once, to save my life, I sat down, but Esther went on running, round and around me. However, fear of fat was ever an added goad to little Esther. People who excelled in such exercises,—again the green monster gnawed at my vitals—did stunts in the corridors after 10.30, agonising the proctorial conscience by a protracted series of thumps. So we bided our time until that afternoon when Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett watched the whole student body swing dumb-bells in the new Gym without pounding itself.

It was in Senior year that I took seriously to fencing. Higgie was my first partner. Higgie and I agreed that it gave us an agreeable mediæval, or crusading, kind of feeling, even though the chief command was, in Miss Applebee's best tone, "*Sit down on your hind legs.*" After all, there was the grand salute, with Ginger looking so handsome over your shoulder as you did "*sa-lute on the left.*" I never got beyond dubious intentions as one does in fancy dancing. "Better go into it, Crane," urged Miss Applebee. "You need it." In that very first class, however, they did one thing with their arms and another with their legs, and even the sight of Leila, valiantly effecting the combination, could not bring me back.

Light B was after all *the* emotion for Juniors and Seniors. You had then of necessity laid away ambition as far as gym contests were concerned. You came with all your most especial friends, added to three-fourths of the College, on Friday afternoon at 5.30. Miss Gray gave you impossible Swedish exercises which nobody but her own fair self could do. Or else Miss Applebee officiated. It was in Light B that Miss Applebee's genius fairly carried you off your feet. You lay on the floor, in the throes of inextinguishable laughter as you regarded the uplifted legs of half the college, while your own collapsed with a conspicuous thud. Or you watched the most accomplished athletes and the most beautiful girls succumb in the midst of a terrible heels-raise-knees-bend-legs-sideways-stretch combination. Oh, but it was in Light B that we were idealists. And at the end, just to bring you back to earth, as it were, you did a dance, a gorgeous peasant dance with three claps and two bows and three steps forward—a dance suited to the brains of the most thick-headed of English sharks.

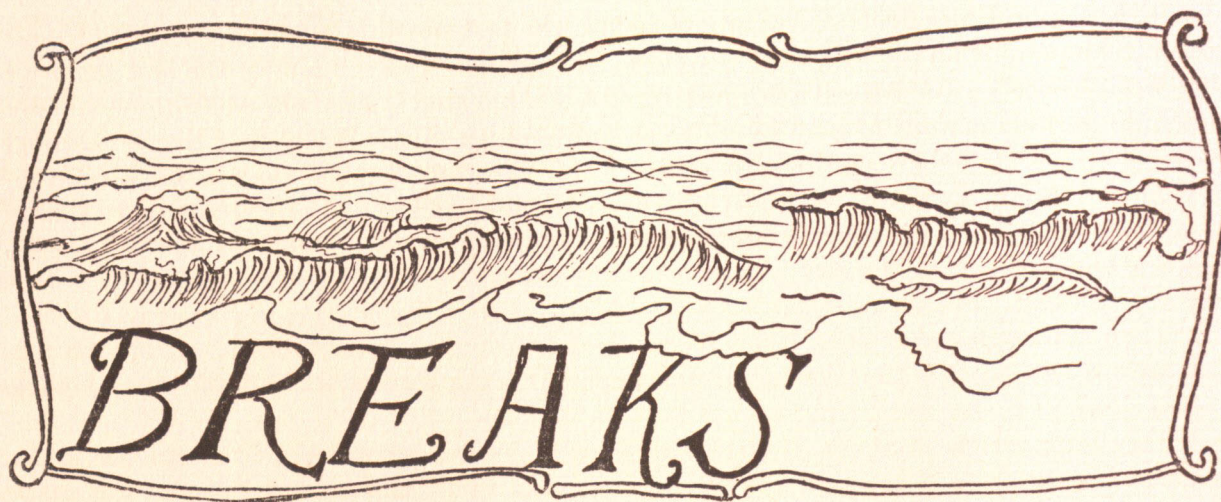
I have always thought that my proficiency in Light B and kindred pursuits was the



cause of the following effect: Two weeks before the last possible gym class of Senior year I was fifteen periods on the black list; I went astray at the very beginning of the first semester when Miss Applebee and Miss Taylor instituted a complicated system of registration whereby you could do four periods of gym every week and still get on the black list by geometrical progression. Scottie had eighteen periods to do. I won't try to explain *her* situation. Be that as it may, we appeared together at everything, and ended our so devised athletic careers side by side. Thereupon Scottie approached me, "I want you," said she, "to do Gym for the Class-Book."

MARION D. CRANE.





ON looking back over our four years' brilliant career, we don't seem to be struck with the realisation of many breaks on 1911's part. We arrive at the conclusion, many as have been our failings, a lack of conformity to etiquette and traditions was not one of them. 1911 in this respect was not a record-breaking class.

This was due, no doubt, to the excellent training given us by 1909 and 1910, and in part to our natural docility and our capacity for the hasty cramming of yards of red tape. I have often wondered how many sleepless nights Ruth Vickery and Amy must have spent in learning by rote not only all of "Robert's Rules of Order" but also the mighty bulk of traditions to be poured, next class meeting, into our surprised and unwilling ears. Heard protestingly they were, however meekly put into practice, but somehow we seemed to get along with no great amount of trouble.

Of course, we were branded "fresh" during all the fall of our first year by 1910, but what Freshman class has ever been able to evade this opprobrious adjective?

Our great social error, the echoes of which still ring faintly in the annals of the college, was our Freshman Show. "Not vulgar—but!" Miss Thomas thus condemned it in chapel, and for weeks it was barely mentioned. It was, perhaps, a bit outspoken, but 1911 loved it tenderly then and still recalls its rebuffed first-born with affection.

Later in the spring we planned another little surprise for our upper classmen who had taken our "Melody in F" a bit humourously.



Do you remember the first time we changed our class song? We had practised "O, The Sunny Days of Youth" until the inmates of Pem East thought we were entering upon our second childhood. At last one evening when "1911 Class Song" was called from Senior Steps, we formed a solid Freshman phalanx and began. "O, The Sunny Days of Youth," we caroled lustily, then something happened. Like water falling from a great height, our song broke into a thousand parts and each alone and unsupported vanished, as a drop of water, into silence. The hitherto suppressed merriment of the multitude burst into a mighty laugh, which, with our own deep humiliation, is forever fixed in the memory of those of us who took part in this, our saddest vocal break.

Then, in Sophomore year Rush Night, was, we confess, rather rough. It is presumed that we broke through the Freshman line, but it is a question whether that break belongs in this catalogue. It was perhaps a near-break, no more.

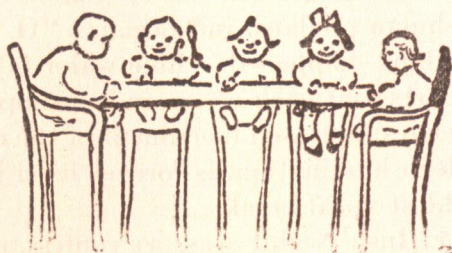
This long article is at length justified when it records almost the final episode in our career. Safely steered through the channels of traditions, and guided through the mazes of red tape, at the end of our voyage we crashed upon treacherous rocks, unforeseen by even Amy. Was it because it was our last chance to show our supremacy as Seniors that we should dictate how many verses of class song the Alumnæ should sing? Or was it in defiance of the august chapel choir which has recently demanded that no verse shall ever be omitted? Or was it to make the revered Alumnæ feel that they were still Upper Classmen and we Freshmen longing to make breaks?

Certainly I shall never forget the break we made into 1901's and subsequent class songs (even 1909's, though we blush to record it) with our lusty *Anassa*. We hesitate to call this a break, such a complete disruption of traditional etiquette it was, yet what secret joy we took in it! There certainly were no Upper Classmen to reprove us; we were Seniors. Even break privileges we could rightfully assume.

PHYLLIS RICE,  
RUTH F. TANNER,  
MARY A. WILLIAMS.



This ought to be

**Freshman Class Supper**

**B**UT I never wrote anything funny in my life you wail; and yet the cruel editor of the class book who is probably one of the wits of the class and has made funny speeches on every occasion when they could be made and on some when she thought she was being serious,\* only smiles blandly, answering, "Oh, mine's perfectly flat. Just write anything and send it in by—" Let's not mention the date, it's so long passed before you get the ambition to attempt the impossible. Then after a while you do spoil some potentially pleasant morning being *funny*, but somehow your own jokes are too feeble and you don't think a class book article can be constructed like a speech—a collection of old favorites, e. g., "a woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking," unified by "that reminds me," so you throw away your first attempt and wait until the gentle editor writes to you that someone else has designed a beautiful heading for your article on "Freshman Class Supper," let us say, and so because you don't want the artist's work to go unlabeled, you sit down again to write that article.

There are two subjects tabooed by the Harvard English Department (and doubtless by the same department at Johns Hopkins)—"The Squirrels" and "Why I hate to write daily themes." Of course they ought to be tabooed, but what can you do when you remember nothing about the subject assigned, but, say like Isabelle Miller, "I don't know that question but I'll answer another about the same length"? At any rate that's the explanation of this long preface to nothing at all, for as an honest fact that first class supper is as hazy in my mind as the first week of college. I confusedly remember a feeling of expectation and of importance as a class, and the only incidents I can recall are wearing the first dress I ever had without a high neck and singing:

"Nineteen eleven is the Stuff."

FRANCES PORTER.

\*Leila and E., I cannot decide for which of us this is meant, but we are not eager. Take your choice.—Ed.





SOONER or later every daughter of Eve has to leave Paradise. The particular brand of fruit which sent us forth was General English. A "passed" in the entrance examinations, and President Thomas' cautious inquiries as to our mental ripeness, should have warned us, but secure in the vague assurance that we had "always been good in English" we insisted on sampling the course.

For the first month we handed in careless little themes about the campus and our ultimate aim in life, and consumed quantities of Beowulf and listened to hazy lectures on Eddas, and then came the quiz. The questions on the paper looked so guileless that we answered them in a manner suggested by our native common sense, and went on to our other concerns. Not until some days later was it announced that over half the class had failed.

Startled out of our youthful complacency, we questioned with mingled suspicion and admiration those of our numbers who had not failed. A high prize, they shamefacedly reported, appeared to have been set on the confession that "Beowulf awakened primordial and hitherto unsuspected racial affinities in one's breast," and a statement that the baying



of one Garm was strongly reminiscent of certain strains in Siegfried was accorded an approving "good." Quite clearly was it borne in upon us that the fortunate originators of these aberrations of thought must have been inspired by something more potent than common sense. And with no less clearness did we see the immediate necessity of adding that "something" to our mental equipment. Little did we dream that the quest of this talent was to drive us from our Eden, occupy our every every waking hour, and drain our gladdest moments of their pleasure.

We may as well proceed at once to a frank discussion of our trouble. Technically speaking, we had no "souls," at least the majority of us had none, and as it later transpired even the admirers of Garm and Beowulf possessed at that time only the most rudimentary sort.

Now, there may be those who claim they never set out upon this quest, never soiled their "wholesome and hearty natures" with a "soul," but we would remind them that in spite of much "looking heavenward," tennis playing, "church work" and the like, they did acquire enough soul to graduate with the rest of the class. In justice to them, however, be it said that they have since made great progress in removing all traces of the painful acquisition.

The rest of us, however, led by the survivors of the first quiz, made it our chief business to gain some soul before the next period of trial. Bungling methods and a somewhat vague comprehension of the ulterior aim led at first to discouraging results. Mindful of Garm's unsuspected worth, we reversed our first plan, and mentioned with enthusiasm everything which had struck us as queer or unnatural. As a result we gained some credit for originality, but our sincerity, and even our intelligence, was suspected. In despair we sought to preserve both originality and sincerity by a sweeping condemnation of the material presented for our discussion, only to call down upon our heads reproaches for the utter lack of historical and critical perspective.

At the time it dawned upon us that for theme writing also a "soul" was required. Faithful accounts of childhood days and accurate descriptions of one's mates gained no approval from the reader who had asked for a reminiscence or a character sketch. We were told in interviews that neither life nor literature seemed to have made any impression upon us, and were asked why we didn't "re-act" a truthful picture of stirring memories. Then in a flash we understood we were to study ourselves, watch how things affected us, classify and arrange our feelings.

At first we felt a bit delicate about starting such an investigation, a bit reluctant to unearth the secrets of our psychology. But all too soon we succumbed to the fascination



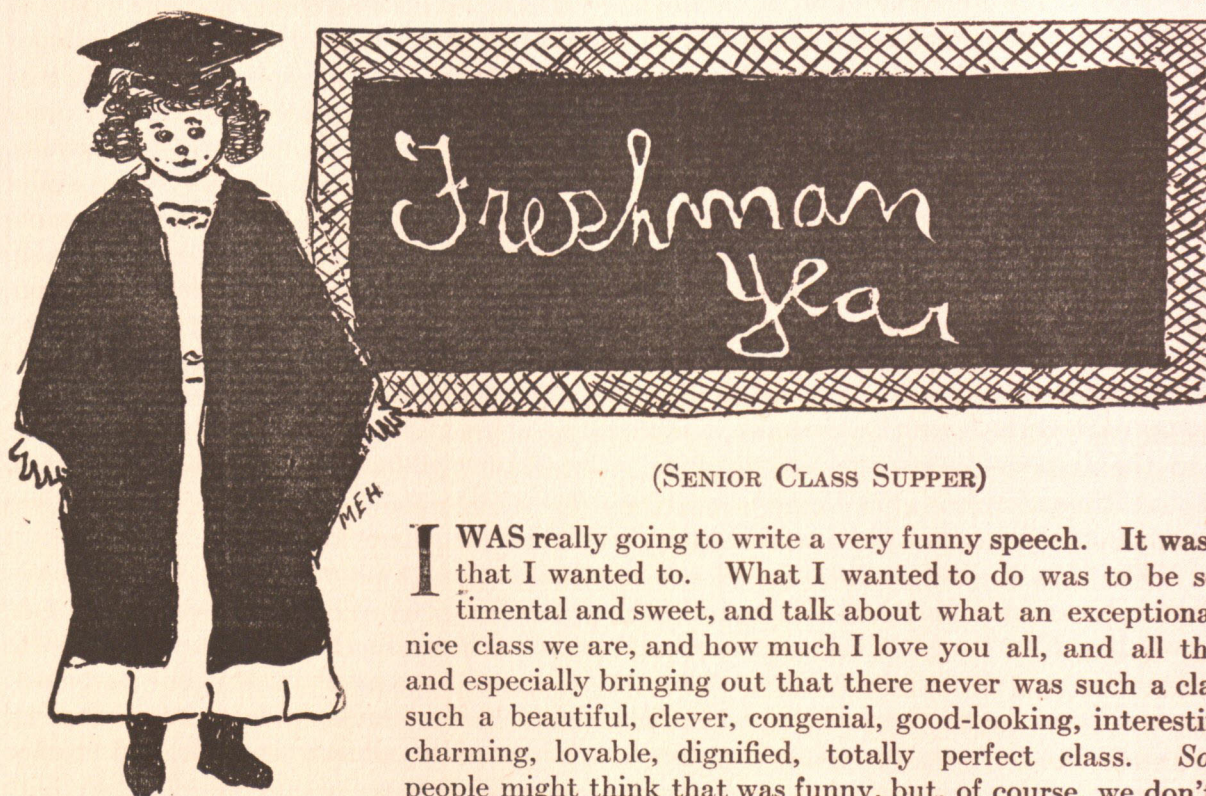
of the game. If one were alert, something new might be discovered every hour. In the intervals between cheering at a water polo game one reflected deeply on the amphibious origin of man, or during a hockey game, wondered whether a brute display of strength was included in the modern ideal of womanhood. Both these ideas proved valuable for daily themes, but infinitely more valuable for soul culture was the study of our literary sensations, sensations arising from the perusal of great literature rather than from our own painful compositions. Perhaps the most accurate method of registering the pulse of literary emotion was to read a book through rapidly enough to provoke interest, and, pencil in hand, to note down the places where any slight thrill of pleasure or disgust had been experienced. Such incidents, somewhat seasoned, would then be ready for use in the next examination. Any occasional contingency which then arose was disposed of from our general fund of soul. For example, if uncertain as to the exact meaning of Swinburne's *Hertha* we would say, "it approached the condition of music," and let it go at that. Or again, when we seemed put off by the manifest immorality of Congreve, we would cut the knot by dogmatically declaring that "imagination is the highest instrument for moral good." By dint of such artifices we all acquired enough soul to pass First and Second Year Literature and Composition.

When that had been accomplished the soul had become a permanent possession, something to dog our future steps from henceforth as relentlessly as we had hitherto pursued it. Indeed, like Eve, we had lost our early self-unconsciousness in the attempt to search for self-knowledge. And perhaps, after all, we should not have complained of our bargain if there had never been a General Culture examination. Before sending us forth into the world, the faculty saw fit to entice us into an expression of our philosophical, scientific, and literary convictions. Our response to this congenial task was many pages of blue book bearing quite distinctly the impress of the soul.

Months afterwards from an English tribunal came the death sentence, "frankly sentimental."

RUTH WELLS.





## (SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

I WAS really going to write a very funny speech. It wasn't that I wanted to. What I wanted to do was to be sentimental and sweet, and talk about what an exceptionally nice class we are, and how much I love you all, and all that; and especially bringing out that there never was such a class, such a beautiful, clever, congenial, good-looking, interesting, charming, lovable, dignified, totally perfect class. Some people might think that was funny, but, of course, we don't—we know that's all right. Only I know that isn't the thing to talk about, so, as I say, I meant to write a very funny speech. Unfortunately I got dragged into a Canfield game this afternoon quite against my will—and, as anyone might know, one can't do anything else while Pinkie is playing Canfield. Have you ever heard her? "Girls, girls, I am so depressed—I can't tell you how depressed I am—Oh here—this is too much, someone has been imposing on the better side of my nature. I've got two queens of spades!" That's a mere sample. You might think she'd be ashamed of having two queens of spades, but she has a wonderful way of blaming it on some one else. In the meantime, I was doing my best to get a joke here and there, and finally Gordon said she had seen an awfully jolly thing in *Punch* this morning. However, she couldn't remember what it was—only it was something about the coronation. I give you that on faith.



I told Delano I couldn't say anything funny about being a Freshman, and she said she knew I could, because she had heard me say it a hundred times. That wasn't very encouraging. She said—all that about our being brought up better than any class since. That's perfectly true. Under the severe but beneficial influence of 1908 we were certainly reared with a proper sense of the importance of Bryn Mawr, and the utter insignificance of us. But that simply is harking back to what an adorable class we are now, and I must keep away from that. Really, though, didn't it make you furious last year, to hear 1910's Senior song about how they brought us up and how they were responsible for our good manners—when we all know perfectly well that they—poor helpless dears—were as much under 1908's iron thumb as we were. And then that about 1912—how they “couldn't improve on them.” 1911, that delusion of theirs left the whole matter on our shoulders, and, do you know, I sometimes have a sinking feeling that we never quite lived up to that responsibility? It was only this morning, as Delano and I, mere Seniors with nothing but leisure on our hands, watched a prominent member of the Class of 1912 do a restrained but forceful Marathon across the campus—I really felt it then—that we had not given other classes the advantages that we had had ourselves, and—that it was too late.

But this about being Freshmen. I was very thoroughly a Freshman, I haven't been anything so thoroughly since, till I became a Senior, but now I am just Senior all over—I can hardly put myself back. I remember, though, that I was a loving child, I loved all 1908, and all 1909, and all 1910. That was probably because it never occurred to me that they would ever all come back at once. Now, I know that the sort of thing Delano wants me to talk about is how Amy and I good-naturedly started *Anassa* all through a varsity game, being egged on by the unforgivable Georgina—our own Junior, mind you! But all that is a great deal too painful—I would much rather talk about how important I have been this year—for I *have* had my important moments, though I fear Leila has got ahead of me pretty often. And what does it matter anyway? Now we can start *Anassa* all we like, and a good deal oftener. It keeps us cheering all the time trying to give a hearty welcome to all our dear guests. If I seem bitter, it is just the relief—this is the first time I have been able to talk without having Alumnæ round for ten days. I suppose Alumnæ are really enjoying reunions with long-lost friends. But I always feel that they have all been in hiding together somewhere, waiting to crush in as a crowd, just at the end of our Senior year, when we having nothing else to do but cheer them.

As for Freshman year—Oh why do I have to talk about this anyway? What I want to talk about is to ask you whether you think the caterer will be able to use our new mausoleum



to serve the garden party refreshments on or not. It's roomy, of course, but I shouldn't say it was handily arranged. And then—do you think when we all die and are buried on the campus we will like to have separate vaults, or shall we be arranged in mortuary chapels according to our groups? Can't you see Cranie and Delano and me in a neat little one?—and Prussie and Roz would each have one to herself, but, oh, my word! fancy the History and Polecon group! Theirs would be a regular morgue.

Well, as to Freshman days—but, honestly, have you ever seen anything like the commencement presents? Virginia has one neat, blue silk cage of a peculiar shape, which doesn't open and doesn't smell—I have wasted hours shaking the thing mournfully, trying to find out what it can be for. But I don't know yet. But now Hobie has us all beaten. Have you seen her latest? She was ecstatic when it arrived this afternoon, and I watched her open the wooden box, and look elated as she saw the name on the card. And then she drew out—no, I don't know what they were. They were made of excellent but somewhat battered mahogany, and had evidently been sawed off the piano legs. They were in the shape of scrolls—quite lovely scrolls—just two of them—unattached, unexplained, and solid. Now for a really tasteful and handy gift for a young girl, how could you do better? I'm going right home and examine the parlour decorations to see if there isn't some little extra ornament that I can remove, to brighten some girl's life with. But you know what commencement presents are like, and we all have some queer ones of our own. I'm too sensitive about mine to discuss them.

However, as to being Freshmen. Well, you know what we were like in Merion. If you ever passed by one of those bare rooms, with nothing much in sight but a table, on which were some unwashed cups—relics of last night's smuggled chocolate orgy or last week's M. C. O., as the case might be, and a few packs of cards, and Dinkey, and perhaps a few books on good manners, and then usually one or the other or both of Roz's red bedroom slippers kicking about—well, you saw a fairly complete commentary on our daily life. And then the awful nights of cramming. Shall I ever forget Hellie, rolled in an irresponsible ball on the floor, mixed up with a down quilt, and Iola in a dainty retiring robe—they were much like our mere nightgowns, but you felt that there *was* a difference—murmuring sweetly that she must wait a few minutes till she could see out of her eyes. Which, when you come to think of it, was not an unreasonable request.

Well, you know the rest. 1911 gave a shocking bad show, of which we were the most shocking bad part. I refuse to discuss that show again. And then parties. Why, of course, we had highly hilarious and wild midnight parties, mostly smuggled chocolate—



and did all the foolish things a Freshman can do, and, I may say with modest pride, a great many more ingenious things than Freshmen nowadays seem to be able to do. And it was all extremely pleasant, while it lasted. But now—Oh now, of course, I have got to the point where I go on parties with just H. P. and Miss King in the cloisters, and she reads poetry till it's dark, and then I ingenuously but takingly ask her what Heaven will be like. I really do, you know. I would quite surprise you. In fact, I surprise myself.

But I am running on interminably, with a heart full of good will, and with not one joke. I'm so sorry. And I feel that I am growing sentimental again, so I had better stop at once. Here's to the Freshman days of 1911.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





## 1912 Couchant, 1911 Rampant

or

### How We Rid the College of an Injurious Custom

**A** COLD, stinging ecstasy," followed by a "slow, warm purification." These words, applied by a revered instructor to those (you see I lived in Merion) daily concessions to public opinion, hot and cold tubs, apply with equal cogency to 1911's hazing of 1912. An ecstasy it certainly was for us to find ourselves with a class below—we who

for a year had been trodden under the iron heel of seniorial oppression—suppression, depression, whatever you choose to call it. The last term, if I remember, was chiefly descriptive of our side of the affair—the imprint of the heel, so to speak. To return—we meant to be stinging—to 1912, and no one will deny the chillsomeness of college corridors in the late hours of the night. So much for the first part. There was a pause of a few days. Then it appeared that somehow we had done that hazing so completely that in the minds of some people the job seemed completed for life. To be sure, we had attained to no heights such as "'11 in pants." We had simply and logically utilised the advantages which nature had given us, of tubs, basement, etc., with a proper regard for the life, limbs (excuse me, Iola, the "portion below the knee"), and property of our victims. Hoby had unwittingly voiced what was to be the general opinion as she stood, on the night itself, at the bedside of a newly awakened Freshman. The aforesaid Freshman, on opening her eyes and beholding the impressive figures in front of her had gasped out: "Oh, how wonderful you are,"—to which Hoby intoned the grim reply: "No, we are not wonderful, we are ter-ri-ble." And apparently we had been, terrible. Most people seemed to think we had. So then came the purification. Of course it was slow, in accordance with the dignity of B. M. S. A. for S. G. And various people from Rock and West assured me that "warm" was a pale word for it. 1911 stood rebuked, and tried to forget about it. We



succeeded for a while. But in the minds of those in command the impression seemed to linger, and at last in the spring, after several hotly argued Self-Gov meetings, hazing was abolished. The place of comment is not here. But whatever our sentiments as to the rights of the case, I don't think anyone in 1911 would surrender the memory of the time we hazed 1912, or the glory of being the most thorough hazers the college had ever known. By the time that we could speak carelessly and with dignity of "Sophomore year," we began to think, somehow, that "there were giants in those days."

AMY MOREHEAD WALKER.





(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

Secure within these cloistered walls and far from all riff-raff,  
 I wonder if you ever ask, "How lives the other half?"  
 When your alarm clock tinkles do you ever think of those  
 Who board the morning milk train, while above a pale moon glows?  
 It is a hard, unlovely life but has its compensation,  
 We feel we do a noble work dispensing education;  
 Though it makes you rather nervous to feel a sooty eye  
 Is glued in fascination to the mysteries of Bi.  
 But then we have a grievance; the lunch room is our bane.  
 We came equipped with appetites; four years we've watched them wane.  
 Now when the menu calls for fruit, the uninitiated  
 Would never know it meant an apple gnarled and antiquated.  
 A moistened napkin decks the bread, to keep its freshness better,  
 And by the time that we arrive we can't tell which is wetter.  
 We look askance at custards and we whisper, "Nevermore!"  
 We know that friends in Rock have scorned them just three days before.  
 There's something they call chicken and we really can't deny it,  
 For while it looks like naught but bones, we haven't nerve to try it.  
 Then, people will ask questions till we flee with one accord,  
 For at the hundredth repetition one is a trifle bored.  
 One need only mention college; it's sufficient to incite 'em:—



Oh, don't you really mind the train?  
It must be awful in the rain.  
You really don't mean they detain  
You to take gym, I would complain.  
And can you study on the train?  
You say your eyes don't feel the strain?  
And don't you find it tires the brain?  
I'd really think you'd go insane!  
And then, of course, you miss the main  
Part of the college life, but gain  
Advantages of home. It's plain  
That commutation is a bane.—  
And so, ad infinitum.

JESSIE CLIFTON.



## The Gym Contest

Shocks always occur at this season, and I got one from the Gym contest. I was awakened from Latin Prose Comp. by a strange, weird gurgle repeated over and over. I shivered at being all alone. Could it be a drunken man? Trembling with dread, I sought the hall in search of a friend. The lights were low, but in the dark two forms could be made out with swinging arms and revolving Indian clubs. There were sounds issuing from them,

“Swing, swing, T-T,  
Swing, swing P-P.”

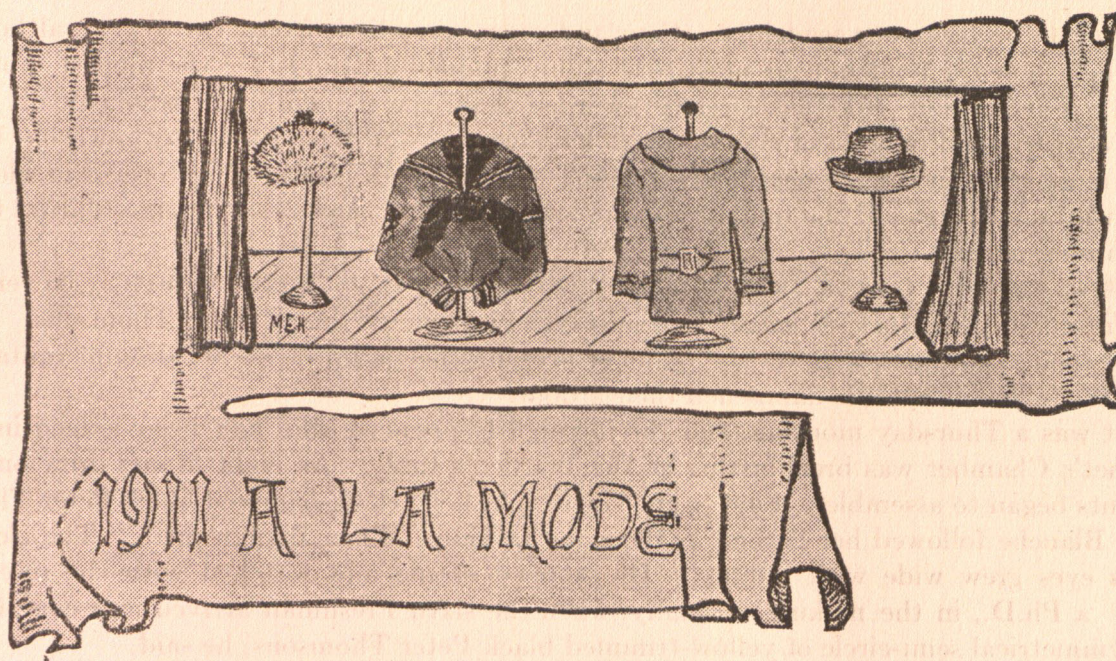
“Good heavens,” I cried, “what is this?”

“Swing, swing, Mr. King,  
One, two, an hour to do.”

Down the hall mystic forms were gliding, forming 4's, in front of 1, 2, 3, 4.

ISOBEL ROGERS.





**T**HIS article does not deal with Pruss's wardrobe. To be sure, once at a President's reception I hailed five of her gowns before finding her. Moreover, evening dresses play an important part in college life. Before a formal meeting of the English Club, H. P. always takes a solitary walk with at least two other members to discuss the arrangement of the nine on the Rock window-seat with regard to æsthetic values. That was a serious consideration this winter owing to the fact that the Senior *costumes de bal* were all different shades of the same color, a point which the President noted when she remarked to me in one of the long reflective silences that fall upon hostesses and guests at a Faculty Reception,

"I should think that at least 68 per cent of this year's Senior Class have pink dresses."

Directoire and hobble, sheath skirt and coal-scuttle hat, were duly recognised by 1911. Freshman Class Supper witnessed the trailing of first trains by conscious maidens. (I still remember my jealousy and mortification on that occasion. My first train did not appear until Sophomore year.)

But *décolleté* finery is not intrinsically collegiate. Therefore let us pass it by.



Nor do I refer to our academia. Caps and gowns vary little from year to year, although 1913 has shown a tendency to substitute willow-plumed creations for the modest mortar-board. Furthermore 1911 has already awarded Amy the palm for her scholastically tattered drapery, and in spite of the fact that I know it was graft and that my gown has fully three more rents in it than hers, I must acquiesce and eat my bread of bitterness in silence. I wish rather to treat of the undergraduate fashions set by our versatile class during their four prolific years.

It was never a trait of 1911 to merge individuality in corporate identity. Nevertheless Freshman year Rock *en masse* went into yellow-trimmed black Peter Thomsons. The rest of their classmates were on the point of proving their admiration by prompt imitation when the following episode dampened their ardour.

It was a Thursday morning, and the fortnightly preacher who had been lodged in the Prophet's Chamber was breakfasting at the Warden's table. As eight-fifteen drew on the students began to assemble. First came Harriet in her yellow-trimmed black Peter Thomson. Blanche followed her garbed in the same fashion. Then Beulah ditto. The clergyman's eyes grew wide with interest. He stopped eating and watched with the research air of a Ph.D., in the making. Finally, when the sixth Freshman arrived and completed the symmetrical semi-circle of yellow-trimmed black Peter Thomsons, he said,

"So this is your school uniform."

After that Rock never tried to set a fashion. But the other halls did. Merionites, for instance, were never seen without the adornment of a canton flannel animal, and Denbigh, represented by Phyllis and Cranie, set the pace in hair ribbons. Pembroke and Denbigh, under the leadership of H. P. and Charlotte, united on the subject of jumpers *sans* stays, and Radnor advocated the daily use of slickers lest one be caught by a storm on the way home from lectures.

As we grew older and more individualistic, fashions were set by single members of the class. For instance, one day Senior spring Dotty appeared at breakfast looking her most coquettish in a peanut straw hat trimmed with a green scarf. By noon Hig had acquired one, and during the afternoon Hoff and Hellie and H. P.—no, I made a mistake—H. P. only borrowed Dotty's because her hair was in curl papers. By the time we were waiting to sing on the steps, peanut straw hats trimmed with green scarfs were as thick as students in the Art Seminary the night before a Renaissance queueze.

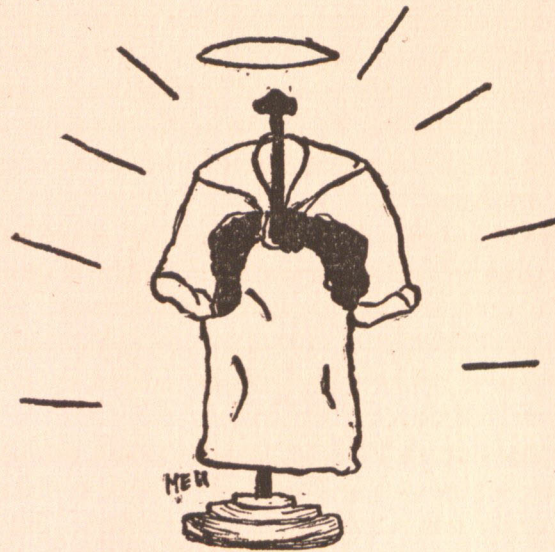
Then there was Scottie and the Mackinac jackets. It was hard enough before Christmas to tell where Scottie ended and Louisa began, but after Christmas it was impossible.



Once I tried to set a fashion. I showed Crook how to make a suit such as I had seen in Devonshire. I purchased gray stockings and imported gray boots to match. Then I grasped my walking stick firmly in my hand and burst upon the astonished gaze of the college. But they, whether out of provincialism or jealousy I do not know, derided me as an Anglo-Maniac, and clung to their hockey skirts and sweaters.

Except in this single instance I must confess 1911 showed marvelous wisdom and unconventionality in their choice of clothes, a fact which we realised when one of the Senior Receptions was devoted to a discussion of the relative merits of knickerbockers and the harem skirt, and President Thomas told us that she wished the advice of the Senior Class on the subject of the modern woman's costume.

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.





# 1911 EN-NEGLIGEE OR DRAMATICS



I desire explicitly to point out that that title is the child of my own brain. I thought of it myself, and to use it for this article. But I was so proud of it—for you see I thought it was funny—that I told it to some friends, and they thought it was funny too, and the next thing I knew, I saw my own dear title glaring at me from bonfire transparencies, and being used in the vulgarest way on and in speeches, and now it has lost all the sweet, fresh innocence that once captivated me. It hardly seems like the same title to me any more, but I have to use it, as I chose this article merely on its account.



As for the meaning of the title—it needs no explanation, among us and our friends. To put the matter briefly, we made our entrance on the Bryn Mawr stage in kimonos, and our exit in a nightgown. But on the whole, we handled the matter very delicately. For my part, I don't see that there was anything in our plays that a girl wouldn't like her own father to see, and why we should be so old-fashionedly squeamish about the moral innocence of our own and our friends' male relations, I don't know. Perhaps I don't feel the matter so keenly, because my own costumes were generally fairly respectable. I could speak more feelingly about one of our without-violence rush nights, when a gentle Junior ripped my Pierrot costume—a dainty thing, but not of the soundest construction—off my back while I was too excited to notice it, so that I later found myself dashing airily about the campus in a high hat, a ruff, and a—well, let us let it go at *en negligee*.

However, Pruss has done full justice to those playful parades. And I feel that I must seize this opportunity to tell how I fell off the stage of the old Gym. In my early days it was quite the thing to have done that, and having done it, you talked about it. You see, it seems 1910 had a Freshman show which they were quite willing to talk about—an advantage to any class—and in the course of that show a whole chorus of puppies, or kittens, or it may have been June bugs, fell off the stage, and having done so, talked about it. It seemed to me that every one I knew in 1910 must have been a puppy, or a kitten, or a June bug, or a young rhinoceros, or whatever it was that shared in that unfortunate mirth-provoking incident, and they each, separately, used to get me in a corner and tell me about it, and I used to laugh. As a Freshman I was nice, that way.

And then I fell off the stage myself. It was only dress rehearsal, but I did, I fell right off backward, and at the time I was being a pencil, which is obviously much funnier than being a zoo. I couldn't even let anyone know I was going, because as I began to fall, my mouth piece, which was inadequate anyhow, got switched round to my ear, and my cries only re-echoed up and down the tube. I should say "hollow tube," but that requires too much modesty even for the sake of dramatic effect. I was in that tube myself, and very emphatically in, and in it I had to lie, in a cramped position, till my cue came—and went—and they missed me, and started a search, and finally discovered me, and undid all the seventy-six hooks required to make a pencil of me. But did I mind? Bless you, not a whit! I lay there just revelling in how funny this must be. It seemed good to be able to come back at anyone who began to tell me about those baby bears with a tale of my own like this.

And it is one of the deep and lasting sorrows of my college career that I never *could*



get anyone to listen to that story. It ought to be funny, and I always told it in the breeziest way I could, for it seemed to me the kind of story that went with a lot of breeze, and I can't think why it wasn't very popular. I'm sure it wasn't, though. Oh, of course by Senior year I could sometimes keep hold of a defenceless Freshman long enough to tell it to her, but Freshmen think there is something to any kind of Senior reminiscence. That's just the way Freshman are made, and it doesn't mean anything.

Isn't it strange, after all, how insufferably dull one always finds accounts of plays one hasn't seen? I used to think I should choke the next person who told me that I ought to have seen *Ivanhoe the Eleventh*, or *La Princesse Lointaine*, or last May Day. Instead I used to pretend I had seen them, which was absurd on the face of it, as I had never beheld the campus till the fall of 1907. But anything to silence these descriptions of what might have been antediluvian antics, for all I cared for them. Somehow it took me a long time to connect up this attitude of mine with the way Gordon and Louisa and those people used to hold their ears, or run, when Prussie and I started the love scene from *His Excellency*, or to discuss the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. But these things are borne in upon us. You may tell the present undergraduate all about how we gave plays in Chapel, and ate three meals a day in the History of Art room, and about the uncommonly vulgar young man, who made us up, murmuring unspeakably fresh nothings to us from Miss Donnelly's own desk; but you can always see by the expression of her face that she regards that as just the sort of thing that might have happened before her own presence had invested Bryn Mawr with reality.

I wonder whether our college plays are really any fun to anyone but the cast. We like to think they are, or it wouldn't be half so much fun to give them, but we are really the people who enjoy them most. All the excitement of the green room, and the make-up, and, most of all, the rehearsals, was fun, and the more you complained the more thoroughly you were enjoying yourself. The long palpitating waits at the P. U. S., when you knew just how long before your cue came, and you were eager for it; and then it came, and all of a sudden you realised that your entrance was being distinctly hampered by the fact that you had no knees at all. Also you had forgotten what the play was, to say nothing of your own lines. In that condition, you tried to walk on the stage with a firm masculine tread and make a few brisk, cheery remarks, trying wildly not to grin maudlinly if the audience gave you a lawfe; or you dashed on holding up a finger of each hand, and singing in pseudo-Turkish, then, standing on your head, you suddenly realised that both your cap and wig had fallen off and that a long auburn pigtail was sweeping the



stage. Strictly high class and variegated vaudeville we were, 1911, and you never knew what we were going to do next. One of our most successful exhibitions of versatility and adaptability was in a little farce entitled *Cue Hashings*, delivered extempore by Miss Prussing and Miss Egan, while the rest of us were showing a rather pitiful tendency lamely to girdle and copy Bernard Shaw. It is nice to think that some of us rose above mere imitation.

One thing—we were not ashamed of our plays, and we didn't care who knew what they were. I think one of the nicest traits in our character was the way we spared the other classes from sudden surprises, and all such shocks. If anyone didn't know what play we were going to give within a week after we had chosen it, it was distinctly her own fault. In fact, it looked like carelessness on her part.

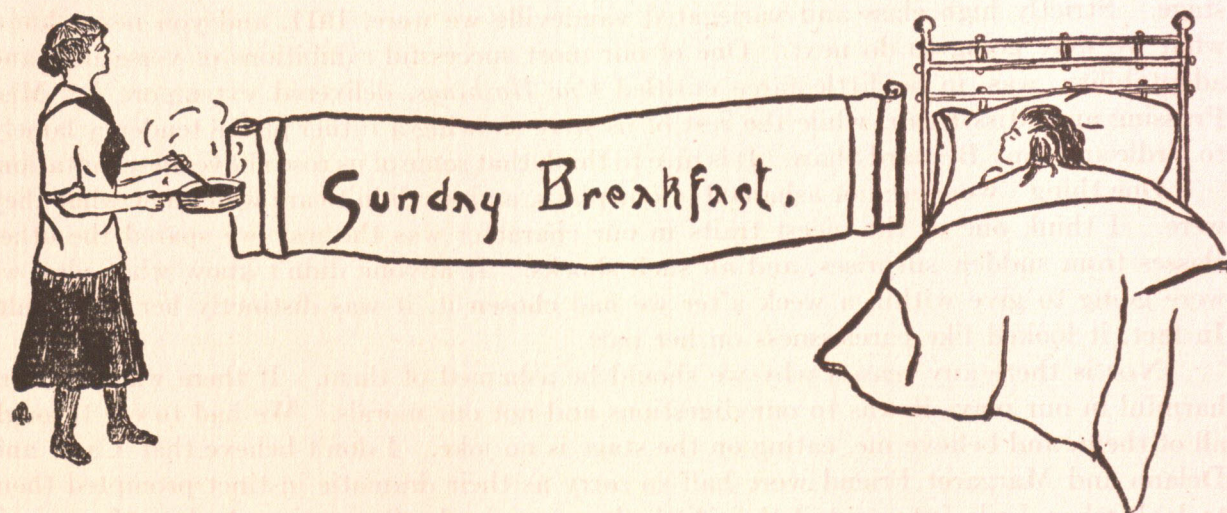
Nor is there any reason why we should be ashamed of them. If there was anything harmful in our plays it was to our digestions and not our morals. We had to eat through all of them, and believe me, eating on the stage is no joke. I don't believe that Casie and Delano and Margaret Friend were half so sorry as their dramatic instinct prompted them to look when Leila interrupted their little banquet in *Le Bourgeois*. And as for me, if I ever suffered more than the time when some idiot made it necessary for me to gulp five chocolate creams instead of three in the midst of a speech, it was in *His Excellency* when I was watching Schmidtie, outwardly so much at her ease, betray her real nervousness by dropping four lumps of sugar into the demitasse of coffee she was pouring out for me, when I couldn't even look agonised, not to say mention it. The fact that I knew the coffee was rootbeer didn't help at all. Pinkie was the only person who really rose to the height of enjoying a meal on the stage, for no one could question the real relish with which she ate her breakfasts, both as Menelaus, and as Major Petkoff. Acting seemed to give her a fine appetite, and it was a pleasure to watch her.

It is sad to think that the plays are all over. Esther may some day be an imposing middle-aged mother, Delano I should say stood as good a chance as any of becoming a fascinating marchioness, and Schmidtie, though not exactly the Evening Star, is at least sure to be a very gay and smart little lady before whom M. P.'s will not be the only ones to fall. But alas! Pinkie has been an irascible father, Casie an elderly beau, Prussie a dashing young lover, and I a dirty orderly for the last time. And Hobie? What is a noise without Hobie?

All our plays, such as they were, did full duty in the way of amusing us, anyhow, and in affording cues and jokes for the rest of our lives. We, who had the fun of acting in them, feel a debt of real gratitude to the rest of the class for spending their money and much of their time in letting us disport ourselves on the stage about twice a year, and then applauding us for it.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





SCENE—A tea pantry.

TIME—8 to 10 on any Sunday morning during college.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ.

YOU.

I.

*You and I are dressed in jumpers and hockey (or other) skirts, and pumps or slippers. You and I do not quote Shakespeare wittily, at times, nor are we in love with some member of the faculty, nor are we having a "college girl's frolic" such as one sees illustrated in "The Ladies' Home Journal." Breakfast is in course of preparation—it is a serious business, and you and I are ordinary mortals, without extraordinary habits and views or ways of speech conforming to that impossible type, the College Girl.*

*These facts should be remembered.*

*The properties necessary for this entertaining little comediette are extremely simple, viz., an heterogeneous collection of spoons and china, two patent toast makers; tag ends and component parts of dismembered chafing dishes; a frying pan; eggs, bacon, coffee, and smells of cooking.*

YOU.—Well, if you ask me I think we're pretty decent to make the breakfast for those lazy dogs.



I.—Personally, we are saints. Do you know anything about making coffee? Pinkie makes it one way and Scottie another, and I haven't an idea what you do first. Gosh! The pot hasn't been washed out since it was used last. Turn on the hot water, will you? We always have coffee in a machine at home—the simplest thing.

YOU.—Yes, my dear, my mother would have a fit if she could see the way we fix food here. My! This knife is dull. For goodness sake, can't you turn off the hot water now? It's spattering all over me. I've endured it patiently for five minutes, but it's soaking through now, and it's hot.

I.—Oh, I beg your pardon! If you don't wash it out well, though, Craney spots you right off. She likes her bacon not so well done, by the way, when you come to frying, and Ginny has to have her's like a cinder.

YOU.—Did you, when you were little, just loathe bacon, and have to eat it because it came to the table? Dr. Leuba says——

I.—Yes, my dear, and codfish balls, and mush. We invariably had all three Sunday mornings and Sunday School afterwards just used to finish me. I wonder I ever grew up——

YOU.—But that's just it. Dr. Leuba says you have to force children to obey because you can't appeal to their reason, and——

I.—Well, I'm never going to make my children eat unnecessary things they don't want to, nor go to school until they're eleven, nor read anything but the poets. Oh, jimminy! look at this piece of toast! Do you think I might scrape it off? That is, of course, I'm never going to have any, but if I did, I wouldn't.

YOU.—Now I've got all the grape fruit fixed.

I.—How many will there be?

YOU.—Six or eight.

I.—What a mob.

YOU.—Yes, I hate a big breakfast party, but this is all 1911.

I.———! That's the third time I've burned the same finger trying to fish this piece of toast from behind the burner.

YOU.—Idiot! Use a fork!

I.—There "ain't no" fork. And whose are all these spoons, I ask you?

YOU.—Never mind. I don't know. They belong in the tea pantry, I guess. What are we going to have besides——? Ga—lory! Look at the coffee! Quick, take it off!

I.—I can't! Don't you see!

YOU.—Turn it off! It's geysering all over the toast.



I.—(*Shrieks.*)

YOU.—(*Ditto.*)

*Voices on the Gulph Road singing:*

*"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain."*

YOU.—Who's that?

I (*looking out while buttering*).—Craney and Amy and Hoby. Do you know what 1912 is giving us—Junior—Senior—I mean?

YOU.—No, worse luck, and I can't get a word out of a soul. You know, of course.

I.—I do *not*. My! this coffee looks funny! I talked to Barb a whole hour yesterday, pretending I knew all about it, but nothing doing, she never mentioned what it was.

YOU.—Well, it's hard, not knowing when everyone else in your class knows but can't tell.

I.—Oh, my dear, I've been longing to ask you what you thought of the Tertium Quid ever since Undergrad meeting. Did you ever hear of such nerve?

YOU.—Never! She has just about as much manners as a goat. But you know I heard something about her, from my aunt, last summer. It appears she's never had any bringing up——

I.—Evidently. Give me that jar of bacon, will you? I think we might as well begin on this now.

YOU.—Oh, certainly, and yet she reads a lot and sometimes I think she realises——

I.—You think she's sincere, then? I thought she put on a lot of that brusqueness because she thought it grown up or something.

YOU.—Oh, no, it's natural enough. Did you see H. P.'s Insurgent about "the amenities of college life"?

I.—I must say, I think she's right in spots. I had to come to college to be lovingly called a "dirty devil" by my best friends.

*Enter two fellow-students newly arisen. They wear new and flossie boudoir caps (Christmas presents to each other), but these characters may be omitted altogether and their voices outside the door substituted, if actors or boudoir caps are scarce. They add immeasurably, however, if introduced.*

THEY.—You angels, to get things ready. We had no idea what time it was until——  
(*they yawn simultaneously*).



YOU and I (*bustling things together*).—Here, you goodfornothings, take the toast. Got the coffee? By the way, where is the cream? Don't we get any?

THEY.—On the study windowsill.

YOU.—Can you manage the grape fruit? I'll hold open the door.

I (*vanishing*).—I hope there'll be enough toast.

THEY (*appreciatively, as they exeunt*).—Such swellness!

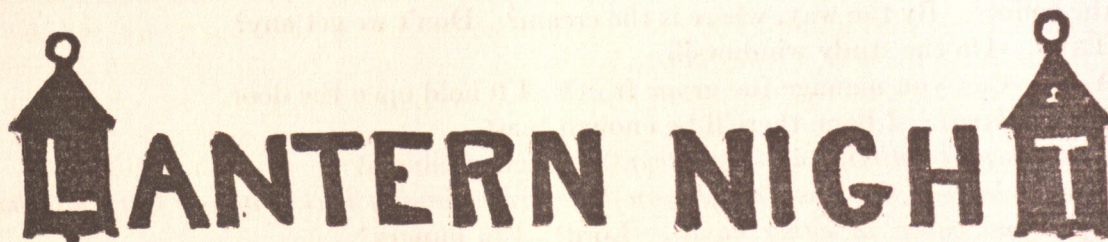
YOU (*releasing the door, which you have been pinning back with one foot while balancing coffee and bacon in either hand*).—Lord! I'm hungry!

*Curtain.*

MARGARET PRUSSING.







# LANTERN NIGHT

WE had possessed our own lanterns for a year and knew better how to value them than when, in the hush of the darkness, they were given into our hands. By the choosing of other lanterns that we in turn should give, and the learning of strange, half-understood Greek syllables we were preparing ourselves for the approaching ceremony. The realisation had come to us that the singing and procession and carrying of lights were a kind of ritual.

It was under Pembroke Arch, the place of nearly every beginning and ending in college life, that we gathered. The night was very still, but above the tree-tops a light wind bore swift clouds across the face of the moon and away, past Taylor tower and high dim gables and on over the hill-top. Moonlight lay on leaf-strewn paths and gray roofs, and across it were flung the long, straight shadows of poplars. We had never dreamed of such a night, even for this most sacred ceremony of Bryn Mawr. When we fell into rank we thought of those who stood waiting for us, silent in the cloisters. A blue light flashed out from the shadows as we lit for the first time the Freshman lanterns, and with the first slow words of *Pallas Athene* we moved out through the Arch.

It was half a dream, that solemn walk along the well-known way from Pembroke to the library, and we went in a kind of ecstasy, singing with more heart than ever before the song we still love best in all the world. Then came the slow progress through the dark corridors of the library, and finally we reached the moonlit cloisters where even the fountain was stilled and there was the great hush of a multitude. Over and over we sang the beautiful lingering Greek words as we wound down behind the pillars carrying our blue flame—until we stood at last, a second long line, before the Freshmen, we with them alone under the stars. A moment later they bore the light which we had surrendered and we

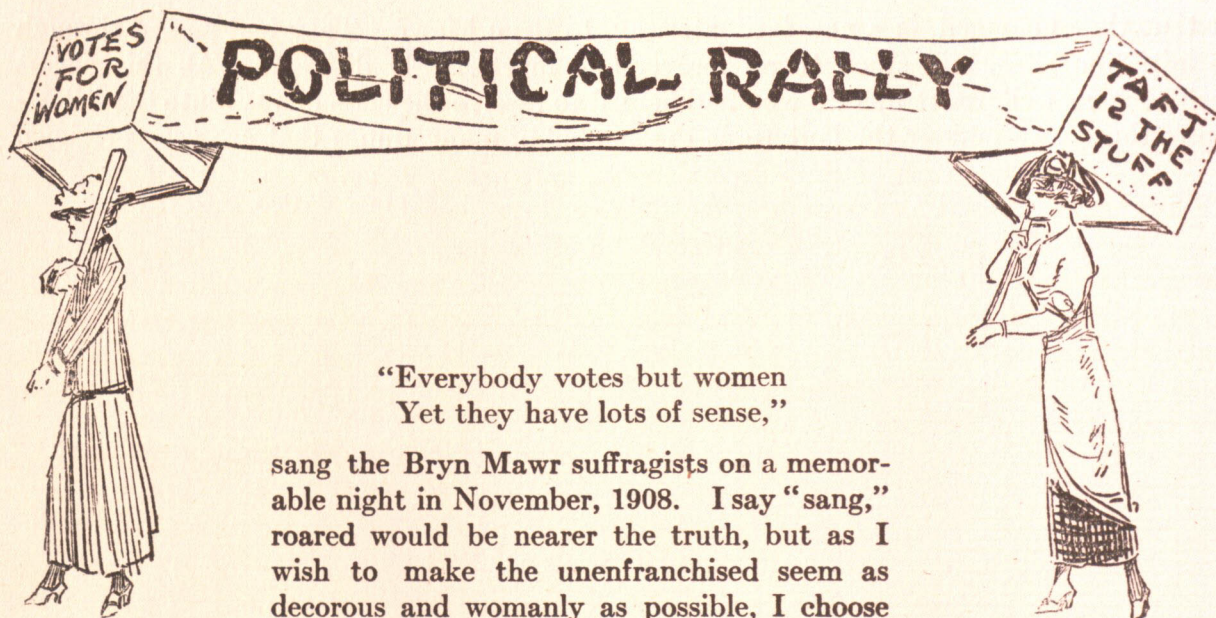


felt that they belonged, in a new intimate way, to Bryn Mawr. They had passed through the initiation rites, and stood there, forever and mysteriously different. All this meant much to us as well, for it was we who had helped to receive the class of 1912 into the fellowship of those who honour the lantern as the symbol of many things that are very precious.

HELEN HUSS PARKHURST.







"Everybody votes but women  
Yet they have lots of sense,"

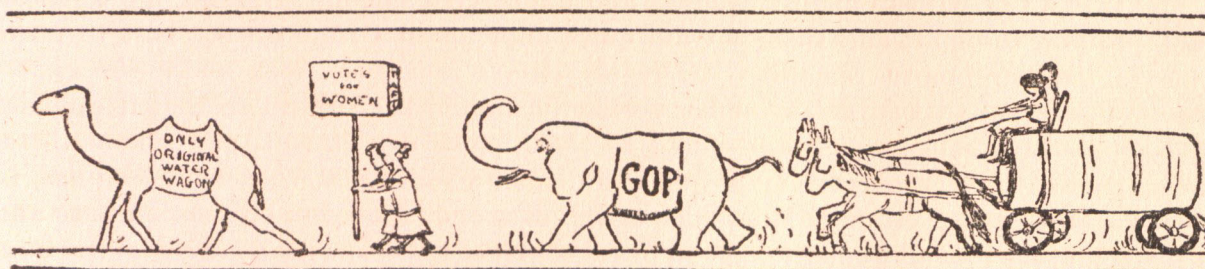
sang the Bryn Mawr suffragists on a memorable night in November, 1908. I say "sang," roared would be nearer the truth, but as I wish to make the unenfranchised seem as decorous and womanly as possible, I choose

the more conventional word. Not, however, in the hope of fooling 1911. For they were there, and roared themselves, if not "Votes for Women," then "Keep Dry," or "Vote for Taft," or some other equally commendable sentiment. I hope other people's recollections of this night are as muddled and hazy as mine. I remember the suffrage parade, because I was in it, and I remember most of the songs, because they were sung on various occasions afterwards, and I always learned every song I heard—first, and this time, because I was an underclassman; second, because Scotty always learned them, and I couldn't have her ahead of me that way; and third, because it gave me such prestige with R. Wells and Cranie. To them it made me a prodigy of intelligence, and to one of my philosophical standing, such opportunities are not to be neglected. Well, as I say, all I remember is the songs, and I'm not going to repeat them here. We all know how they sounded, ensemble when the procession started at the Arch, and with the Bryn Mawr Band at its head, went down to the athletic field and back, glittering with transparencies and howling with enthusiasm. Then there was a few moments' rest for throats that felt like sandpaper while we all streamed up to the chapel. Only Jeannette was delayed. She, having water on the knee, had been deemed an appropriate driver for the water-wagon. Once up, she had conducted it around the course in the best Arizona style. But she couldn't

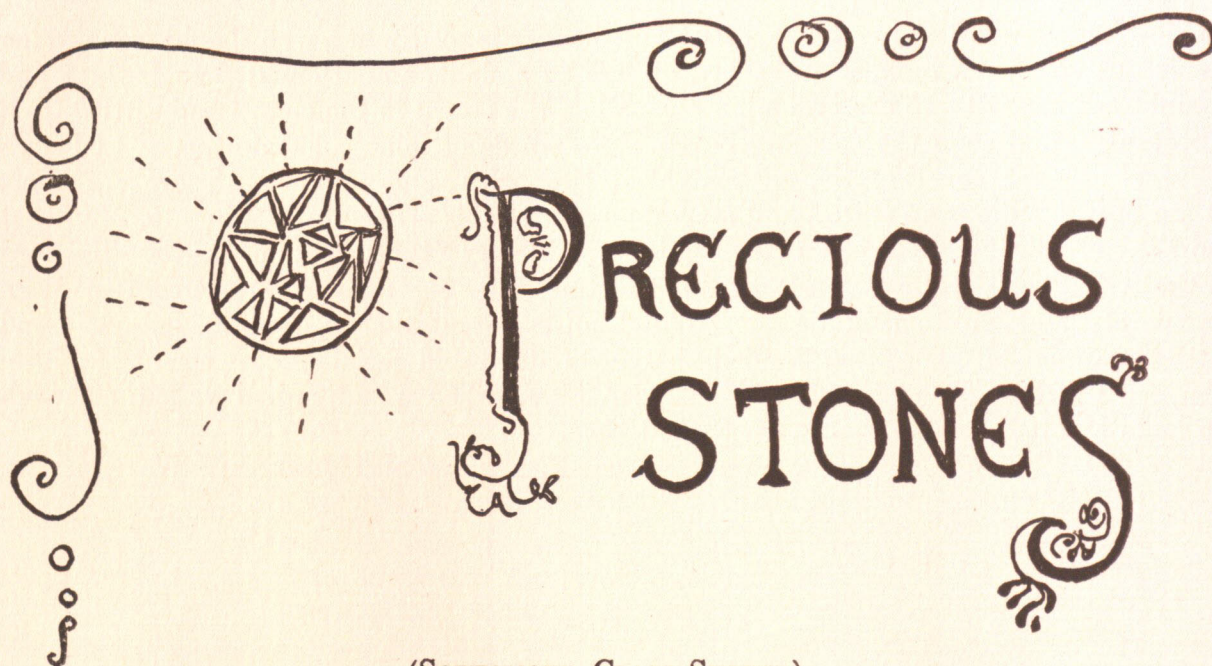


get down, and when the rest of us had sailed unfeelingly by her, who should come to her rescue but Dr. de Laguna, who reached up like an amiable and attenuated angleworm, and brought her in safety to the ground. Meanwhile the crowd in the chapel had settled itself expectantly, and soon the speeches began. No words of mine could do justice to Leila's delivery of that lovely lyric, of matchless simplicity and seventeenth century tone, "I am beer." She is an editor, and may append it to this article if she wants to. Or what can I say of Elizabeth Tappan as the lean (!) and hungry "thothalist," or Barbara Spofford as the Republican orator? They were not disturbed by any amount of interruptions from Democrats and Suffragists; or by Prohibitionists ostentatiously opening umbrellas and rattling rain-coats; or by red-handed anarchists and rabid socialists. A squad of policemen, led by Boggs, kept irreproachable order. And when we adjourned we felt, although we hadn't voted, we had had a very good time.

AMY MOREHEAD WALKER.







(SOPHOMORE CLASS SUPPER)

MISS TAYLOR has done me a great and unexpected honour in asking me to speak to you to-night, and though I am quite unprepared I shall do my best to make a few impromptu remarks. (*Here the speech is drawn from under the center-piece.*) I am glad that Miss Taylor has so kindly limited the subject so that it excludes not only memory gems, which are sacred to the English department, and should therefore be passed by with averted eyes, but also diamond solitaires. A person who has, in a year's study, gained no more knowledge of the diamond, that gem of emotion pure and simple, than that it is an isometric crystal of octagonal shape and with a concoidal fracture, would touch far too heavily on ground so filled with romantic associations to unnumbered classmates.

But as I think of these greystone buildings of Bryn Mawr, constructed, as they are, of Wissahickon gneiss, containing particles of mica and showing marked flow-structure, and as my imagination wanders over the green campus, and I remember that it is a base-level plain, elevated to its present altitude during the tertiary period, I feel that by virtue of superior torture I am qualified to speak to you on the subject of geology.



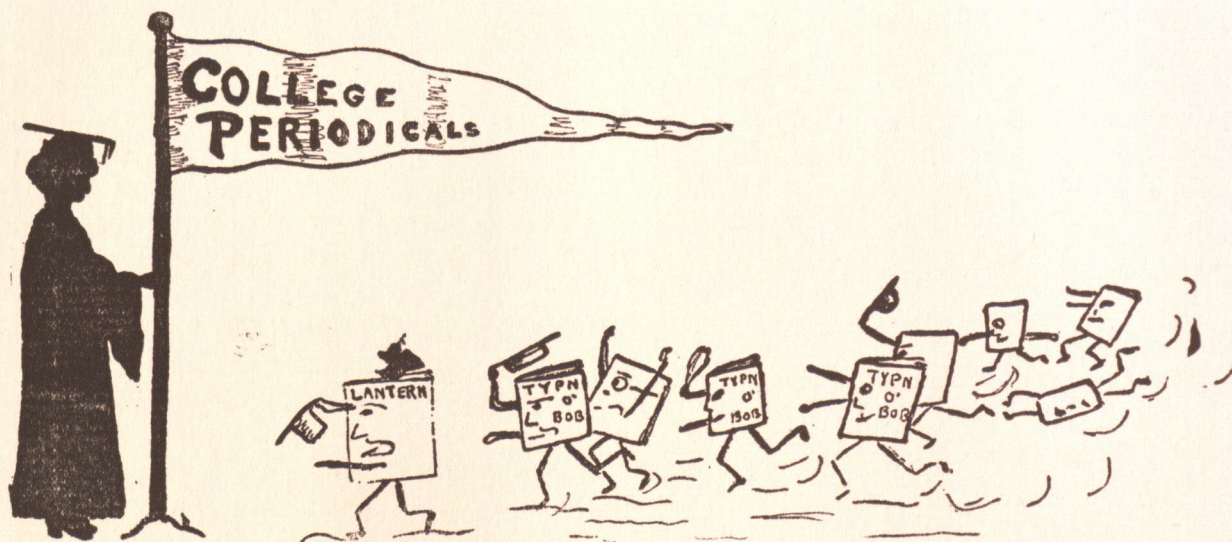
Do not be alarmed, dear friends; I do not propose to confuse you with abstruse science. My geology is usually in words of one syllable. If, however, I should perchance make use of any long names, be assured that their meanings are as unknown to myself as to any of the ungeologised. Far off will be the day when I treat a cretaceous formation of Octoraro schist, for instance, with vulgar familiarity. Of the list of books that have hindered me in the pursuit of my degree, I should place my geology note-book at the head. It is with the most formal courtesy, therefore, that I wish to introduce to you, my dear classmates, some rocks I have met and attempt to acquaint you with the haunts where some of them may be found. We hitch our Little Wonder Wagon—not to a star, for this action would transport us too high to study even the loftiest igneous formations; but to one of Byrne's swiftest steeds, who transports us as rapidly, though upon the earth. Indeed, it brings one of our party, who is not holding on, in direct contact with interesting boulders on the road. She is assisted to her feet from a sprawling position on the road, and several inches of earth which, with her, is removed from the road, reveals a block of limestone, which had shyly hidden itself there. Limestone is a very retiring rock and very deep in character; often as deep as ten feet.

There are other rocks, too, which have their especial merits. Shenandoah limestone is a true representative of old Virginia; Baltimore gneiss is what the name implies; Paolilithic granite brings us more nearly in touch with the charms of the "Main Line." I am sorry to say that the one representative of Chicago, masonry, is, though charming, somewhat artificial. Lastly: I cannot forbear presenting to you the dinosaur of animal origin, whose foot-prints are to be detected everywhere in the sandstones of time. He does not properly belong with the rocks, and is looked upon by them as a parvenu, as his family dates only from a few years before the Flood—and yet, I for one think him charming. He is so young and sprightly and as guileless as a young Haverford student; only twenty-one billion years old.

All the rocks that I have mentioned are specimens of the titled aristocracy and very attractive in their way. And yet they are rather unimpressible. Perhaps they do not care for my hammer-and-tongs way of making their acquaintance. But you, my classmates, could, I am sure, gain me an *entré* into their exclusive society. Should you join their humble servant in drinking their health, not forgetting their queen, the beauteous B—, I am sure you would soften their stony hearts. Although the highest H. C. intimacy can never be mine; yet, by your most gracious help, I feel that the scale of justice may yet incline on the merciful side of 60%. Do let us therefore drink the health of geology.

ROSALIND FAY MASON.





WHEN you see this heading some of you will think it is the forerunner of something good by H. P., Charlotte, or Cranie, and will say "Aha! An intellectual treat!" While some, but this is not probable, may be brought to read it by the method which Higgie used during that hectic Commencement week when she wanted me to read Miss King's poem in the "Lantern." She said that she would do an errand for me for every verse of the poem that I would let her read me. I consented and in this way most of my library books were returned and my bills at the Pike paid and a good deal of the poem was read.

But all this doesn't explain why I, an awfully "wholesome" girl (ask Hellie if you doubt this), am writing this article, and there really is a reason. This is it. This afternoon our debutante President and our debutante Editor-in-Chief dropped in on me, and in the course of the conversation the latter said that she had a perfectly good illustration drawn by Hoffie for *College Periodicals* and no article to go with it. Therefore, as I could not let the labour of a fellow Hyena (although she is not a Hyena in good standing, as she got credit in Major Pol. Econ.) go in vain, I have started this article.

And since I am now an Alumna "out, out in the wide, wide world," I cannot refrain from comparing college periodicals with those of "the world." Immediately I see that the



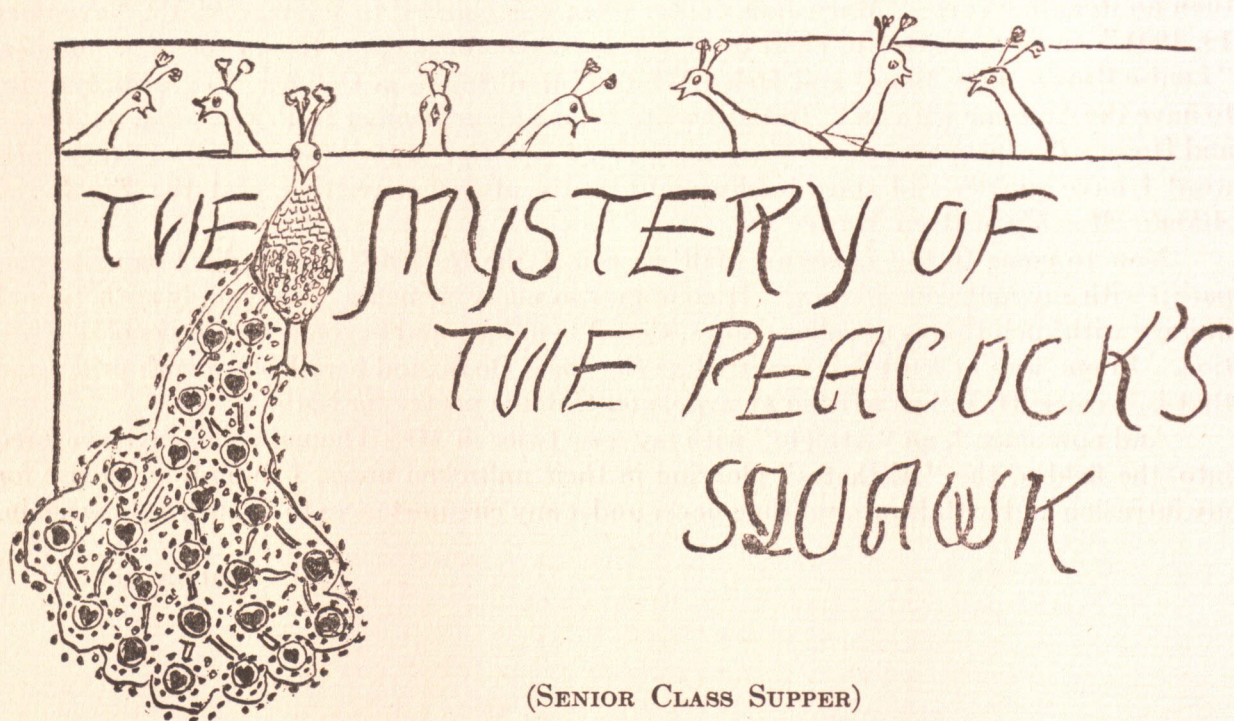
*Tip* is the *Town Topics* of Bryn Mawr. For what could be more spicy and to the point than an item like this—"Mary Jane Jones, 1896, was married to William Smith, November 18, 1901"—a mere matter of eight or nine years after—or perhaps this in the May number, "Louise Brown, Jane Black and Helen White visited college in October. It is always nice to have the Alumnæ with us." But as I write I suddenly remember H. P.'s editorial on *Spring* and Hoby's *Distinction between Commonness and Vulgarity*. I therefore withdraw every false word I have spoken and state boldly and with the utmost conviction, that the *Tip* is the *Atlantic Monthly* of Bryn Mawr.

Now to come to the *Lantern*—shall we call it the *Outlook*?—but really I cannot compare it with any magazine I know. It combines so many elements of the purely æsthetic and literary with such things as college notes, that it is unique and beyond my powers of description. In one way at least it is exactly like the Class Book, and here I blush with pride, and that is because H. P. has written an article on Chinese poetry for both.

And now since I, an "Athlete" with my nose twice in Miss Thomas's file, have ventured into the field of the "Æsthetes" glorying in their unbroken noses, I humbly apologise for my intrusion and withdraw promising never under any circumstances to do such a thing again.

LEILA HOUGHTELING.





(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

I REMEMBER once reading in Sophomore year an editorial in the *Tip* on the subject of rainy days. It expressed the sweetest, most optimistic sentiments imaginable. It said we didn't care how wet it was under foot nor how gray it was overhead, but went about with faces even more happy than on sunny days. We liked to have our skirts flapping damply about our clammy ankles. We vied with each other in seeing how far the water would squirt from our shoes every time we took a step. In fact, we were apparently perfectly wretched if, during the week, we didn't have at least four rainy days. Some of you, perhaps, remember that article.

I shall never forget it nor the first rainy day after I read it when I awoke to find the rain dashing in sheets across my bed. I lay for some time undecided whether to commit



suicide by getting up and seeking a convenient bread knife, or by lying quietly and drowning, but I suddenly thought of that *Tip* article and jumped out of bed. I really didn't want to miss any of the joy of that lovely rainy day. To be sure, I was not quite in the spirit yet, but I was certain that it would take only one or two cheery words from my happy classmates to put me in a proper exuberant state of mind.

I opened my door and started down the hall, smiling bravely to myself. Something whirled by me, and it was only by a miracle that I saved myself from being knocked perfectly flat by one of said classmates. I called back a cheery good morning to save her from embarrassing apologies. I may be mistaken, but I don't think she answered.

When I got to the dining room I smiled brightly on those at the table. As I went down to the other end to get my napkin, I heard one of them mutter, "I should think people might have some sense and not grin inanely day in and day out." That was a little hard, but I decided to lend her my *Tip* some day in an off-hand manner, and gently guide her to scorn the weather.

All that morning my professors disappointed me a good deal. They seemed unwarrantably annoyed when I answered brightly that I was unprepared. By this time my cheer was a bit frayed. Every one I met seemed to avoid receiving the encouraging smile that I wore frozen on my face.

The crisis came about three in the afternoon when I was reproached bitterly for having removed my umbrella and rubbers from the room of a girl who had borrowed them several weeks before. I went to my room, and with hot tears streaming down my haggard face, I tore that editorial into small bits; at the same time I solemnly vowed never again to endeavour to make a joke or even to smile on a rainy day.

Now, this morning I explained all this to our toastmistress. I told her that on a day of this kind it was not at all mysterious that the peacock should squawk, that even a butterfly might and I should not be surprised, but she was firm.

It is only lately since we have begun singing on the steps that I have been impressed with the omnipresence of the peacock's squawk. At 7.20 punctually there begin shrieks in all directions, "Let's begin; there are plenty here; let's hurry up and sing something." Yes, it is true, the steps are full and imposing. I'm pretty stupid not to begin. There in the front row are Leila, and Higgie and Kate Chambers and Mary Minor and Isabelle Miller and Isobel Rogers and countless others. Of course, there are plenty, and in great confusion I start to sing or announce that we are coming or that we are out again, or some similar axiomatic ditty. The burst of sound is not so great as it might be. So that at the end of the

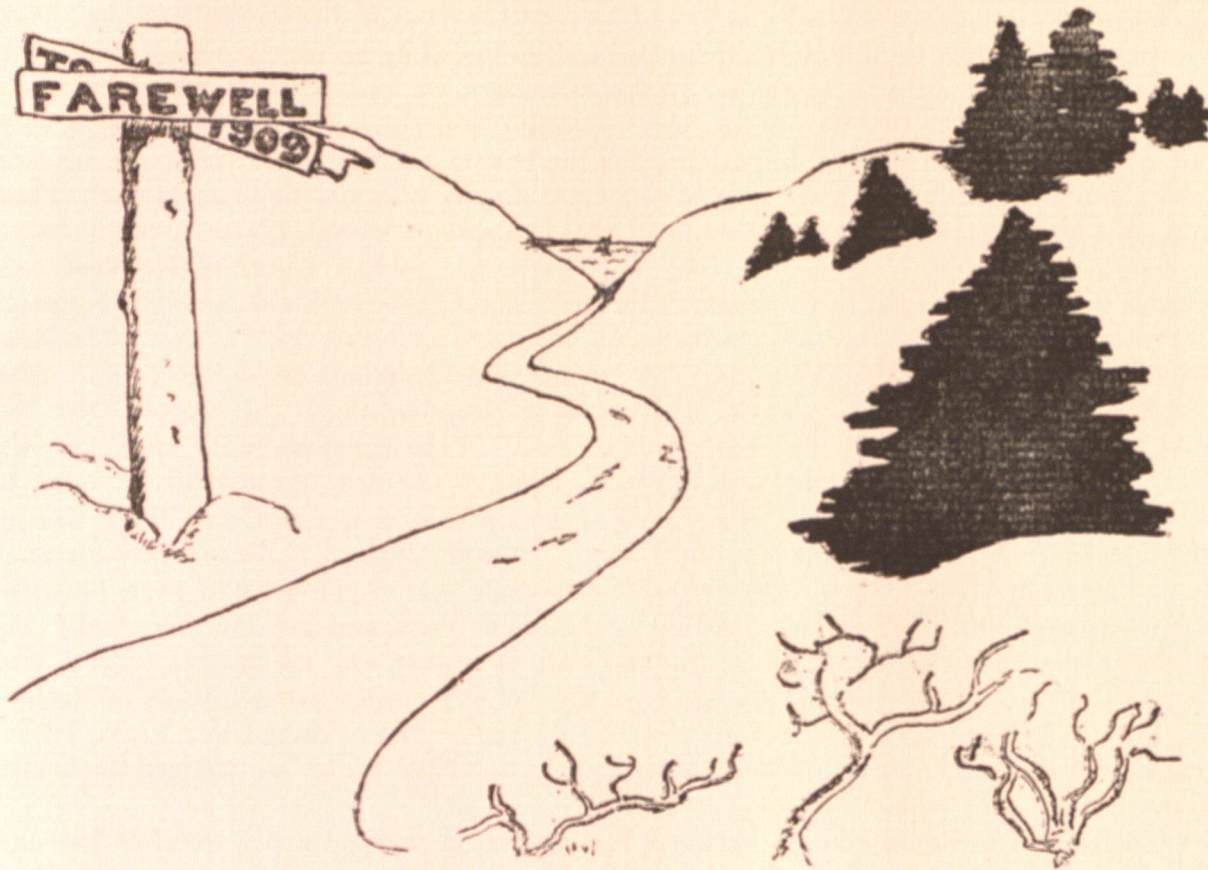


song I suggest that we might wait a few minutes for more to come, but I am again assured that there are plenty.

This time an airy sweep of the hand directs my attention to the second row where sit in gorgeous array Rosie and Anna Stearns and Hoby and Agnes Wood and Hilpa Schram. This time my confidence is fully restored. I start out with vigour but something is still a little wrong. I stop and there is absolute silence. Higgle's lips are violently moving and her head is waving in time to the music, but I hear no sound. I begin to have a terrible fear of the truth. Can it be that I am the peacock's squawk?

LOUISE S. RUSSELL.





**E**VER since we had come to college we had heard vague and alluring whisperings of a delightful odd-class occasion at the end of Sophomore year, at which one wore a hockey-skirt off the campus and frolicked in festive seclusion with one's beloved Juniors. No accurate details were to be had. 1908 and 1910 scoffed in stolid (and ignorant) even-class derision at an odd-class sentimentality, and 1909, knowing how an atmosphere



of mystery enhances any and all charms, gave us no hint of what was to occur. So on the Saturday after finals, when we began to assemble in front of the Arch, somewhat worn with exams, but with the infinite and blessed gulf between us and them that comes when the last one is over (and there are no papers to revise), we hadn't the dimmest notion of what the next hour or two was to disclose. Isabelle Miller and Willa discussed it, as they waited in nervous and worried impatience for the rest of the class to arrive. Those girls never could get used to 1911's attitude of deliberate dignity on any and all occasions. They thought it was unreasonable that we couldn't once in a while arrive all together, and make an impressive appearance. Little did they appreciate the perfect co-ordination necessary in order that no more than three people in the class should ever arrive at the same moment, that there should be no sudden intrusion of brawling members, but a slow, fractional arrival minute by minute so as not to overwhelm whoever might be expecting us. And this day we treated 1909 with no lack of our usual consideration. At length, when the party was assembled, we left the Arch, "side by side," in the direction of the tramp woods, down past the power-house and over the road, through the deep grass until we came to where 1909 was waiting to greet us. Things began with a cheer, and soon there was no doubt in our minds as to what was meant by "Olympic games." Barrow races, peanut races, three-legged races, sack races—every conceivable sort of contest had been planned, and was carried through enthusiastically by both hostesses and guests. Gradually the number of contestants in each sport thinned out, as winner was set against winner, and then to the victors came the spoils, bands of red holding two inverted clumps of daisies, which batted becomingly over the eyes of the wearers. We refreshed our weary bodies with sandwiches, and "in lemonade, since we could not have wine," we pledged the health of the hostesses to whom we owed so much.

Then came the final contest between the victors, a desperate race over ditches and fences, through long grass and around trees, and back again across the brook, with a final desperate wriggle through barrels lying on the ground. There were only three, so even the privilege of wriggling had to be fought for. The excitement of seeing Jeannette and Hoffie coming through their hard won tubes at almost the same second was insupportable. In a moment it was over, and Hoffie had won, and received at Pleasaunce's hands the extra wreath which was the sign of her special triumph. Little by little things began to subside, the air grew cooler and we realised that it was time to say good-bye. I don't think there was any one who didn't think a bit seriously as we stood there singing those farewell songs. It is always rather a solemn thing to be with a body of people whom one knows are soon

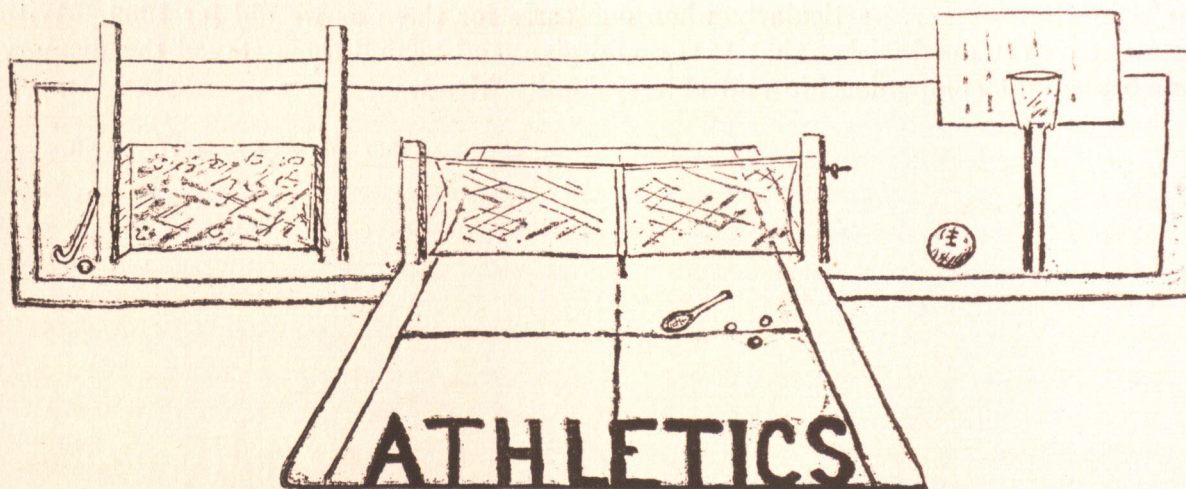


to be separated forever, particularly when one cares for them as we did for 1909. With them went all the good wishes that 1911 could give, and behind them stayed the memory of much pleasant companionship and of very kindly friends.

AMY MOREHEAD WALKER.







### Freshman Year

#### Hockey

Won by 1908

##### First Team

J. ALLEN  
A. STEARNS, *Manager*  
K. CHAMBERS  
M. KILNER  
I. ROGERS  
D. COFFIN  
H. EMERSON, *Captain*  
L. HOUGHTELING  
A. PARKER  
P. RICE  
V. CANAN

1911 beaten by 1910—6-2, 3-3,  
7-1.

##### Second Team

E. TAYLOR  
M. SMITH  
H. TREDWAY

F. PORTER

M. SCOTT

M. HOFFMAN

R. VICKERY

H. HENDERSON

M. F. CASE, *Captain*

F. WYMAN

F. WOOD

M. WILLIAMS, *Manager*

1911 beat 1910—4-0

1911 beat 1909—8-2

1911 champions

#### Basket-Ball

Won by 1908

##### First Team

J. ALLEN, *Captain*  
L. HOUGHTELING, *Manager*  
H. EMERSON  
V. CANAN

I. ROGERS

E. YARNALL

M. SCOTT

H. HENDERSON

A. PARKER

1911 beaten by 1910—7-6,  
9-10, 11-5.

##### Second Team

E. CORNELL, *Captain*  
H. TREDWAY, *Manager*  
F. WOOD  
J. CHICKERING  
M. KILNER  
K. CHAMBERS  
F. PORTER  
M. FRIEND  
D. COFFIN

1911 beaten by 1910, 2 games,  
first one—6-2.



**Freshman Year—Continued****Indoor Track Meet**

Won by 1909

M. HOFFMAN, *Captain*  
 K. CHAMBERS, *Manager*  
 J. ALLEN  
 H. EMERSON  
 A. WOOD  
 C. DELANO

N. BROWNE  
 A. PARKER  
 J. CHICKERING  
 F. PORTER  
 M. SCOTT  
 L. HOUGHTELING  
 P. RICE  
 M. FRIEND  
 I. ROGERS

*Class Points*

1908 ..... 20  
 1909 ..... 67  
 1910 ..... 17  
 1911 ..... 17

*Individual Points*

H. EMERSON, 12, third place

*Places Won*

Running high ..... J. ALLEN, third  
 Shot-put ..... J. ALLEN, second  
 Hop-step ..... H. EMERSON, second  
 Three broad ..... H. EMERSON, first

Fence-vault ..... H. EMERSON, third  
 Ring high ..... H. EMERSON, second  
 Rope climb ..... M. S. SCOTT, third

**Water Polo**

Won by 1910

J. ALLEN, *Captain*  
 D. COFFIN  
 M. FRIEND  
 E. TAYLOR  
 J. CHICKERING  
 F. WYMAN  
 V. CANAN

1911 beaten by 1910—7-2

**Swimming**

Won by 1909  
 1911 Team

I. SEEDS  
 A. WOOD  
 M. FRIEND  
 D. COFFIN  
 M. HOFFMAN  
 A. STEARNS  
 J. ALLEN, *Captain*  
 F. WYMAN  
 A. CHANNING

*Individual Points*

I. SEEDS, 11 points, second

1908..... 6 points  
 1909..... 30 “  
 1910..... 27 “  
 1911..... 17 “

A. Wood made college record in  
 plunge, 37 feet 2 inches

*Places Won by 1911*

140 front ..... I. SEEDS, second  
 Plunge for distance... A. WOOD, first, and record  
 Swim under water ..... I. SEEDS, third

Dive for form ..... I. SEEDS, second  
 Fancy dive ..... I. SEEDS, second



**Freshman Year—Continued****Tennis**

M. KILNER, *Captain*  
A. STEARNS, *Manager*

**Tennis Singles**

Won by 1908

L. Houghteling beaten by M.  
Bishop, '08—5-7, 6-1, 6-0

R. Vickery beaten by H.  
Schmidt '08—6-2, 6-4

H. Emerson beaten by H.  
Whitelaw—7-5, 10-12, 6-4

Class Tennis Champion—H.  
EMERSON.

**Tennis Doubles**

Won by 1908

M. Kilner, L. Houghteling  
beaten by R. Romeyn, '10,  
C. Simonds—6-3, 6-3  
H. Emerson, I. Seeds beaten by  
E. Swift, E. Tenney—9-7,  
1-6, 6-1

**Sophomore Year****Hockey**

Won by 1910

**First Team**

J. ALLEN  
M. KILNER  
M. SMITH  
M. HOFFMAN  
I. ROGERS, *Manager*  
L. HOUGHTELING, *Captain*  
H. EMERSON  
M. SCOTT  
H. HENDERSON  
P. RICE  
V. CANAN

1911 vs. 1910 ..... 2-3  
1911 vs. 1910 ..... 1-8

**Second Team**

A. WALKER  
A. A. STEARNS  
K. CHAMBERS  
F. PORTER, *Captain*  
H. TREDWAY, *Manager*

D. COFFIN  
A. CHANNING  
I. MILLER  
M. HIGGINSON  
A. PARKER  
N. BROWNE

1911 vs. 1910 ..... 4-1  
1911 vs. 1912 ..... 6-1  
1911 champions

On Varsity—J. ALLEN  
Made B.M.—H. EMERSON

**Basket-Ball**

Won by 1909

**First Team**

J. ALLEN, *Captain*  
L. HOUGHTELING, *Manager*  
H. EMERSON  
V. CANAN  
I. SEEDS  
M. SCOTT  
M. PRUSSING  
A. PARKER

E. YARNALL  
I. ROGERS  
1911 beaten by 1909—5-9, 3-2,  
2-12

**Second Team**

M. HIGGINSON, *Captain*  
M. KILNER, *Manager*  
F. PORTER  
L. RUSSELL  
K. CHAMBERS  
A. WALKER  
E. CORNELL  
D. COFFIN  
A. MURRAY

**Preliminaries**

1911 vs. 1909—6-5, 0-1, 2-0

**Finals**

1911 beaten by 1910—0-4, 2-5

**On Varsity**

J. ALLEN  
L. HOUGHTELING  
H. EMERSON



**Sophomore Year—Continued****Indoor Track**

Won by 1909

H. EMERSON, *Captain*  
K. CHAMBERS, *Manager*  
L. HOUGHTLING

F. CAREY  
A. PARKER  
A. WALKER  
I. SEEDS

*Class Points*

1909 ..... 62

1910 ..... 7  
1911 ..... 46  
1912 ..... 8

*Individual Points*

H. EMERSON, first

*Places*

20-yard dash ..... H. EMERSON, first  
20-yard hurdles ..... H. EMERSON, first  
Running high ..... A. WALKER, third  
Shot-put ..... { L. HOUGHTLING, first  
                                  A. PARKER, third

Standing broad ..... H. EMERSON, first  
Hop, step, jump ..... H. EMERSON, second  
Running vault ..... H. EMERSON, second  
Running high jump ..... H. EMERSON, first  
Class relay ..... 1911

**Swimming**

Won by 1909

*Team*

D. COFFIN, *Captain*  
I. SEEDS  
M. FRIEND  
E. TAYLOR  
A. WALKER  
J. ALLEN  
V. CANAN  
M. HOFFMAN  
N. BROWNE

*Class Points*

1909 ..... 40  
1910 ..... 33  
1911 ..... 6  
1912 ..... 14

*Places Won by 1911*

Seventy-foot swim back—I.  
SEEDS, first

**Water Polo**

Won by 1910

D. COFFIN, *Captain*  
J. CHICKERING  
E. TAYLOR  
I. SEEDS  
M. FRIEND  
J. ALLEN  
V. CANAN

1911 beaten by 1910—7-5

**Tennis**

M. KILNER, *Captain*  
D. COFFIN, *Manager*

**Tennis Singles**

Won by 1909

Preliminaries 1911 vs. 1912

Won by 1911

I. Seeds vs. M. Corwin—6-2,  
4-6, 6-3  
M. Smith vs. E. Faries—4-6,  
7-9  
H. Emerson vs. J. Haines—6-2,  
6-1

Finals—1911 vs. 1909

Won by 1909

I. Seeds vs. A. Platt—1-6, 4-6  
M. Smith vs. M. Nearing—M.  
Smith won  
H. Emerson vs. A. Whitney—  
3-6, 1-6  
Class Tennis Champion—H.  
EMERSON

**Tennis Doubles**

Won by 1909

Preliminaries 1911 vs. 1912

Won by 1912

M. Kilner, H. Emerson vs. M.  
Vennum, J. Southwick—7-5,  
6-2  
M. Smith, I. Seeds vs. E. Far-  
ies, J. Haines—6-4, 4-6, 3-6  
D. Coffin (sub. for L. Hough-  
teling), H. Henderson vs. M.  
Peirce, M. Corwin—3-6, 3-6



## Junior Year

### Hockey

Won by 1910

#### First Team

J. ALLEN  
F. PORTER  
M. SMITH  
M. SCOTT  
I. ROGERS, *Manager*  
I. MILLER  
H. EMERSON  
M. EGAN  
P. RICE  
L. HOUGHTLING, *Captain*  
V. CANAN

1911 vs. 1913

Won by 1913—2-4, 2-2, 2-3

#### Second Team

F. PORTER, *Captain*  
H. TREDWAY, *Manager*  
K. CHAMBERS  
A. PARKER  
J. CLIFTON  
J. CHICKERING  
D. COFFIN  
E. CORNELL  
M. DULLES  
H. HENDERSON  
M. CRANE  
M. HOBART

#### Second Team

Preliminaries

1911 vs. 1913

Won by 1911—6-3

### Finals

1911 vs. 1910—5-5

1911 vs. 1910

Won by 1911—6-1

#### On Varsity

J. ALLEN  
H. EMERSON

### Basket-Ball

Won by 1910

#### First Team

J. ALLEN, *Captain*  
L. HOUGHTLING, *Manager*  
V. CANAN  
I. ROGERS  
H. EMERSON  
M. EGAN  
M. SCOTT  
E. YARNALL  
A. PARKER  
H. HENDERSON

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1912

Won by 1911—10-9, 25-6

Finals—1911 vs. 1910

Won by 1910—9-7, 19-11

#### Second Team

M. HIGGINSON, *Captain*  
E. RUSSELL, *Manager*  
J. CHICKERING  
A. WALKER  
K. CHAMBERS  
F. PORTER  
E. CORNELL

M. FRIEND

D. COFFIN

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1912  
Won by 1911 (by default)—  
10-2

Finals—1911 vs. 1910

Won by 1910—13-9, 7-8, 7-3

#### On Varsity

J. ALLEN  
H. EMERSON  
A. PARKER

### Indoor Track

Won by 1911

#### Team

A. PARKER, *Captain*  
I. ROGERS, *Manager*  
F. CAREY  
M. DOOLITTLE  
M. SCOTT  
H. EMERSON  
A. WALKER  
J. ALLEN  
L. HOUGHTLING  
V. CANAN  
H. HENDERSON

### Individual Championship

Won by H. EMERSON

#### Class Points

1911 .....	52
1910 .....	7
1912 .....	9
1913 .....	36



**Junior Year—Continued***Places won by 1911*

Hurdles . . . . .	H. EMERSON, 1st; A. PARKER, 3d	Shot-put . . .	J. ALLEN, 1st; L. HOUGHTELING, 2d
Rope climb . . . .	F. CAREY, 2d; M. DOOLITTLE, 3d	Standing broad . . . . .	H. EMERSON, 2d
Running vault . . . . .	H. EMERSON, 3d	Hop, step, jump .	H. EMERSON, 1st; record broken
Three broad jumps,		Relay race . . . . .	1911
	H. EMERSON, 1st; record broken		

**Swimming Meet**

Won by 1910

*Team*

M. FRIEND

J. ALLEN

V. CANAN

M. EGAN

M. HOFFMAN

J. CHICKERING

*Class Points*

1910 . . . . . 34

1911 . . . . . 9

1912 . . . . . 16

1913 . . . . . 30

*Places Won by 1911*

Seventy-foot front . .	D. COFFIN, J. ALLEN, third	Fancy dive . . . . .	J. ALLEN, second
Swim under water . . . . .	D. COFFIN, first	140-foot swim on back . . . . .	M. FRIEND, third

**Water Polo**

Won by 1913

1911

D. COFFIN, *Captain*

J. ALLEN

M. SMITH

L. HOUGHTELING

M. EGAN

M. HOBART

V. CANAN

M. SCOTT, *sub.*J. CHICKERING, *sub.*

1911 vs. 1912

Won by 1911—6-1, 9-0

1911 vs. 1913

Won by 1913—10-1, 6-1

**Tennis Singles**

Won by 1913

1911 vs. 1912

C. Justice vs. J. Southwick.

Won by Justice—6-3, 6-4

H. Henderson vs. E. Faries.

Won by Faries—6-2, 6-4

H. Emerson vs. M. Corwin.

Won by Corwin—6-3, 2-6,  
6-2

Class Tennis Championship—

H. EMERSON

**Tennis Doubles**

Won by 1913

1911 vs. 1913

H. Henderson, H. Emerson vs.

G. Hinricks, M. Dessau—6-4,  
2-6, 6-4. Won by 1911P. Rice, H. Ramsey vs. L. Stet-  
son, K. Page—6-2, 6-3. Won  
by 1913C. Justice, E. Yarnall vs. K.  
Williams, A. Patterson—6-4,  
6-8, 6-0. Won by 1913



## Senior Year

### Hockey

Won by 1911

#### First Team

H. EMERSON, *Captain*  
I. ROGERS, *Manager*  
F. PORTER  
M. SMITH  
M. SCOTT  
A. PARKER  
M. EGAN  
I. MILLER  
L. HOUGHTELING  
H. HENDERSON  
P. RICE  
V. CANAN

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1914

1911 won—8-1, 11-0

Finals—1911 vs. 1913

1911 won—3-2, 4-2

#### Second Team

H. TREDWAY, *Captain*  
D. COFFIN, *Manager*  
J. CLIFTON  
A. DARKOW  
K. CHAMBERS  
R. WELLS  
M. TAYLOR  
M. FRIEND  
E. MOORE  
M. CRANE  
M. HOBART

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1914

1911 won—2-1

Finals—1911 vs. 1912

1912 won—8-2

### On Varsity

MAY EGAN, *Captain*  
M. SMITH  
I. ROGERS  
H. EMERSON  
L. HOUGHTELING

### Basket-Ball

Won by 1913

#### First Team

L. HOUGHTELING, *Captain*  
E. YARNALL, *Manager*  
M. SCOTT  
I. ROGERS  
H. EMERSON  
M. EGAN  
M. SCOTT  
A. PARKER  
H. HENDERSON

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1913

1913 won—17-13, 12-10

#### Second Team

M. HIGGINSON, *Captain*  
D. COFFIN  
K. CHAMBERS  
E. CORNELL  
A. WALKER  
L. RUSSELL, *Manager*  
A. MURRAY  
M. FRIEND  
J. CLIFTON

Preliminaries—1911 vs. 1913

1913 won—11-4, tie 4-4, 1911  
defaulted

### On Varsity

L. HOUGHTELING, *Captain*  
A. PARKER  
V. CANAN

### Track

Won by 1911

#### Team

PARKER, *Captain*  
ROGERS, *Manager*  
EMERSON  
HOUGHTELING  
DOOLITTLE  
CAREY  
CANAN  
WALKER  
HENDERSON  
PORTER  
HOFFMAN  
COFFIN  
MURRAY  
HOBART  
FUNKHOUSER  
HIGGINSON  
HOUGHTELING  
CHAMBERS

#### Class Points

1911	.....	34
1912	.....	14
1913	.....	23
1914	.....	20



**Senior Year—Continued***Places Won by 1911*

Hurdles .....	EMERSON, first	Three broad jumps .....	EMERSON, first
Rope climb .....	CAREY, third	Hop, step, jump .....	EMERSON, first
Standing broad .....	EMERSON, first	Relay race .....	1911
Shot-put .....	HOUGHTLING, first	Individual Cup won by	H. EMERSON

**Swimming Meet**

Won by 1913

*Team*D. COFFIN, *Captain*V. CANAN, *Manager*

M. FRIEND

M. HOFFMAN

M. EGAN

A. WALKER

J. CHICKERING

*Class Points*

1911 .....	211 $\frac{1}{3}$
1912 .....	9
1913 .....	24 $\frac{1}{2}$
1914 .....	23 1-6

*Places Won by 1911*

70-foot back .....	FRIEND, first	Dive for form .....	CANAN, third
Plunge for distance .....	CANAN, second	140-foot back .....	FRIEND, first
140-foot front .....	COFFIN, third	Fancy dive .....	HOFFMAN, third

**Water Polo***1911 Team*

EGAN

COFFIN

HOFFMAN

FRIEND

CANAN

WALKER

HOUGHTLING

1911 vs. 1914

1914 won—6-3, 9-6

**Fencing***Alumnæ Team*

E. KIRKBRIDE

B. EHLERS

C. WESSON

*Varsity Team*H. CHAMBERS, *Captain*

M. HOBART

H. EMERSON

Alumnæ won—6-3





## English Major

ENGLISH Major! Yes, we all know what that means. Ursa Major would put its tail between its legs and run when it saw *that* coming. But (ay de mi!) not all of us have as good sense as Ursa Major. And so, every year, some few of us ("we are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams") succumb to that most fatal of all errors—an idea; and we go in for Major English with a courage born of trusting and childlike ignorance. We begin, of course, with the common herd; it is only in later years that those individualistic tendencies develop which are the sure mark of—well, I majored in English myself. The first year we learned to appreciate the charms of—we may as well let it go at "the charms," for I forget who wrote them; we heard to our horror and dismay, Mr. Stopford Brooke—think of it, Mr. Stopford Brooke!—had actually stated that *Cynewulf* wrote the *Riddles*; we translated Chaucer with a zeal and venom to which our preparation for orals was but the mere dalliance of a summer's day; and lastly, we went so far as to permit our peacock to roost on nothing less significant of said peacock's world-wide importance than the Ygdrasil Tree. *Our* literary efforts, however, on the score of pure heavenly inspiration, would have put Cædmon himself to shame. *Why I came to College*, what a wealth of possibilities lurks herein! Possibilities that in numerous instances were no doubt unsatisfied by any other than the eternal woman's reason—"because." Already, you see, our vague poetic tendencies begin to unfold—the mystery gathers. Recall your "first view of the campus"—a euphony suggesting at once "first aid to the injured"; your smiling "exteriors," your Turner "sunsets"! And all this is but as the shadow of the candle to the glories that lie before you in second year. You begin, modestly enough, with descriptions, technical and otherwise ("technical" to try the common herd, "otherwise" to bring out the geniuses); you argue heatedly that hazing ought not to be abolished (futility of argument already shown—but *you* were *not* one of the geniuses); you find out that Kipling is valuable to *Us* (this is the Faculty "Us," far more terrible even



than the mighty editorial "we") only for his treatment of India, and so decide to take Poe as a subject for your twenty-four-page essay; and come at last with bated breath to your narrative. There is something imposing about a narrative—imposing at once to you and on you. In a world where there is nothing new, it is not the simplest thing imaginable to generate a tale original, clever, and entertaining. But, after you have been told that you must take something for which you need not procure the "atmosphere" out of books, but out of the depths of your own experience—with a longing backward glance at your interminable preparatory school "runaways," you settle upon either a murder or a love story. And somehow you blunder through—or you don't, as the case may be. Cases alter circumstances. Of course, after this tremendous effort, you fall to copying Bacon and Pope with ease and fluency—another vindication of the superiority of the creative activity over the imitative. You have made progress in this second year in other directions too; you have taken to reading Shakespeare and the *Paradise Lost*. Shakespeare's manifold subtlety of characterisation is brought out in some such question as this, of Goneril: "Was she a hippopotamus, was she a whale—*what* kind of a monster *was* she?" Friends, who of us will ever forget, "Hamlet, that boy of thirty, who was to be sent to England for a six months' holiday"; which of us does not remember that after falling for nine days, "the starch was out of the angels"? And what one of us all but could find somewhere in her lecture notebook an exquisite illustration of the Ptolemaic astronomy which Milton sets forth?

By this time the common herd has dispersed "to fresh woods and pastures new"; the faithful few remain. Perhaps you choose drama, let us say, and Middle English poets. If here isn't Chaucer again, bless his heart! You greet him as an old friend; for you are in deep water, with none but sharks about you, and he makes you feel more at home. Having gained by this time that "wider view of life" which was recommended as a foundation for reading *Troilus and Criseyde*, you translate unhesitatingly and unblushingly, as far as this is possible. "Drammer"—even now I think of "drammer" with a sickening fear; while that course is given, the moral reputation of our college is not safe. But it was interesting, oh, yes, and we learned a *lot*; we even wrote charming little comedies of our own, the scene of which was laid in the Mermaid Tavern. And we recall one dramatic incident, illuminative of the spirit of the course, that might have been entitled, "When the Sleeper Wakes"; we refrain from mentioning names. "Miss Mason, what do *you* think of this?" And so we go to the heights—English Major. We sport with Carlyle and Newman; we smile indulgently at Ruskin; we patronise Matthew Arnold. We hear, to our breathless

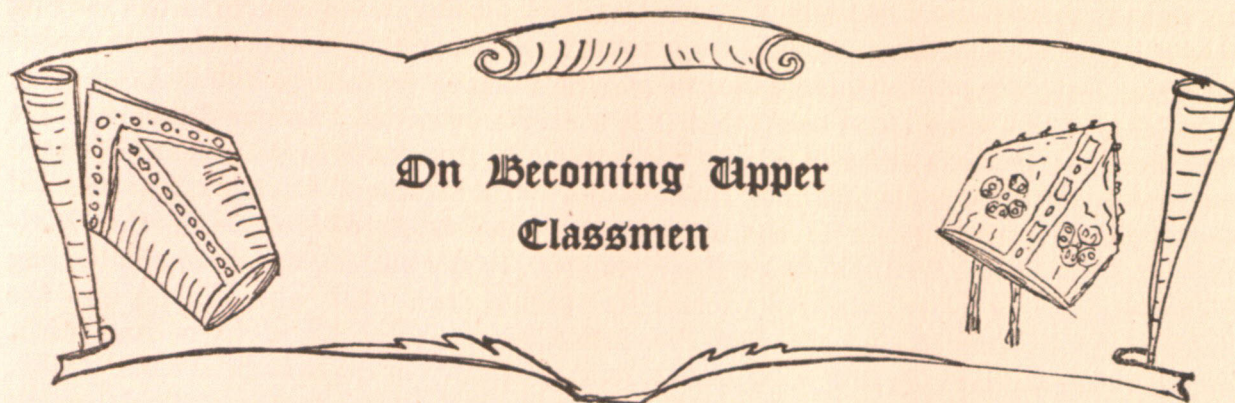


amazement, that Keats is Keatsian; we unbind Prometheus, as we plan our undertakings for next winter with an eye to freeing, not mankind, but womankind; we thank an almighty and loving Providence which has allotted to man but three-score years and ten for his earthly works, that Wordsworth, doubtless owing to lack of time, had to stop at the *Prelude*. And then, with perhaps just a little throb of sorrow, we turn back to some of those sweet, funny, sad first year memories,—to the old, wistful, melancholy Anglo-Saxon; and we bow our heads regretfully, in the pain of parting, to the inevitable law that

“Nothing and none may stay.”

ALICE EICHBERG.





"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where womanhood and girlhood meet."

**I**T is very sudden, this becoming upper classmen, and it is very sweet, but a little sad. We stand at the brink Sophomore June and look forward to it eagerly, joyously, but when the time actually comes, and we are going up the front steps of Taylor, and wondering whether we look to 1913 anything like what 1909 looked to us, we begin to realise that in this gaining of importance we have also to give up something—the "happy days of youth," that we began to sing about the end of Freshman year, are all vanished. When we were Freshmen every decent thing we did was considered "promising." When we tied a hockey match we were applauded, and when we got through a short song all in one key, our Juniors felt that they had reason to be proud of us, and people shook their heads, and murmured that it was not safe to say what we might not do when we grew up. But when we became Juniors ourselves all was changed. We were no longer a budding rose, and all the "promise" of our youth counted for nothing save where it had become present fact. We were expected to be able to *win* a hockey game. There is something almost poignantly sad about this.

The change in our academic circumstances was a less doubtful blessing. There is a great charm about walking into a post-major, for instance, and though it often turns out to be very simple stuff after all, you have at least the satisfaction that the underclassmen don't know it.



But changing from a major to a post-major is as nothing, when compared to changing from required to minor English. And we, 1911, were the last class to get the full benefit of that change. To be sure there is still a critic's course in college, but it has serious limitations, chief among these being that it is a course in critics. In our day it was not a course at all, it was a state of mind. Nowadays, in the course in Nineteenth Century Critics,—one reads Carlyle, Ruskin, Huxley, and even Matthew Arnold. Whereas we! Oh, we read Goethe's *Faust* in the original, and the book of Job, and the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, and the *Songs Before Sunrise*, to say nothing of a dramatic reading of the *Atalanta* in class, with Charlotte for the chorus. We also dipped into the Divine Comedy, emphasising the *Paradiso*, into Chaucer, into the works of Augustine, and of Origen, and into the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, and the poetry of Blake and Arnold. Really, that course was probably the only one in college that lived up to the underclassmen's idea of what a third year course should be. On the very first day, when we were told, apropos of goodness knows what, that Milton represented the sectarian spirit, and was therefore to be closely connected, not to say identified, with Lucifer, I knew I was getting what I wanted. And indeed, the only lapse into comprehensibility in the course of the year, to us who were soulless, was in the three lectures by Mr. Johnson.

About then, too, the class was undergoing a tremendous upheaval in its social group system. I don't think we ever were very clannish as a class, but it was not till Junior year that the little hall cliques into which mere circumstance threw us Freshman year, really began to break up and merge into the big, comprehensive congenial yet highly individualistic group that was the 1911 of Senior year. The fall of 1909 found all that remained of Radnor, after the exodus to Denbigh the year before, established among the only part of 1911 that had a sense of humour—*i. e.*, Rock. Hellie and Roz were left in undisputed possession of Merion. Amy and Delano were welcomed into what later became the High Church Crowd of the Pembrokes, and May became a further factor in that part of the class. As for Virginia and me, owing to the kindness of Delano, who drew for us while we were playing in a basket-ball match, and were helpless to prevent her, we found ourselves, still together, but cut off from all else that was familiar, in Denbigh. This circumstance affected us so strongly that for several weeks we were often seen together, to the consternation of our friends. She is not a person one grows sentimental over, but I really got very fond of Virginia during that time, and I think she began to realise what an appealing little thing I was. The enforced companionship did not last long enough to hurt us, however, for Denbigh was very cordial, and we had brought our little "God Bless our



Home" sign with us, which made us feel more cheerful and contented, and it was not long before going into Denbigh seemed fairly natural, though never, till Commencement Day 1911, did we get to the point of walking right down the middle of the corridor, on the rug, instead of slinking along next the wall.

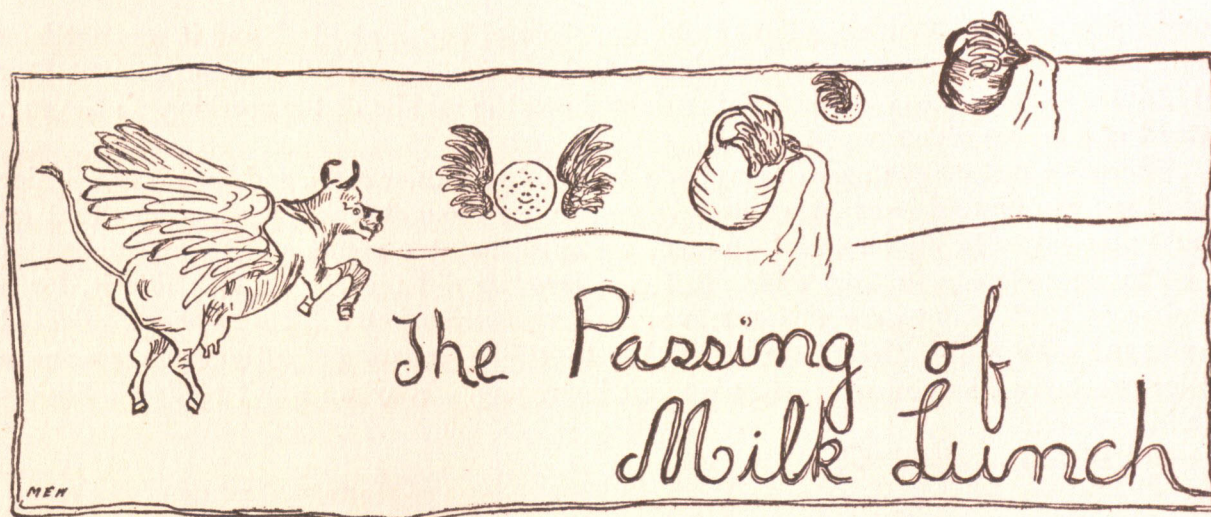
There is a further change in a class as it turns into a Junior class, and then into a Senior class, than can be told in exact words. Of course, we thought it was really a joke that we should pretend to be Juniors, and we knew we must look too young and too inexperienced to be taken seriously in that rôle. But somehow we did manage to look like it, for a member of 1913 said to me this summer, in heavy seriousness: "Those poor benighted Freshmen! To think that they are going to think we are perfectly good, grown-up Juniors next year, as you were when we first knew you. Why we won't really be Juniors at all."

But of course they will.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.







(COLLEGE BREAKFAST, 1911)

IT occurs to me that my title is perhaps a trifle ambiguous. For the benefit of those Alumnæ who have not heard of this most painful of recent deprivations, let me explain that I do not mean that milk-lunch *is* passed; I mean that it *has* passed! Yes, during the last years a sad catastrophe has occurred. It originated in a conspiracy of the professors. Statistics showed that the eleven o'clock milk-lunch was affecting the choice of courses and even of groups. That is, the students, in increasing numbers, were arranging their groups in reference to milk-lunch, leaving the eleven o'clock hour free for the uninterrupted negotiation of this feast. Or, in other cases, the students were coming in late to their eleven o'clock lectures. (I may say with a pardonable pride that two members of the Class of 1911 were leaders of this latter group.) The situation in this case was a trying one, particularly as the students seemed to see, in bursting into a class at 11.15 or 11.20, a sort of gay humour, indistinguishable, for some strange reason, to the professorial eye. So the professors conspired, and milk-lunch ceased, and the students languished, pale and wan.

Various plans for its restoration were suggested—to meet the lack of funds which the wardens held out as an excuse for the change. For instance, many desired a communal cow, to be milked by the officers of the Self-Government Association. Or else milking might be registered as exercise and a whole flock—I mean herd—of cows employed. How



pleasant and pastoral they would look on the campus basking under the Ygdrasil Tree, nibbling the vines in the cloister, or playfully biting Dr. Schniz as he dashed to one of his classes at fourteen minutes past the hour! They would add a new element of adventure and romance to an erstwhile prosaic afternoon of study in Senior Row! Only one reason was urged against the acquisition of these cows, and that was—1913. Unlike most of us, cows do not have a predilection for the colour red. And now, when we look around and see the wonderful red classes that have returned for this Commencement, we are glad that we did not employ cows to imperil their existence.

But I cannot in justice pass over the brighter side of the question. When they threatened to abandon milk-lunch even during exams, we protested vehemently; the Undergraduate Association determined to petition. In the words of my poetical classmate, Miss Scott:

“Oh, East is East, and West is West, and the difference is great,  
And Radnor’s and Rock’s and Denbigh’s flocks are wholly separate;  
But there is neither East nor West, nor clique, nor crowd, nor bunch,  
When the college stands, and as one demands its own long-lost Milk-Lunch.”

So they petitioned. The secretary of the Undergraduate Association had the task assigned to her of composing that petition. She had always longed to write one! So she secured copies of the Magna Charta (1214). The Petition of Right (1628), and the Declaration of Independence (1776). (You see, my history tabs still stay by me.) Thus armed, she bent to her task, and in time produced a miracle of rhetoric. There were no less than *six* whereas’es, and all sorts of touching and poignant phrases about the need of the undergraduate brain (in common with the brains of the rest of the human species) for nourishment at a time of great stress, etc., etc., etc. Miss Thomas read, and comprehended, and *that* milk-lunch (I have never quite seen why it was not called milk-supper) was restored to us.

What would life be without this rare feast! A feast for the intellect, as well as for the body; and as for the æsthetic sense—well, it is simply sated! One arrives at 9.15, into the midst of a Babel of voices; but every voice in that Babel is saying the same thing: “*What* do you know about that dreadful——?” (Here insert the name of any course in the catalogue.) And the answer to that question is always, *always* the same: “I don’t know a *thing*! I’m at February 15 (or October 15, as the case may be). I can’t understand,” etc., etc. Sometimes I long to vary the reply, just from sheer weariness of its

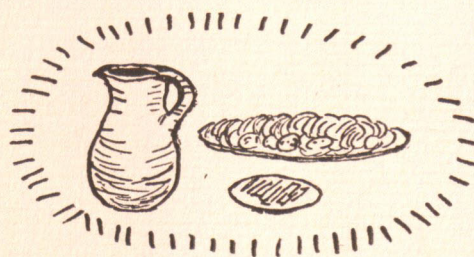


monotony, but four long years have not given me the courage to do so. Sometimes I hear the voices asking: "What do you know about the 'marginal differential concept'?" And the reply comes back: "Oh, *she* won't ask *that!*"

My own experience in regard to the "gastronomic side" of milk-lunch (as Daddy Warren would say) has always been singularly blighting and tragic. Either I arrived too late, and find that all the doughnuts are gone, or I arrive punctually at 9.15, only to find that there are cow-crackers. A cow-cracker may be defined as a compound of blotting paper and talcum-powder, preserved for long ages in dry, subterranean vaults. Long ago, when the world's supply of cow-crackers was cut off—fortunately for the world!—they were all cornered by Bryn Mawr College. And I am happy to be able to announce that that supply bids fair to last for two or three centuries, as the decrease in quantity each year is scarcely perceptible. As for the appellation of cow! I have never been able to explain it. It is simply too insulting to the cow, to suppose that she would touch these strange confections!

And now, having depicted the beauties of milk-lunch as it appears during twenty days of the year, I want to make a plea to the Alumnæ for its complete revival. If I may boldly make a suggestion, could it not be paid for out of that fund known as the "Potato Endowment"? Not that I mean to decry the Potato Endowment! I know that it is a rare and splendid thing to be able to have, at *one* meal, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, and baked potatoes—not to mention potato soup and potato salad. It must give the potatoes such a nice, cosy family feeling to be sitting there, all together, on the same plate. But, I repeat, could not at least a part of this fund be diverted in the direction of milk? If, as the hymn tells us, "Jerusalem the Golden" was "with *milk* and *honey* blest," may not Bryn Mawr, at least, be blest with *milk*?

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.







**B**EFORE proceeding to the award of the Fellowships and Scholarships, I wish to make a few announcements. On behalf of the Faculty of the College, I have been asked to state the decree—and I am sure the students will all agree with me that it is a wise decree—the rule—the decree—that May-Day shall be abandoned. Professor Leuba, of the department of Psychology, has been conducting experiments in his laboratory—and his results, according to statistics, are as follows:

Students capable of learning the sequence of lines in the May-pole song—twenty-five per cent.

Students capable of learning the sequence of lines in the May-pole song, and of singing the same—three per cent.

Students capable of learning the sequence of lines in the May-pole song, but incapable of singing the same—twenty-two per cent.

Students incapable of learning the sequence of lines in the May-pole song—seventy five per cent.

These conclusions have been obtained from May-Daly observation; and since, of the three per cent. above named, *all* are now married with no paid occupation, evidence for the abolition of May-Day has been considered overwhelming. In view of the fact that so few requirements are made of the Freshmen, the president of the Athletic Association has asked me to announce that practice for *Pallas Athene* will begin during the first week after entrance, to be continued until Lantern Night, Sophomore year. The discipline, endurance, and indifference to exposure thus acquired, are expected to go far



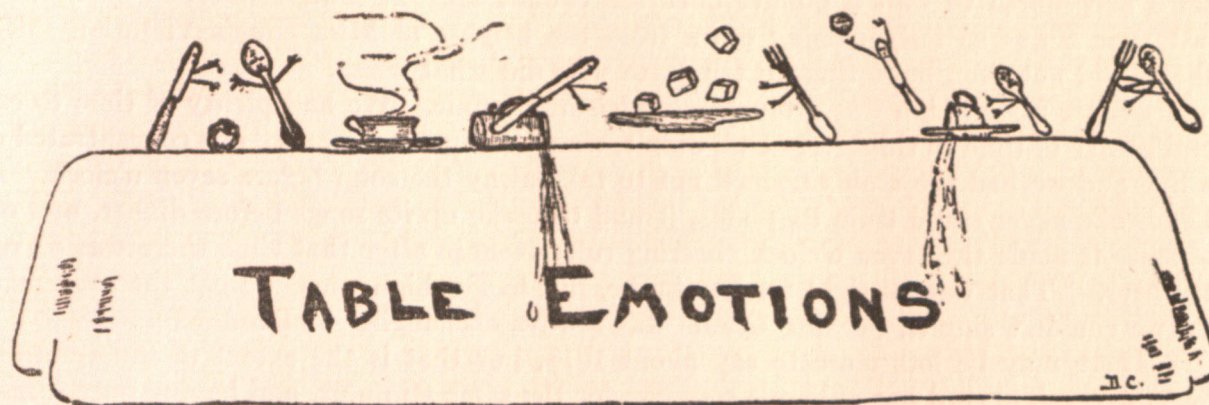
toward making the Bryn Mawr teams the best of all. I should now like to say a few words concerning the song record of the Class of 1911. It could scarcely be called a Victor record, in spite of poor Miss Russell's efforts to make it successful. Unlike 1909, you know, which "sang its way through college," 1911 distinguished itself for the most part by that silence which, according to the best manuscript authorities (see Doctor Brown, "Early English Proverbs," *American Journal of Philology*, Volume MDCLIII, Book I, chapter 4, paragraph 5, column 7, pages 1785-5946), is golden. Yet, though we've swept the east and swept the west, 1911 was the most remarkable singing class that ever came to Bryn Mawr. It may be thought by 1912 and others that such a sweeping statement requires proof. We all know of the great composer who wrote the *Song without Words*; think of the genius required to *sing* such a song! And that was 1911's forte—I might almost say their fortissimo—for they sang practically *all* their songs without words. The echo of their gleeful "tra-la-las" will long remain to the glory of Bryn Mawr; while the pure, rippling sweetness of Miss Margery Smith's "dum-da-dum" rivalled the soft twitter of the birds themselves as evening called them to their shelters. Some members of 1911 even went so far as to attempt the songs with original notes; but this exalted effort in the cause of musical progress was hastily suppressed by the more conventional members of the class. It is therefore a logical necessity that we shall in future seek for our great musical geniuses among the independent—I am proud to say—majority, of mutes. The reason why no mute has hitherto been known to compose symphonies is on account of the tramps, who have made it unsafe for mutes to walk alone on the seashore in the moonlight. The president of the Undergraduate Association has asked me to announce that at Mr. Foley's earnest instigation, an assessment will be levied upon the Association in order to replace the grass worn out by the stately Seniors on their march to the wide, wide world. I have to announce, for the president of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government, the departure of a beloved member of our faculty. Miss Crane assured me that, in spite of three due warnings, Dr. Barnes persists in singing *J'ai perdu celle pour qui J'avais tant d'amour* in Laboratory hours. He has therefore been requested to resign; and I am happy to say that through our recommendation, he has been enabled to secure a professorship, at a non-co-educational man's college. I trust Miss Maddison will remind me if I have forgotten anything. I will ask the students to sing "Thou Gracious Inspiration."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Maddison reminds me that I have forgotten the award of the Fellowships and Scholarships—but is it not true that the most interesting part is always the part we have not time for?

ALICE EICHBERG.





THERE can be no doubt about it,—1911 was a great and glorious class,—else why did the editors give us subjects about which there was so little to be said, unless they were afraid of being swamped with material? Hoby, for instance, wrote all summer long, and when she wasn't writing, Scottie was. I got lots of MSS. from both of them. There is so much to be said about 1911, but as for table emotions, I had only three, and everybody who ever lived with me in Merion or Denbigh, knows that I had only three,—one for breakfast, one for lunch, and one for dinner. My emotional state at breakfast had something of the Stoic and Spartan about it, with a reminiscence of the early martyrs; it consisted in complete unconsciousness of things external by elimination of all pure perceptions, except taste,—and even that after a week or so. Most people called it a “heavenly grouch,” but “Platonic contemplation” is exactly the same thing and sounds better. Anyhow my contemplation or grouch, whichever you choose to call it, was the reason Roz and I never could get along. She would tell funny stories at the breakfast table, which once in a while penetrated my consciousness, and then, because of my lack of appreciation, she accused me of not having that kind of a mind, and, as Roz joked on every conceivable subject at the breakfast table, by the process of elimination, she soon had me reduced to a detached spinal cord.

I confess I felt like it at lunch. Even the people who were supposed to have brains, like Cranie and Charlotte, not to mention Helen Tredway, generally lost their minds before lunch was over. Esther was the only one who was ever able to keep up four conversations at once, and she did it only by standing up on her chair and shouting to the

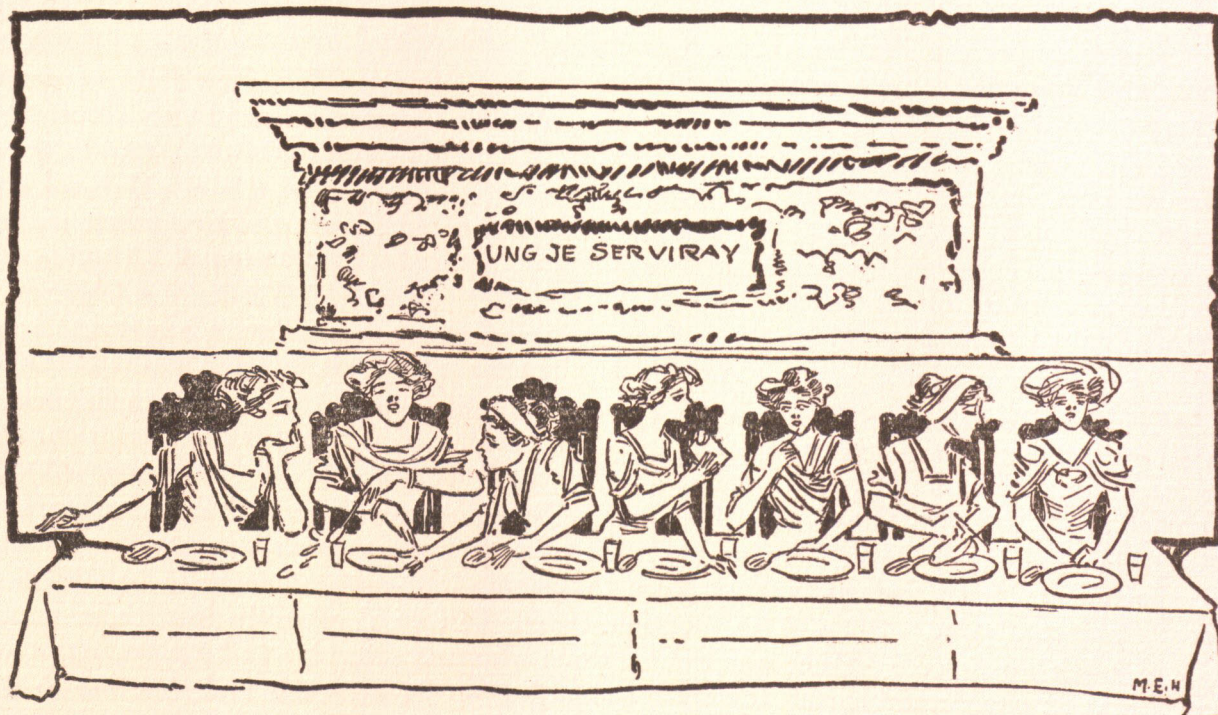


third and fourth to wait a minute until she caught up. It always was bad enough but last year I was so busy coming down from the heights of Miss King's Victorian Poets, that I did not even have time to tell Kate who did what when.

Dinner in Denbigh was a much more leisurely affair. We had plenty of time to eat, and plenty of time to think,—but we didn't, we made up songs; every one concentrated on a line and we had the maids trained not to take away the soup before seven o'clock. As Pembroke never could train its maids, it had to make up its songs before dinner, and out of spite it made the seven o'clock cheering rule, because after that time there was no one to cheer. That was all right for Pembroke, but in Denbigh when we got the song made up we couldn't sing it, because Cranie was always exchanging to Pembroke.

There may be lots more to say about 1911, but that is the extent of my emotions, because a spinal cord has only one response for the same stimulus, and having once formed a habit, can never change.

VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN.







# BANNER NIGHTS

OUR first banner night is a bright memory. All the beginnings of Freshman year are a sort of confusedly bright memory. In my mind *Love's Labour's Lost* was one glittering spectacle, culminating, or coming to a focus, in Pat's smile, which was so dazzling it blinded one; and *Box and Cox* was a series of repartee which fairly carried me away. But most beautiful, most sparkling, most perfect of all, was *Patience*. How they ever did it I cannot conceive, except that they were 1909, which explains much. It was like the White Queen in *Through the Looking Glass*, they were making up in advance for all the songs 1911 and 1913 were going to sing off the key in the next five years.

Carlie, bewitching little Carlie, whose native Southern accent enhanced all the remarks of the simple English maiden; delightful, posing Mary Rand; Pleasaunce, with her airs and graces, and her magic lightness of foot; and then that wonderful chorus of maidens, and that wonderful chorus of soldiers, wonderfully mingling their perfect strains, the sweet, tuneful, melancholy one, with the nice, choppy, military one—well, I am not writing a review of *Patience*, but they had all of us at the very crest of the wave by the time the serious moment came. The moment when Amy and I were gripping each other on the front row,



hardly conscious of what we were doing, while Pleasaunce was speaking to us over our own banner. And then, to express our feelings, we sang that idiotic song (but all our songs were idiotic) about keeping it nice and clean, like 1909. That was the same evening, moreover, that we had sung the heavy and solemn song to 1907, calling ourselves a glorious class—a song composed, I may add, by M. Scott, my first effort, and possibly not my worst. However, “though our words were certainly poor enow,” 1909 must have known how we felt about them. Had we not just assured ourselves for fear they mightn’t, that they us would not desert, after having thanked them awf’ly? That, however, was mere luck, we narrowly escaped from thanking them “muchly.”

Whatever may be said, we were not sentimental, and we let the even classes witness our most affectionate moments. Of two of the banner nights that occurred during my time, I can say little. All I know of 1910’s *Miss Hobbes*, and 1912’s *Vaudeville* is that each was just the sort of thing at which that class excelled. The part that made them really banner nights was too sacred for our odd eyes. We had to give parties of our own in Pembroke West on those occasions, where good cheer abounded and stunts were supposed to. When, I wonder, will this dreadful stunt habit be given up? It was one thing while Myra was yet in college, but really now that there is no amateur talent whatever, it is almost painful.

One really good thing happened on one of those touching séances behind closed doors. This is literal fact. 1912 is remunerative, the spot light man was appreciative. He chose the most solemn moment to show his gratitude. Dear man! He did better than he knew, and far better than they knew, or at least appreciated. Just while the light was full on the outspread banner he arranged his coloured lights, chosen with skill and discrimination, and the Freshmen were shocked on being presented with a banner that was first red and then green, a banner which, in fact, vascillated rapidly and uncertainly between being red and being green, but which never for a moment condescended to be any shade of blue. Oh, it’s side by side!

As our banner night happened to come in May day year, our high dramatic ambitions were thwarted. Many a heart beating high with the hope of playing a tragic lover was hidden within a polar bear. Myself, I was in such a nervous flutter at having to be first “myself when I’m at home,” in the garb of a two-year old, and then that gay, naughty Paris, and get killed, that I could hardly see what was going on. Also I was too busy explaining to a 1909 friend about how few rehearsals we had had and what rot it all was anyway to notice anything, except when Elsie Moore was a crowd going into an English quiz and Margaret Doolittle was the same crowd coming out of the quiz. Perhaps it was



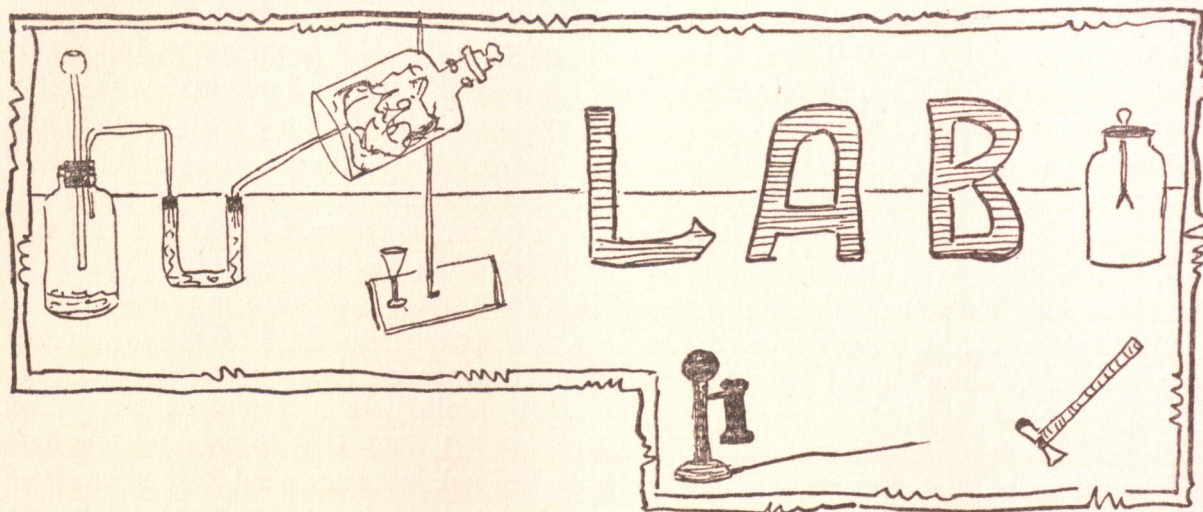
my over-excited state quickening my perceptions, for that was Rock humour and I caught it, right between the eyes, and it cheered me up not a little. I had been terribly upset about our original Helen of Troy—Cranie went off to a Self-Gov. conference, but Hellie filled the part to a T. Then there was my flock, the collecting of which had made me pretty nervous and no wonder. There were Jeanne Kerr's very best canton flannel donkey and elephant (with saddle) and Blinkie, the rich china dog, thrown into immediate contact with common sprawly Teddy bears and carpet rabbits. At any minute I expected a fight. There were other things to wound my sensitive feelings, such as being made to shake a rattle.

The Freshmen were utterly bewildered. If the evening was a success, which I like to think it was, it was due to the kind appreciation from the classes on the running track. But 1913 contributed a good deal with their *We love, we love, we love our red, but, Oh, your green;* which just shows how Freshmen have advanced since our day.

Oh, well, now 1913 are singing about how their Juniors stood firm by them. Ever solicitous about securing compliments to ourselves we left them that to sing, and perhaps the dear things more or less mean it. Personally I'm not just sure what "standing firm" consists in. If it involves turning out in large numbers to cheer them through match games, we did better by them than by ourselves. But that is another story.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





I AM honoured with this subject, gentle reader, not because I know anything about it, but because I am good-natured, and the editors know where I am. No B.M. B.A. could have had less experience in it. I delayed my course in science until Junior year, in case I might die first—and would have held back still another year had I not feared collisions between Lab and tutoring in German. My choice of Physics was shamefully influenced by the silver lining of no Wednesday Lab. (I did not learn about the problems until later.) Four hours a week for two semesters—and yet I am to tell 1911 Rock and Denbigh all about Laboratory!

You might infer that I do not care for scientific pursuits. On the contrary, I now delight in them, and my great regret is that they were not my Majors. But it took this Junior year of Minor Physics to open my eyes—and then, alas! I had embarked beyond return upon the broad shallow seas of—well, the Romance languages. I call them that in the hope some one may be ignorant and hence impressed. When I give French and Spanish as my Majors I am unfailingly answered with jeers. It is a cross Aggie Murray and I must bear together.

It was my early training that was at fault. At boarding-school we were so busy trying to fulfil the B.M. requirements in English and Latin Prose Composition that a simple subject like science was shoved aside. The class in Physiology at which I assisted



—you must excuse me with Mr. Blossom if the English words have their French connotation for me, remembering that I once spent a winter in Paris—this class met once every two weeks in a little study and chanted, more or less in chorus, one or two chapters of Martin's *Human Body*. We had no laboratory, no apparatus—not even one little vertebra or skull. At first I tried to look up things on those horrible diagrams in the book. You know the kind,—a large mass of different shades of black with little, straight lines running out into the open and little letters at the far ends of these lines. You trace the line *r* to its apparent source in the mass, then you search in the list beneath, and find *r, the liver*. But often in recitation I found that I had mistaken the true source of line *m* or *r*, and had confused the liver with some other important but dissimilar organ. I used to feel like the old man in Dickens—"O my lights and limbs, garoo! O, my lungs and liver, garoo!" So I gave up, and took to simple memorising.

At college, happily, science is a different matter. Hand in hand with a timid friend, I braved my first Physics lecture, expecting to have hurled at my head a set of wild words such as I had heard biological friends learning. But Dr. Huff leaned against his desk and struck a ball with his hand, and asked us why the ball moved. He advised us confidentially, to think it over, and to come to Lab at two. There he set us at measuring inches and weighing ounces, and discussed the relative merits of farming in Indiana and Illinois. It was all mild and pleasant and friendly. In fact, Physics Lab offers unsurpassed opportunities for friendship. You work with some one else (and in my day, if you paid court to Miss Lowater you could choose your partner). And when together you have propped weights with sticks that promptly fall down, and have forgotten to write that fatal second *per second* in discussing acceleration, or when, after an hour's calculation, you have had an error of 63 per cent. and found that you have omitted, also together, to multiply by that omnipresent 980,—well, it gives you a feeling of having lived and suffered together that penetrates to the soul—or function of hoping, I believe is the scientific term for soul.

Physics Lab is conducive as well to a pleasant feeling of superiority. It is, I am told, unique among Minor Labs in that students do not all do the same thing at the same time. So one has always a chance—which my co-worker and I never failed to seize—to regard one's own experiment as the choice selection of the day's labour, and to consider its allotment as a signal mark of true love and esteem—hence to pity all those wrestling with inferior experiments. Only at the end of the year I discovered that this conviction of mine was shared by the entire class.



Never to be forgotten was the change in Lab brought by the second semester. We had been dealing with Mechanics and Heat,—with weights that swayed ponderously, with rods that expanded noiselessly, with simmering liquids that were slow to boil. Our supervision had been of the indulgent, lenient consolatory type. But after Midyears, Electricity flashed before our startled minds. I sauntered into Lab the first of February, expecting a reposeful afternoon, and stood spell-bound at the threshold. Students crouched feverishly over their work, influence machines crackled and roared, sparks flew and wires leapt about, and in the midst of the tumult—*κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην*—darted a violent flame-coloured creature, who fairly vaulted over tables and chairs shouting: “How you gettin’ on? How you gettin’ on? No, no, no, that won’t do at all!” Before I had time to dodge behind a pillar he bore down upon me: “Well, Miss Egan, this your idea of gettin’ here on time? Eleven minutes past two!”

Here ends my own direct experience in Lab,—a meagre record. Of course, every Freshman, directly or indirectly, takes Minor Biology, so all-pervasive is the atmosphere it creates, so widespread the fame of its Lobster and Rabbit Days. Into the exclusive precincts of Major Lab I have ventured but once. Louisa Haydock’s elder sister came to see me and together we climbed Dalton stairs for a glimpse of our budding scientist at work. She was indeed at work. It was Sheepshead Day this time, and the air was filled with clamours,—“Louisa, come break my jaw for me!” “Louisa, I can’t get this saw through my skull alone!” To and fro darted our muscular darling, her hands steeped in gore, severing feature from feature of the timid sheep. Not for high vaults alone were these mighty forearms bestowed!

My only connection with Post-Major Lab was negative—namely a persistent and unavailing effort to draw another scientific friend from its clutches. It submits to no vulgar limitations of time. After a prolonged Friday evening discussion over Catharine’s fruit basket, I would suggest luxuriously, “Breakfast about ten at the tea-house to-morrow, Mary?”—only to receive the halting answer, “If my chicken slides have jellied,” or “If I can wait so late without breakfast—Dalton opens at 7.30 to-morrow, and Daddy said he would have five frogs ready for me.”

But who am I to dispute the superior claims of frogs? *Indocti discant et ament memnissse periti.*

MAY MARGARET EGAN.





(With apologies)

I went into the old Teahouse to get a cup o' tea,  
 Miss Christy quick she up an' sez, "No Proctor's served by me."  
 The students at the tables, they laughed and sh-she'd me fit to die,  
 I outs into the the campus cold and to myself sez I:  
 O it's Proctor this, an' Proctor that, an' "Proctor, do go home,"  
 But it's "Thanks to you, Self Gov'ment," when the time comes for to bone—  
 The time comes for to bone, my lass, the time comes for to bone,  
 O it's "Thanks to you, Self Gov'ment," when the time comes for to bone.



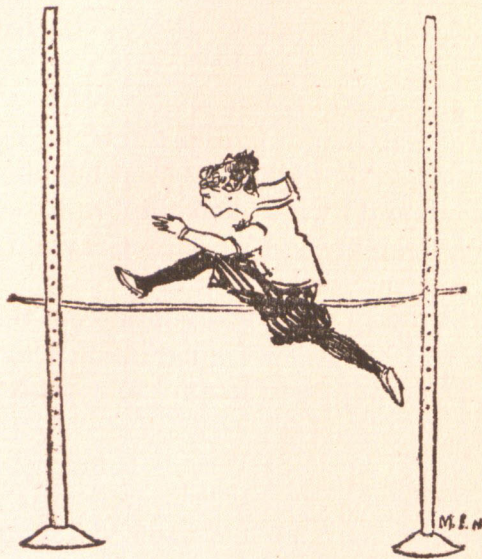
I went into a neighbour's room as jolly as could be,  
She gave a greasy grind a place, but 'adn't none for me;  
She sent me to my corridor or round the 'owlin' 'alls,  
But when it comes to hushin', Lord! she'll shove me where's the bawls.  
It's Proctor this, an' Proctor that, an' "Proctor, quit your scream,"  
But it's "Do shut up those Freshmen," when Miss Crandall wants a theme—  
When Miss Crandall wants a theme, my lass, when Miss Crandall wants a theme,  
It's "Do shut up those Freshmen," when Miss Crandall wants a theme.

Yes, makin' mock o' library procs that guard you when you sleep,  
Is easier far than chasin' birds off them gilt rafters steep;  
And laughin' at her efforts when she's guardin' of the ca'm  
Is five times easier business than attendin' to your cram.  
Then it's Hoby this, an' Hoby that, an' "Hob's eternal croak,"  
But it's "Where on earth's the Proctor?" when the library's peace is broke—  
When the library's peace is broke, my lass, when the library's peace is broke,  
O it's "Where on earth's the Proctor?" when the library's peace is broke.

We aren't no guardian angels, nor we aren't no killjoys, too,  
But just *ipso facto* members, most remarkable like you;  
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, proctors of Self Gov. don't grow into plaster saints.  
While it's Quiet this, an' Quiet that, an' "Quiet sure's a blight,"  
But it's "Please to hush your cor'dor," when mid-years heaves in sight—  
When mid-years heaves in sight, my lass, when mid-years heaves in sight,  
O it's "Please to hush your cor'dor," when mid-years heaves in sight.

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.





# TRACK

OF course, Rock objected, it always did, and there was a hot discussion at the lunch table. Some people left in wrath and said things about the Board which had better not be repeated. Then most of them went in town or read a "good book," while a very few ambled over to the meeting and said little, though some of it was hot. In spite of all opposition, however, the Association abolished the ring high. As for Rock, it breathed a sigh of relief that that was over at any rate, and prepared to erase track from its mind altogether, which it was unable to do, for Parker was elected Captain, and she picked me out as manager, not from any dawning genius but from an ability "to put the shot." That is why I had to write this article and spend all my precious evenings in the Gym.

Now, my "putting the shot" was not of the Houghteling variety. It came about in this way: Miss Applebee cast her eagle eye about and perceived me cowering behind Parker. "Have you tried this?" she thundered out, and I meekly went over to try.

It was not the standing high of Freshman fame which won so much applause that Delano retired and refused to grace the track except in an official capacity, but it was one of those dreadful broads. I made great motions, took two jumps with feet close together and heels resounding on the floor, and with the last mighty effort came down very hard and



never reached the mat at all. I think the mats were placed too far away. Chambers and I always did think so, but Emerson says not. We do not argue the matter, for she landed on the floor, too, only it was on the other side of the mat.

My jumping encouraged the Freshmen too much and they became quite cocky, so sacrificing ambition, I went to put the shot. There I stood at the far end of the Gym, by the piano, while Houghteling and Canan hurled the shot at it so that I had to keep bobbing about. However, I got quite expert in putting back the shot, and I warded off the Freshmen by sending them to Parker to learn how to hurl the thing straight, and hit Miss Gray only once or twice myself.

Parker was an admirable Captain, always cheerful, even when we considered the possibility of Mary Minor as anchor on the tug-of-war, or Isabelle Miller as final in the relay, or when we were forced to take Emerson out of one event (she was registered for all) just for the looks of the thing.

You all know the rest and the two years of track glory. Yet all the while it has kept troubling me as to whether putting the shot could be registered as heavy exercise. Do you think it could? I hope not, for otherwise hundreds of hours of midnight runs with Esther Cornell have all gone to waste.

ISOBEL ROGERS.



# MAY DAY FROM THE INSIDE



ONCE I thought I could make a funny article out of this. Once I assured Scottie that she had no idea what quiet humour lay hidden in our little Committee meetings.

"Once, my duckie, and only once," as Kipling used to say. Scottie, by the way, said she did have an idea, because she had been dragged to one of those same Committee meetings, having been previously informed that Mr. King considered her huge, buxom, and altogether "a handsome woman," rather than "a dainty slip of a girl" (I quote his words). Her purpose was to prove him wrong; this she did with the aid of—no, never mind, this is not a beauty section. At all events, Mr. King gazed at this sylph (whom he had, apparently, never seen before, save in hockey-clothes), gasped, rubbed his eyes, winked twice, hard, and said "Gracious, how did she do it!!!"

(N. B.—Scottie says that the above is a base slander. *She* says it was all perfectly natural—the transformation, I mean.)

Now, to return to where I began, I fear that "the insides" of May Day is but a sad



and bitter subject. There is something somewhere in Shakespeare about seeing "me best friend slain before me eyes"—well, imagine *hearing* all your friends slain before your eyes! Was it pleasant? No. Nor is it pleasant to recall.

I, personally, was somewhat worried over an incident which occurred in early November. The white boot tops came twinkling after me one dark night, and pretty soon a voice in the darkness—Mr. King's—asked "How tall are you? About six feet?" Of course, I indignantly shouted no, that I was only five nine (and then proceeded to add that I was really awfully funny, only *he* mightn't believe it); still there lurked in my heart the fear that he might have cast me, together with Georgina, for a May Pole. At that first memorable meeting I longed to dress in circular stripes (the L. H. J. says that's the way for the tall woman to look short) but was, unhappily, not able.

Mr. King looked us up, and he looked us down, as we sat in a row—we eight. Then he said he was sure he didn't see why *we* felt it necessary to appoint a committee for choosing parts, because of course *he* had made up his mind about every part, years and years before. "Now, for example, MY Venus," he murmured, ecstatically, "Why, I picked her out—*three* years ago" (as Barb was at that time on the Pacific Coast, the statement is interesting to say the least).

We, the Committee, were respectful, but curious. Later we were pugnacious, as well. All the people he said were funny, we thought were dull; all the people he thought were beautiful, we said were hideous. And so on, even to questions of tall and short. He was sure, for example, that Constance Wilbur was a *giantess*; and that Keinath Stohr was just cupid-size. "My twelve cupids must be twelve perfect, little rosebuds," he explained tenderly. And so it went.

He turned us loose, with vows of secrecy, to scour the campus for rosebuds, flowers, comedians, merry men, etc. It was bad enough to have to scan every *face*; but later, when Miss Daly taught us to scan every *leg*, then we really agonised. We used to go in pairs to gym drills, and, standing on the running track, watch for likely people. But somehow, a roomful of writhing blues, and reds, and greens, knotted in such contortions as only Miss Applebee can devise, isn't a hopeful spectacle from an aesthetic point of view. "Isn't it funny," we would exclaim, "That people's *legs* aren't more like them?"

But you see all this isn't funny. It is merely the sad, sad truth. It *was* a little funny when Mr. King came dashing in one day and said "No, Miss Y. cannot be a Grace. I walked up from the station behind her to day, and—she *waddles!*" We gasped at the hideous revelation, and hoped he wouldn't walk up from the station behind *us*. He went on to



explain that she was wearing goloshes at the time. Now, of course, *maybe* his own perfect carriage might be marred by goloshes, so we would summon her—and watch her, unaware.

This he did. He sent for the lady in question, and made her walk up and down the room, while he followed, with eyes riveted upon her hips. After she had gone, he shook his head sadly. It was too true. She did waddle. “I wonder,” mused Mr. King, “if there is any physical deformity!”—Oh, the innocence of man!

There were other parts, too, which Mr. King had “picked at a glance.” When Jeanne mysteriously told Leila, after that first meeting, that Mr. King had given her (Leila) a part which he said no one else in college could do, for three weeks Leila strutted about—and ignorance was bliss indeed. Finally she was presented with a red calico dressing gown, which must have cost all of thirty-nine cents, and told that her part would consist in sitting on a fence for three solid hours, and not saying a word. Still, there were compensations: certain exquisite lines, such as “Soft, here come the harvesters! Ten to one they sing a song of mowing,” which helped to keep her “cheery and bright.”

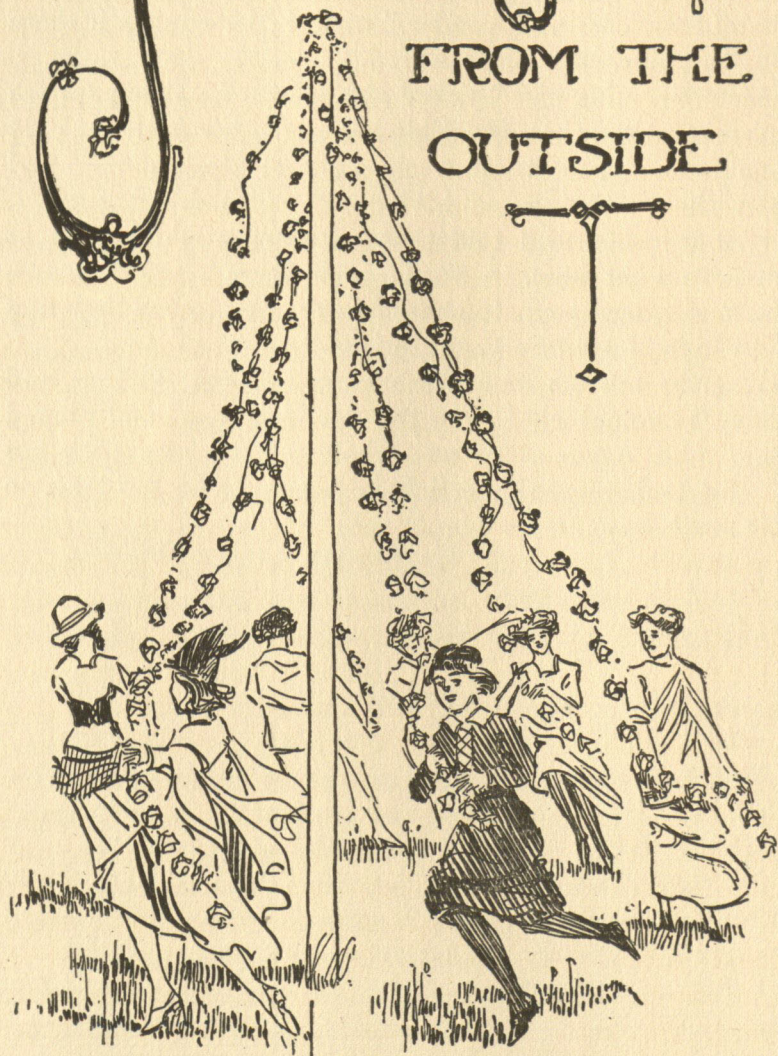
There are many more happenings to tell of: how Barb longed to try Bottom, and Georgina yearned for Titania; of how Iki volunteered to be the “artificial ass” and brayed joyfully straight through the play; and Aggie acted one whole performance with her Titanic arm in a black silk sling. But Leila says this article is getting to be too long, so with a brief *Anassa* for May-Day, I shall cease.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.



# MAY DAY

## FROM THE OUTSIDE



AS our long-suffering business manager can assure you, I find considerable trouble in writing this article. The subject of it is May-day. Now, the thing I remember best about May-day and the thing that especially engrossed my attention was myself! Therefore—if I may be guilty of inductive reasoning—I have decided that this article, to be a complete success, must be composed of sketches on each member of the class; then each person could read simply the description of herself and—if I happened to be feeling good-natured when I wrote the description, as I should certainly try to be—would tell her friends that the article on May-day was especially good, so intimate and detailed and brought the whole picture before your eyes. Well, that is my ideal; but the great difficulty is that, as you will remember, the fact my line of reasoning is based on which is that I remember nothing but myself. So how can I write such an article?



No one on the committee can possibly appreciate the agony suffered by us lower mortals when we sat around waiting for the committee meetings to be over, and then sallied forth to greet the favoured ones, only to be met by a forbidding silence. We concluded sadly that, even with the higher mortals, at times all does not go well. But finally everything was settled, for the best or for the worst, and then came the arranging of costumes and the beginning of rehearsals. As for me,\* the former process interested me less than the latter. My costume was simple, lamentably simple. In fact, the only reason apparent to me for my being given a costume was that there were certain persons designated to dole out costumes and there were certain hours that had to be occupied by the said doling. So I sacrificed myself and joined the line that was being measured and weighed and fitted in an elaborate manner. But all the time I was thinking that I had a perfectly good brown bathrobe of my own. However, there were many who openly and shamelessly revelled in their costumes, and justly too. Perhaps there were moments in which I longed to have glorious red hair and wear a silky brown costume and be sublimely conscious of the becomingness of the wreath of silken oranges crowning the aforesaid hair. Or I might have yearned for a flowing white robe trimmed with silver and loosened yellow hair bound back by a silver cord. Or, perhaps, my fancy might have been caught by a saucy, short, gayly flowered dress, trimmed by a glossy brown bow. If so, I smothered my yearnings and flew home to look for silver linings in the modest brown garment tucked away in my closet.

For me, then, the costuming was a secondary question. But I could wax eloquent on the subject of rehearsals. My only consolation for what I suffered on Tuesday evenings was in watching what others suffered on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. I felt that I owed that much to my self-respect. I have forgotten what happened to my work during this time; but someone must have been doing it, perhaps Esther. She got such thorough enjoyment from the rehearsals that she never felt the need of watching others, and the more other people watched her, the more she seemed to be enjoying herself. She swept the gallery with her strong, fearless gaze and fairly revelled. As for me, I could raise my eyes no higher than the clock. They preferred to remain on the clock anyway. It was a lesson to any one, it was so hard-working and painstaking. I never saw it shirk a minute, and every time I looked at it I was filled with a philanthropic yearning to help it along. I had three speeches, I think, presented to me with the same elaborate ceremony as my costume, and my whole aim was to avoid at least one of them, which I generally could do as they were scattered through the play. The play lasted only about three-quarters of an hour, but for some reason we never reached the end, and weekly ran the risk of a cheerless night spent on the campus.

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\* See paragraph 1.



Finally the day came, bright and clear. There were gay banners flying from the towers and everything was very exciting. Early in the morning crowds of people began wandering about the campus and when you stopped to think that you were one of the things that they were coming to see, you really got quite thrilled. I was pretty glad that I hadn't missed it by having mumps or whooping cough or something of the kind. I met H. P. during the morning; she was sitting under a tree and she appeared to be thinking. So I stopped and asked her if I could help her. After a moment she said that she thought, she really thought, that she was going to like May-day. She had intended to give up May-day and orals as a propitiation to the gods to insure her health on some date the next year, June 7th I think it was; but she was glad that she hadn't. A quaint idea, was it not? I've heard before of orals being given up, but hardly as a propitiation.

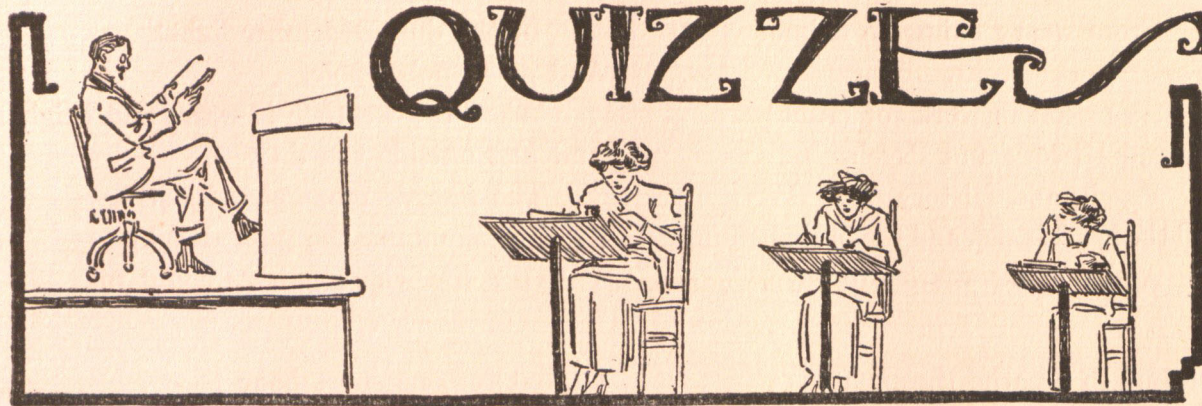
Immediately after lunch we gathered to form the procession. I was perfectly blissful with my little donkey and I could hardly wait to get on it. I hopped up gaily and was feeling pretty important when I happened to hear the owner of the donkey murmur sadly to the group of sympathetic on-lookers, "Aw, look at his back bend!" I fell off hastily, assuring him that I wasn't nearly so heavy as I looked. However, I'm afraid that circumstantial evidence was against me. He shook his head sadly, perfectly unconvinced, and I started mournfully on my way, wondering if I could carry the donkey back if worst came to worst. But I soon cheered up. Being in that procession was the next best thing to being in a circus parade. And oh, the joy of the remarks of those lined up along the way! The time came all too quickly for the procession to back up and the May-pole dance to begin.

The spontaneity of that dance was refreshing. We dashed madly about regardless of time and tune, our only object being to keep moving. There was one corner of the green that we all learned to avoid, for when we dragged our weary feet in that direction, we were sure to be greeted by a voice that bellowed, "Dance," and off we started again, with stumbling feet and reeling head. But the audience was most encouraging and enthusiastic, and assured us that it was a lovely sight. In fact they were a model audience all the afternoon. I wonder if they realised how much nicer it was to play to them than to a few critical girls, standing idly about, clad in hockey clothes. At any rate, we tried to show our gratitude.

And finally it was over. The last play was played, the last dance was danced, and we were left sitting on the rows of empty seats, looking over the deserted campus in a pardonably complacent state of mind. For May-day was over and it was a success.

LOUISE S. RUSSELL.





With cerebrum weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A Senior sat at a Library desk  
 Cramming notes into her head.  
 Bone! Bone! Bone!  
 Alas for the fool that she is!  
 And still with a voice of dolorous tone  
 She sang the "Song of the Quiz!"

Grind—grind—grind,  
 Till the brain begins to swim.  
 Grind—grind—grind,  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim.  
 Psych, and History, and Bi,  
 Bi, and History, and Psych,  
 Till over the pages I fall asleep  
 And turn them as fast as I like!

Tab! Tab! Tab!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof  
 And tab—tab—tab,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's oh! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save  
 Of English is Christian work!

Dig—dig—dig!  
 Will my toil forever last?  
 And what are its wages but weariness,  
 A headache to boot, and—a passed.  
 A heat intense, and a high-built desk  
 So you can't see over the top,  
 And a room so still that I feel a thrill  
 At hearing my spirits drop.



Cram—cram—cram!

From weary chime to chime!

Work—work—work,

As prisoners work for crime!

Bi, and History and Psych,

Psych, and History, and Bi—

Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,

And red ink wearies the eye.

Pole—pole—pole,

In the dull December light!

And pole—pole—pole,

When the weather is warm and bright!

And just outside the door

The reserve room girl sits still,

As if to show me the pure delight

Of a life where quizzes count nil.

O! but to breathe the breath

Of the days and years that are past!

O! to feel able to cut

And not copy the lecture at last!

For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,

Before the Quiz demon came into my life,

And poisoned my every meal.

O! but for one short hour

That I for my own may keep!

No blessed leisure for hockey or hack

But only time to sleep!

A little weeping would ease my heart

But I give my eyes a dab;

My tears must stop, for every drop

Blocks the red ink on a tab.

With cerebrum weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A Senior sat at a Library desk

Cramming notes into her head.

Who is so wretched as she?

Alas for the fool that she is!

And still with a voice of minor key—

Would it could reach the powers that be!—

She sang the song of the Quiz.

JESSIE CLIFTON.



## Athletic Scenes

*Bryn Mawr. The center of the hockey-field.*

*Enter Appelonius, Captensius, and a rabble of Freshmen (dressed in all manner of blouses or shirt-waists, and all lengths of skirts, and all gingerly carrying hockey-sticks).*



APPELONIUS:—What place to-day, thou ass, thou silly ass, what place?

SECOND FRESHMAN:—Why, sir, I was not put down in any place to-day; but, sir, I am very desirous to play, sir; and having had my physical examination only three days ago, sir, I thought—

APPELONIUS:—

Hence! back, you idle creatures, get you back.

Is this a foot-ball game? What, know you not,

Having positions all, you ought not crowd

Upon the center-line, without a thought  
Of what you do?—Speak, what place have you?

FIRST FRESHMAN:—Why, sir, a wing.

APPELONIUS:—

Go, find the outskirts of the center line, thy place.

What, dost thou with that silly snicker on?—

You, sir, what place have you?

SECOND FRESHMAN:—Truly, sir, in respect of a new player, I am but, as you would say, a Jack-of-all-trades.

APPELONIUS:—But what place hast thou? Answer me directly.

SECOND FRESHMAN:—A place, that, yesterday, was part full-back, part goal, that the day before was half-back.



APPELONIUS:—You *thought*, indeed. What right have you to think? Captensius, where is your team? Put your team in order, forsooth, or they shall not play.

CAPTENSIVS:—I am trying, sir.

APPELONIUS:—Trying! And how many hours do you intend to keep trying? It is indeed most condescending of you to keep 1908 waiting—they will enjoy even more watching you hit each other in the nose, and stand still and admire yourselves! You have no wits at all. Come forth from the rabble, those of you who were told to play the first half. Ye others, sit down on the bank where ye will find the green grass most inviting.

THIRD FRESHMAN:—But, Captensius, I'm the third full-back here.

APPELONIUS:—Silence, red-head! to the bank, ye rabble! to your positions, team! And let's watch the Freshmen try to make a goal!

## SCENE II

*A bright room. At the front, a pulpit. Near the front, members of the Senior class, some in evening clothes, some in jumpers (with no strings in them!) covered by capes. Freshman, Carenus, enter later.*

FIRST SENIOR:—Thrice has our team broke its nose.

SECOND SENIOR:—Thrice each minute we have fouled.

THIRD SENIOR:—Umpire cries: 'tis low, 'tis vile.

FIRST SENIOR:—Round about the scrap-heap go.

In, the pois'nous rules now throw.—  
Snatching balls, that breedeth fights,  
Overguarding—'gainst our rights,  
Interference, fierce and deep  
Dump I in the horrid heap.





ALL:—Double, double toil and trouble  
Scrap-heap burn, and ashes bubble.

*Enter Freshman.*

FRESHMAN:—O, well done, I commend your pains,  
And every-one will share i' the gains.  
And now about the scrap-heap sing,  
Like elves and witches in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

*Music and a Song, "Black Critics."*

*Freshman retires.*

SECOND SENIOR:—By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something fiercely this way comes.  
Open locks  
Whoever knocks.

*Enter Carenus.*

CARENUS:—How now, you secret, black 1911? What is 't you do?

ALL:—A deed without a name.

CARENUS:—I conjure you, by that which you're "professed,"  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me;  
Though you out-step all bounds, and seek to make  
A game which all the colleges accept,  
Though you make rules which prep-schools gladly play,  
E'en till destruction threaten, answer me  
To what I ask you.

FIRST SENIOR:—Speak.

SECOND SENIOR:—Demand.

THIRD SENIOR:—We'll answer.

FIRST SENIOR:—Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths  
Or from our masters.

CARENUS:—Call 'em; let me see 'em.

ALL:—Come, high, or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show.



*Taylor Bell. First Apparition, a white line.*

CARENUS:—Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST SENIOR:—He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

FIRST APPARITION:—Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, beware the lines.

Beware the fixed cage—Dismiss me—Enough.

CARENUS:—Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks,:

I see thy argument.—But one word more.—

FIRST SENIOR:—He will not be commanded, here's another,

More potent than the first.

*Taylor Bell. Second Apparition, a broken nose.*

SECOND APPARITION:—Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr!

CARENUS:—'Mid "Just One More" I'd hear thee.

SECOND APPARITION:—Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn

The power of fouls, for none in basket-ball

Shall harm Bryn Mawr.

CARENUS:—Then, interference, live thee on; what need I fear of thee?

*Taylor Bell. Third Apparition. A child, its head bandaged in a banner, with a hockey stick in his hand.*

CARENUS:—What is this

That rises like a victor in a field

And wears a banner on its baby brow,

The stainless sign of victory?

ALL:—Listen, but speak not to't.

THIRD APPARITION:—Be sporty-mettled, proud, and take no care,

Who chafes, who frets, or where opponents are.

Bryn Mawr shall never vanquished be until

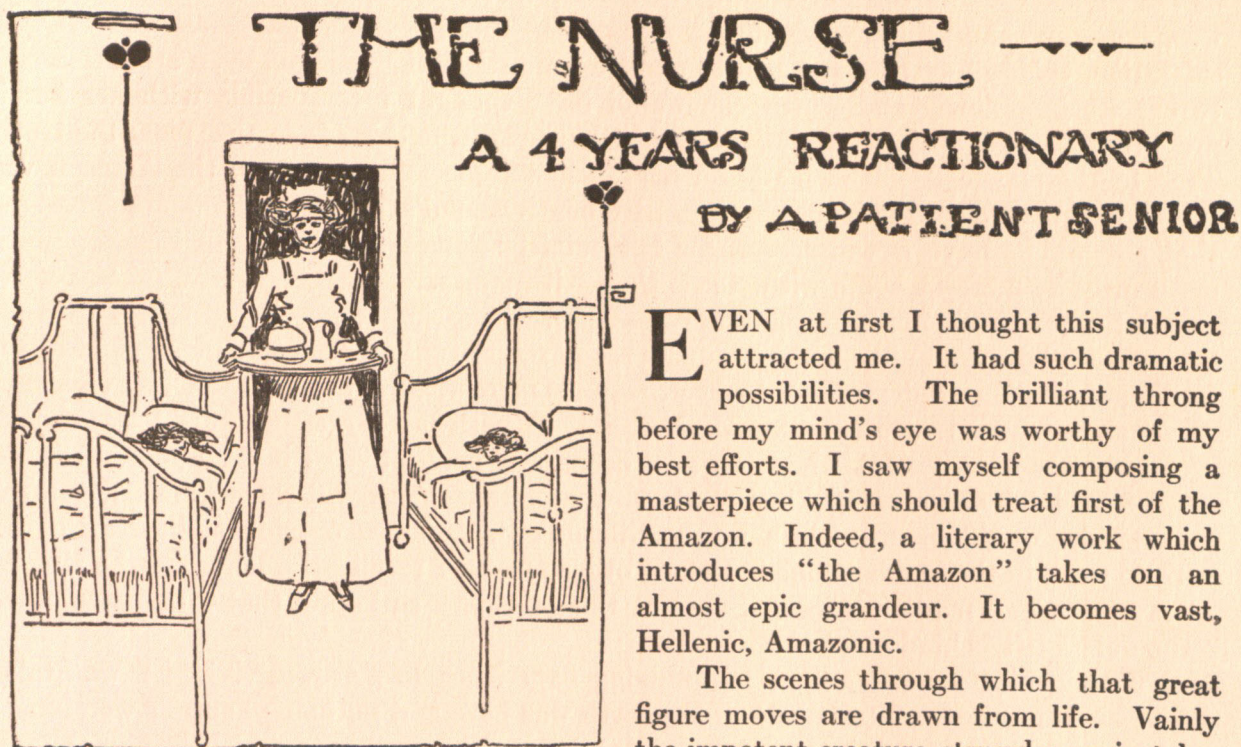
All-Philadelphia in basket-ball

Shall come against it.

CARENUS:—That will never be!

HELEN EMERSON.





# THE NURSE

A 4 YEARS REACTIONARY

BY A PATIENT SENIOR

**E**VEN at first I thought this subject attracted me. It had such dramatic possibilities. The brilliant throng before my mind's eye was worthy of my best efforts. I saw myself composing a masterpiece which should treat first of the Amazon. Indeed, a literary work which introduces "the Amazon" takes on an almost epic grandeur. It becomes vast, Hellenic, Amazonic.

The scenes through which that great figure moves are drawn from life. Vainly the impotent creature struggles against her fate. Should a tear fall from her eye the

tragic remark (inspiring pity and fear) is made: "I was very successful with insane patients in Dr. X——'s private sanatorium." The pill goes down. When you come to think of it, the pill always does go down when an embodiment of fate (height six feet four or thereabouts) stands over you while you take it. I once threw a small pill out of the window. I felt that I was indeed flying in the face of Providence. Although the flight did not send me out of the window after the pill with a consequent \$5.00 fine to pay, I realised that the only reason it didn't was because the gods were merciful and let the incident stand as an exception to the rule that you can't side-step fate.

This event has universal significance, as in fact any has that is connected with that heroic character. The fact that I do not at the moment remember her name, and so cannot record it here is a matter of slight importance. That she stands in my mind simply



as *the* Amazon shows the universality of her character. Then, too, whatever her name was, she soon changed it by joining her fortunes to those of a horse-doctor. On first consideration, this last event may seem to make an unsatisfactory climax, even an anti-climax to her story—a lowly end which one would have thought incompatible with her heroic proportions. In reality, as is plain after a little thought, nothing is further from the truth. True to the classic demands made on her by her name and character, the Amazon was fulfilling her high professional destiny. In her husband's patients she must have felt that she would have a wider area for her ministrations. Moreover, an Amazon must necessarily be more at home with steeds than with ladies.

After our Freshman year Bryn Mawr knew this classic heroine no more, and with her successors who were built on the ordinary scale, moral suasion took the place of brawn in leading the ailing student back to health. My memories of the Amazon are vivid and personal. Her pills were for all. My associations with her successors were for two years mostly spectacular, except when (on rare occasions) connected with the administering of gargles or mild doses of sticking plaster. I admired chiefly Miss Hartwig's decorative aspect—she would have made a lovely Gibson girl. I knew only from hearsay of her artistic work in the bandage line. Among other nurses, I recall Miss Rhodes, who laughed at my jokes and made a brief rest-cure at the Infirmary so happy that I failed to regret "the quiz I left behind me."

With Senior year, however, my nursing experience has grown vivid. I was taken with poison-ivy in the late fall when the earth was bare and no baleful shrubs were visible without the aid of a microscope. I did not have the microscope which is probably the reason why I came on the shrub unawares. I have very vague ideas of the nurse in charge of the ensuing plague because I could not see her. Her voice, however, was low and soft—unaccompanied by mocking laughter. She and Dr. Branson were the only people who did not laugh at my appearance.

On the principle of climax, I place my scarlet-fever nurse last. She was with me, not through four years like 1911, but through five weeks, which is quite different and much longer. With apologies to Delano for plagiarising let me "draw the veil, the memory doth cut." Only she had hair almost the same shade as Hellie's, which was a little enlivening.

ROSALIND MASON.





WE thought we had celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of Bryn Mawr to the fullest extent at 1910's commencement, when the campus was invaded by an army of policemen in white gloves, and President Taft spoke, and the Endowment Fund was won at five minutes to eleven, and we all sat huddled in the cloisters, hoping that the mammoth canvas above our heads would confine its groanings and frantic upheavals to its rightful territory. But when we returned in the autumn, fired with zeal for severely academic pursuits, we learned that last June had been but a mild preliminary and that the twenty-fifth anniversary was only just due, by reason of that same complicatedness that makes you count on your fingers if you want to find out in which October a girl in the class of 1905 was a Sophomore.

So we all understood, and kept our ears particularly pricked up, and soon heard reports worthy of attention. College presidents were to come crashing in from all directions, with eminent litterateurs in their wake, and as for deans and professors—they were to be as thick beneath our feet as the grass in the campus (in the spots where the faculty do not consistently tread upon it). We accepted this news with due complacency, generously



pleased that outsiders should join us in the recognition of our merits. 1913 rose daily at six in order to render *Pallas* several weeks early with unity, clearness and force, and the undergraduate body as a whole concentrated on the *Star Spangled Banner* and *Manus Bryn Mawrensi*um.

Then one of those aggressively executive members of our community asked where all these renowned visitors were to stay. In West we heard that they were to be lodged on the other side of the Arch, and we felt sorrier than ever for dwellers in East. Mindful of my springy window seat, I rushed across to invite an East friend to stay with me during the Jubilee, but she, through some absurd mistake, had heard that the delegates were to honour West. In little drops the truth trickled out. Both Pembroke were to be temporarily evacuated by the students at an early hour Friday, October twenty-first, to be re-entered when the delegates should see fit to depart.

After all, it is not an unspeakable calamity to leave one's room for thirty-six hours. Some of us do it occasionally of a week-end, and Schmitt even of a week-middle, and as for Dotty—the whole corridor stays up to celebrate when she spends a night in her own room. It was being driven out that depressed us, and the necessity of leaving order behind, and the desperate feeling that we could not return at any moment for things forgotten. Our friends in other halls were sympathetic and hospitable. I was invited to stay with Scottie and Virginia, and in great elation went to register that fact on the list on West bulletin-board. Opposite the names above mine I noticed ditto marks instead of room numbers, and idly ran my eye to the head of the column. There, heading seven pairs of ditto marks, I read "M. Scott 5-9 Denbigh." I dejectedly affixed the eighth.

Well, we all moved out during Chapel Friday, with our hockey skirts and our toy pigs and pelicans, and the pessimists brought their Sunday hats, convinced that the delegates would be too charmed to leave promptly. We stole back guiltily to a stand-up supper, and greeted Alumnæ, and watched Lantern Night, hoping that the delegates would be capable of feeling its beauty as we did. Other people afterwards did a great many other things, but every drop of my energy was spent in getting the varsity hockey team to bed—which was a bit difficult, as they had no beds. They accomplished the feat however—a vain sacrifice on their part, since the next morning we awoke to a downpour unequalled since the Flood. The opposing hockey team had the insight to telephone from West Philadelphia that it would stay where it was until the cloud-burst had ceased and then go home.

That excitement over, we assembled in large numbers beneath Pembroke Arch, which



afforded an amusing spectacle: delegates peering wistfully out from within the halls, wondering where the rightful owners of their rooms had hidden their umbrellas, and students peering wistfully in, and even stealing through the doors to beg Emma or Margaret in sepulchral whispers, please to slip into number 9 and bring out that brown rubber coat. As rainproof as possible, most of us went to the Chapel, where the chief interest was in watching how the various renowned debaters took the ringing of the little bell which caught them at the end of five minutes. Some felt it coming and hurried nervously until their speeches sounded just like this; others discreetly finished within the allotted time and sat down with a smile of triumph; a few marked the sound with a haughty lift of the brows and deliberately finished what they wished to say; while the truly sporting spirits spoke unconcernedly and stopped dead at the signal.

There was a slight delay on this famous Saturday afternoon about forming the great procession, which, instead of sweeping majestically into the cloisters, was doomed to squeeze through the scant opening allowed in the over-crowded gymnasium. Miss Maddison, it seemed, had said that we should form the line in Taylor; Doctor Warren had issued a proclamation that all should gather beside the swimming pool, and it took an hour to unite the resulting divisions, each scornful of the other's stupidity. Finally we were all safely packed into folding chairs, and we burst into song, eager to see how the guests would respond to our rendering, "And this is our *motta*," instead of the antiquated form "And this is our mot-to-oe." That over, we listened eagerly to the speeches in order to be able to criticise them intelligently afterwards (faithful products that we are of our required English training). In the intervals of attention Pembroke Marshals tried to spot the people using their rooms. Miss Laws had assured me that my delegate would be very distinguished, so I tried to memorise all the distinguished ones with the idea of recognising him in retrospect from her description. I failed. We had a cruel disappointment in not being allowed to sing *Laetissimae Puellae* to Doctor Shorey and others, but speakers were eloquent and time pressed.

"Max and Morris I grow sick  
When I think on your last trick."

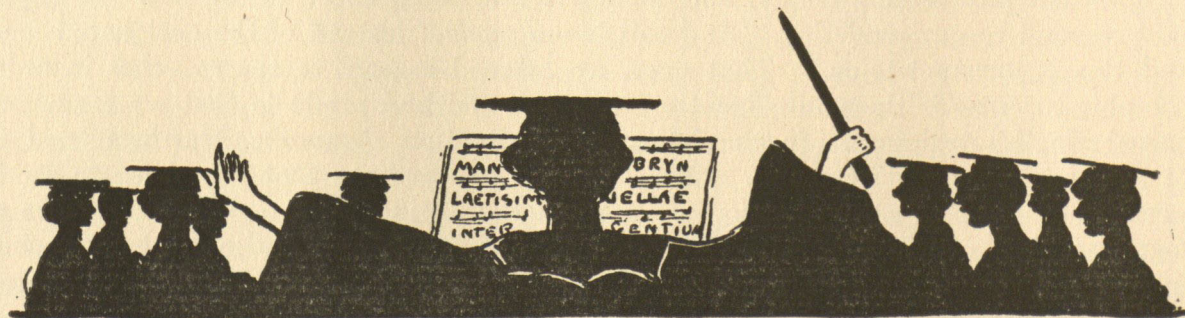
It must have been some one like them who hid President Lowell's simple black umbrella, the frantic search for which made the ensuing twenty minutes a dreadful blur in my mind. I remember regaining an upright posture, after extracting an umbrella by the inverse process from one of those wretched stands, to find myself glaring fiercely across it at Julia



Haines—a fellow seeker—who was grasping it with equal firmness by its distended ribs. Then our eyes sought the umbrella, now in the light, and we saw that it was blue.

The festivities at an end, the sun shone graciously, and Amy and I wandered about the campus, weary outcasts. Soon pleasant rumours drifted our way; Alice Ames had overheard a delegate ordering roses to be left in his room, Anina had discovered five pounds of Maron's best in hers. We could hardly wait to return to our own rooms to see what delightful surprise awaited us. Finally 4 and 6 were reported empty and we darted in, a-twitter with pleasurable excitement. My gift was a booklet of services at some church in Ogontz, with portrait of pastor, and Amy's was an over-powering odour of stale tobacco, unquestionably inferior in its first freshness. *Hae sunt lacrimae rerum.*

MAY MARGARET EGAN.







Parted at the Altar

or

The Sewing Woman's Revenge

A MELODRAMA BY M. SCOTT

CASTE

REGINALD, DUKE OF RIDDENWOULDE . . . . .	<i>C. Delano</i>
THE COUNTESS DIANA (his affianced bride) . . . . .	<i>M. Hoffman</i>
ALICIA (the viperish sewing woman) . . . . .	<i>M. Prussing</i>
ANGELICA (her good and beautiful sister) . . . . .	<i>H. Henderson</i>
PERCIVAL (the handsome footman) . . . . .	<i>L. Russell</i>
THE GHOST OF THE RIDDENWOULDES . . . . .	<i>M. Scott</i>

Scene.—A Mediæval Castle



Dramatic and literary circles enjoyed a rare treat in this first production of one of the earliest works of a rising young author. Moreover, every part was well taken, the actors doing full justice to the beautiful and thrilling lines. The scene first disclosed to an enthusiastic audience is the old library of Castle Riddenwoulde, an accurate and realistic portrayal of dim mediæval grandeur (we are informed on reliable authority that every screen used antedated the Renaissance). At a desk sits the Duke, a huge, overbearing man with dark, fierce eyes and a cruel, resolute jaw. One sees at a glance that he is a man of iron will and powerful passions; a man who will not brook restraint or curb. He fumbles among the papers and draws forth a letter. "From me sainted father," he mutters tensely. First puzzled, then in accents of increasing anguish, he reads aloud words which are to alter his life, nay, his very destiny. He reads that his father was not the true Duke of Riddenwoulde, nor yet his grandfather; that his grandfather usurped the title and had the real claimant "fouly done to death in his dungeon." "'S death," he murmurs, as he reads the next lines, in which the hideous truth is revealed to him that the future heir still lives. For a moment all seems lost; then regaining his courage, he realises that no one need ever know his secret. But suddenly he turns and sees, at his very elbow, the pale, leering features of Alicia, the viperish sewing-woman. "Not so fast," she hisses between her teeth. "Villain, I have thee in me power." It would be impossible to express the mingled thrill of fear and horror produced by this character, as rendered by Miss Prussing. As the woman threatens the Duke with exposure, finally bringing him to buy her silence at any price, the audience trembles with a sense of impending doom. "I sicken of the sewing machine," hisses Alicia, angrily snatching the needles from the front of her dress and hurling them to the ground. Then finally she secures the wretched man's permission to invite to the castle her younger sister, Angelica, a good and beautiful maiden, who is now wearing out her life in a delicatessen shop. After her exit there follows a scene between the Duke and his affianced bride, the Countess Diana. Diana is a magnificent woman, but cold and proud. With a great effort, the Duke dissembles his mental anguish. "Shall we stroll together upon the battlements," he says, "and talk—of *love*?" And hand in hand they disappear.

The next act opens with a soliloquy by the ingenue, Angelica. The part was exquisitely and charmingly rendered by Miss Henderson, whose bewitching appearance (in a dainty bodiced frock and coquettish cap set atop her auburn curls) and whose gentle, ingenuous coyness must needs have captured the heart of every gentleman in the audience. "In sooth," she murmurs, "I am but a poor, simple little maiden and know not why I am



thus transported to such a scene of luxury and elegance, nor why every one is so kind to me." She speaks of the Duke's kindness; and then in a lower tone, of the attentions of "that handsome Percival," who makes her heart go pitty-pat. Percival now enters, the jealous bearer of a picture postal addressed to Angelica, and signed: "From your stetty und lofing but lonely Adolf." "Oh, the silly boy," the maiden simpers. Then Percival, stunning and irresistible in his green livery, coaxes from her the admission that she loves—not Adolf, but himself. Their long embrace is interrupted by the entrance of the Duke, who does not, however, see them spring apart. He, in turn, makes love to the gentle Angelica. "Oh, sweetest enchantress," he murmurs, "Only two short weeks have you been in my castle, yet in that short time your sweet tenderness and maiden modesty have made me forget all else. You are mine." She strives shyly to escape his embraces, and finally she admits that she loves another: Percival, the footman. "Ho-ho," laughs Reginald scornfully. "I have me footman for a r-r-rival. Minion, dost thou know what I shall do? I shall take that footman and have him murdered in me dungeon." A piercing shriek from Angelica rends the air. "*Murderred*—that footman—by slow torture," reiterates the cruel Duke. "I consent," she murmurs weakly, and he then forces her to take her solemn oath that she "will marry the Duke of Riddenwoulde." Diana, entering, sees their embrace and demands the reason for it. With cruel, disdainful words the Duke confronts her, and tells her of the transfer of his affections. "Gold and a cold beauty like yours may dazzle men's eyes, but they cannot touch men's hearts as do simple worth and tenderness! Begone, and never let me see your fair, false face again." At these words, the overwhelmed Diana is about to withdraw, nor is the audience impervious to a feeling of pity for the stricken creature. Just then Alicia rushes in and learns the situation. In spite of the dread oath which her sister has taken, she vows she will prevent the villainy from going forward.

Seeking the great, cavernous cellars of the castle, she is met by the horrible, siren-like shrieks of the family ghost. At her summons, the spirit emerges from the shadows—a huge, spectral figure, with hideous visage. She tells him of her sister's plight, and entreats his aid. Together they form a dark compact: if he will haunt the wicked Duke and prevent him from marrying Angelica, she—Alicia—promises to insure his proper burial in the family vault. He has apparently grown bored with living in the cellar all these years, and reminds her of the fact with gentle ghostly humour.

The next act opens with a ghost-scene beside which the greatest of Shakespeare must seem shallow and meaningless. Reginald is trying to flee the spirit of his ancestors. He

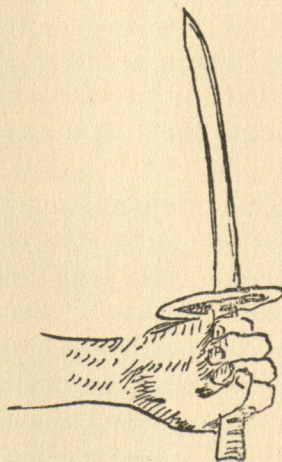


dodges it in spirals and figure-lights, all over the huge stage, but everywhere the ghost (being a better runner than Reggie any day) pursues him. At last they cease and parley. "You married the woman you *loved*," says the Duke sentimentally. "All happiness is yours." "Yes, all happiness," retorts the ghost, snappily. "Nice, steam-heated apartments, electric curling-irons, hot and cold baths, all the modern conveniences; charming, I assure you." And even after the entrance of Angelica, the spirit forces his caustic wit upon a love scene, causing the Duke much embarrassment. Suddenly Lady Diana rushes in, a dagger in her outstretched hand. She is prepared to kill the man who has jilted her so cruelly. But, close to him, her strength fails, she totters backward, murmuring, "But no, I cannot; I love thee too much." Poor, fond, woman—how keenly do we feel her sorrow!

Angelica is now brought in, prepared for the wedding—a lace curtain drapes her auburn locks. Again, with anguish, Alicia protests. "Cease," roars the duke. "Know ye that Angelica has promised, on her sacred honour, to marry the Duke of Riddenwoulde." A sudden movement behind, then a divinely handsome creature springs forward. It is Percival. "And I am the Duke of Riddenwoulde," he declares, taking his love in his arms.

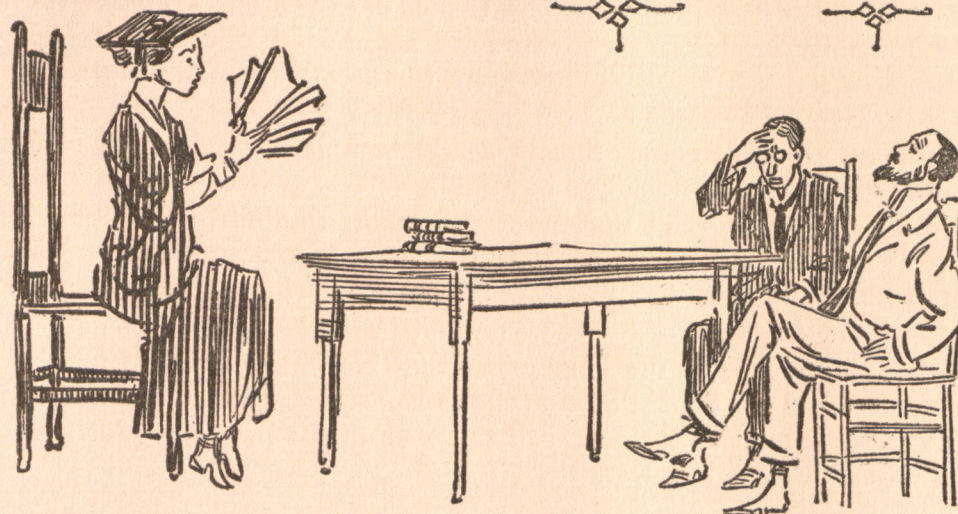
And with this glorious climax, the curtain falls, leaving us glad in the triumph of the rightful heir over the cruel usurper.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO





# ORALS: AN EXPLODED SUPERSTITION



**A**LTHOUGH I am a firm believer that the Senior oral is nothing more than a glorified private reading examination, as Grace Branham, sophisticated by a year in the great world, wrote me, I must say that my wait in the chapel during the last great ordeal before what was then only a hypothetical hoop rolling, makes it impossible for me to treat the oral fear as flippantly as I once thought I could.

As the rising sun made the May morning so long crammed for, an actuality, Prussie, who had started above me in Minor French marks, was still left to persuade the Faculty, who have always been so much denser than 1911, that she knew how to render enigmatical French into flowing English, but as I sat down at nine to a tasteless egg, the word was brought that she had succeeded, and sedate Pembroke dining room yelled aloud for joy and would have cheered except for the "Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government." Elsie Funkhauser was also through. As I have indicated, the Faculty always leaves the linguists to make a fine showing at the end. Every one was through French. The French oral superstition had exploded.



My appetite returned, and I ate my egg, and went over to see the German oral turned inside out. Miss Jeffers made gold out of that oral but we were looking for the silver lining. But, O 1911, that was an awful wait in the chapel, wasn't it? John whispered to me it was hell, but though I assured her it was only purgatory with release in sight, I wasn't so sure. However, I am at enough distance now to pick out the bright spots even in that terrific occasion. "Humanity needs vistas," as we have heard.

You all remember 1913's delicate attention to the orallers, red strawberries on green plates.

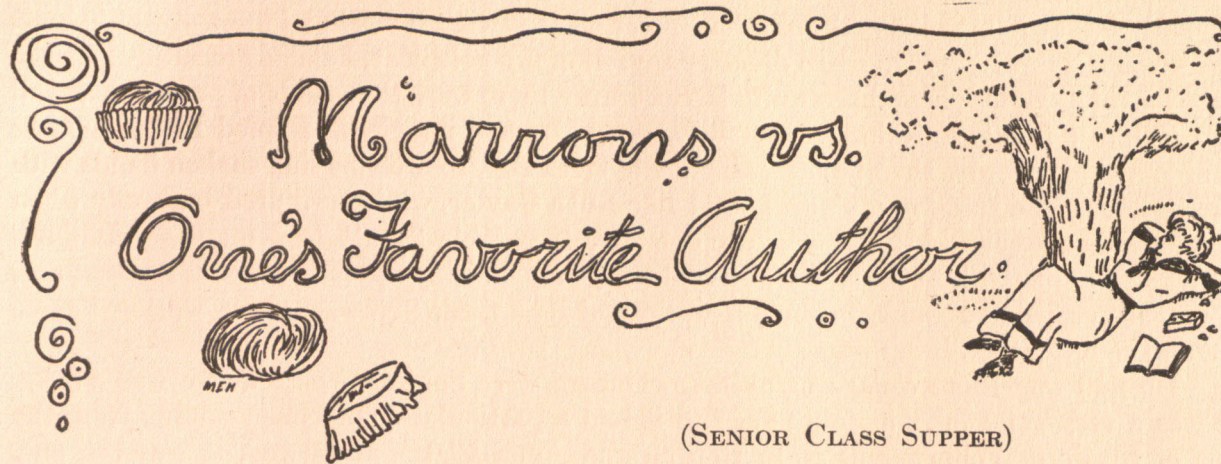
Did you hear Schmidt's classic remark as she bounded gayly into the chapel, "Well, I read like a breeze. I hope it wasn't an ill wind"?

By the time I had found out that every one taking the fourth oral knew from four to twenty times as much as any one had known who passed the first, I had raced Elsie Funkhauser around the chapel with half minute time by the clock, and we had sung hymns and Pinkie had played on the organ, we—well, you know what happened. What? Yes, we got through. Whoop! 1911 Senior orals had joined the "Never Come Back Club."

I wish I could describe the kodak snapshot I have. Perhaps a good many of you have seen it. It shows Schmidt in the center of the field of vision. She holds a hoop. Can't you see her saying, "Yes, I passed, by Hek!"

ROSALIND FAY MASON.





I'M really awfully sorry about this speech. You see, I went to town this afternoon to get some teeth to speak through, and it took so long that when I came out again, I discovered I hadn't anything to speak through my teeth.

I went to only one President's reception. I tell you this so you may understand what a remarkable impression I must have made to have been picked out for this peculiar honour. I started out with the idea of making myself charming. H. P. had given me some pointers, and I was feeling pretty sure of myself. To be sure, so far I hadn't had much to do with the powers that be except on one occasion when I went down to Low Buildings to try to prevail upon Miss King to sign my course book at the last minute, and inadvertently walked upstairs—with the fatal idea that it was all on the principle of a flat—and found myself in her private apartments before I knew it. She was kind enough to confide in me all the most intimate details of her family arrangements there, and *how I must never dare come up without being preceded by a card ON A TRAY!* Then I left—with my course book still unsigned.

Well, to return to what I was saying,—I hadn't had much social intercourse with the faculty and I determined to show Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett what very bright little lights are sometimes concealed under bushels. So I chatted vivaciously all the way over to the Deanery to get myself in trim. My nerve was somewhat shaken at the door, I will admit, when Henry, cautiously admitting us in single file, clicked us off as mere numerical units—on some sort of a little machine he had in his hand. But the conversation in the dressing-room brought me back to my normal level. It was, as I remember, qualified to make



anybody feel at home. I can't quite remember what it was about, but I know it was Schmit and Delano talking. When I had divested myself of my polo coat, I sailed gracefully into the hall. I think I must have been quite late, because there were thousands of people there, all standing in a circle, smirking in the silliest way you can imagine. I spied Pinkie lurking behind a chair over by the fireplace, giggling hysterically, so after having shaken hands with Miss Thomas and told her my name—not like Ruth Gaylor, who murmured bashfully when Miss Thomas inquired her name—the one tender syllable “Ruth”—I made for Pinkie's corner. I gathered that Miss Thomas had been only waiting for me to begin proceedings, for as soon as I had come in, she sat down and remarked, “Now, suppose we have some general conversation.”

Do you remember college breakfast, when we were Sophomores? There was a joke. It was a very good joke, as jokes go, and it had a particular significance coming from the lips of Marjorie Young—and Kate Rotan—and Anna Platt—and—well, it was the one, you know, about women being generally speaking. Well, I may say that being generally speaking isn't at all synonymous with being speaking generally—as Miss Thomas understands it.

My idea was, in the beginning, that we should talk about intellectual and spiritual uplift, and what we could do to improve the college and the race. I could have risen to wonderful heights there—my brain was positively teeming with uplift. But Miss Thomas and I hadn't at all the same idea. We discussed our favourite authors. A great deal of light was thrown on the quality and scope of our outside reading. Hannah Dodd professed herself particularly fond of Dickenson, but she was perfectly amenable, and quite willing to amend her preference at the instigation of Mary Minor. Myself, as I have reason to remember, sweetly smiled my commendation of “Miss Austen.” That finished me. By the time we had got to the poets, I had lost all control of my ideas. But Cranie and H. P. both said Keats, and I thought that was safer than Iddo's Longfellow. My last craving for intellectual ascendancy was gone. After that my one idea was to get to the dining-room. Ginny felt the same way, though there wasn't any balked ambition mingling with the pangs of hunger in her case. Every time Henry came to the door we half rose from our seats, and once we were half-way across the room when he gravely waved us back. But we did get there at last.

My one regret was that I missed the only spicy conversation of the evening, with Amy waving Miss Thomas encouragement from the arm of May's chair—afraid she'd stop before she got to the really exciting part.

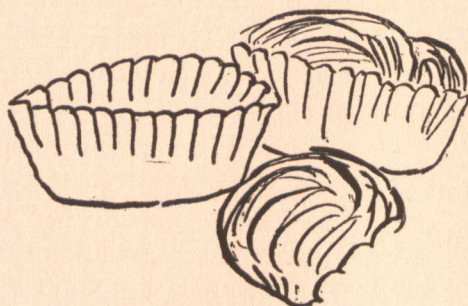


Roz says in her speech that the good old cramming days are over for us. Well, they aren't—not yet. When Delano couldn't eat any more, she began putting marrons down her blouse, and tucking cakes away in little corners where she could find them before leaving. That was what Miss Garrett meant when she said, "Carey—this student says she knows where three are." But she couldn't find them afterwards.

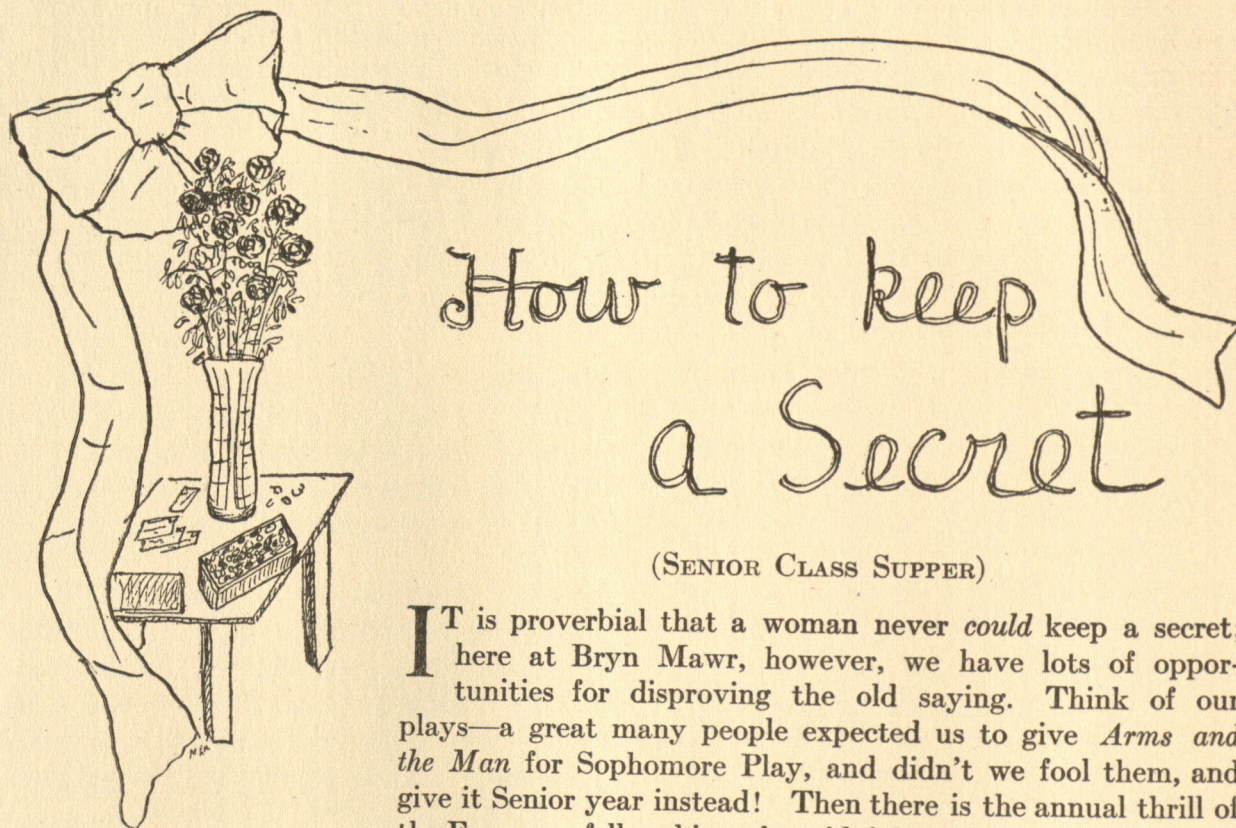
There was a story told about a fur coat—but I haven't time. And only Schmit knows the truth of it—and where those marrons went—and she refuses to tell.

Then we went home, I strong in the conviction that, even though my intellectual wings weren't yet quite thickly feathered enough to flutter, I had at least been with Leila, charmingly wholesome.

HELEN H. L. HENDERSON.







## How to keep a Secret

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

IT is proverbial that a woman never *could* keep a secret; here at Bryn Mawr, however, we have lots of opportunities for disproving the old saying. Think of our plays—a great many people expected us to give *Arms and the Man* for Sophomore Play, and didn't we fool them, and give it Senior year instead! Then there is the annual thrill of the European fellowship—the midnight visit, the trusty friend—and though the whole college may have its well-founded suspicion, the secret is faithfully kept in the letter. Then again, how many, many secrets must have burdened the souls of Amy, as class-president, and of Craney, as president of Self-Gov!

But for my personal experience in the matter, college plays and other college secrets are not hard to keep, compared with the secret of an engagement. Of course, when I came back to college in the fall, wearing a ring on the third finger of my left hand; and pink roses and Whitman's candy began to arrive at regular intervals; and every day's mail brought a letter; and telegrams ceased to be matters of alarm—of course no one suspected, and it was easy enough to convince my friends of the tale of the "old friend of the family," and of the ring given me by my Aunt for a birthday present. But in time



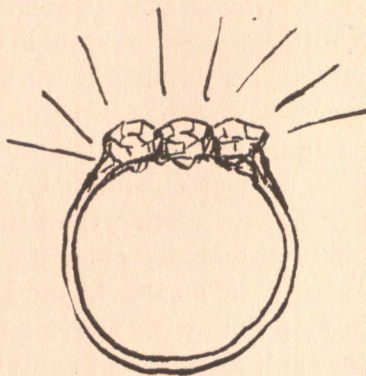
the deception began to weigh heavily on my conscience, so I went to Amy and asked her to announce at a Senior Class Tea something which I felt would be entirely a surprise to every one.

And right now I would like to advise anyone else here to-night, whose mind is likewise burdened, to do the same. You have no idea what a great relief it is, both to yourself and to your poor friends who have probably worn themselves out fibbing for you. Afterwards, I was so very glad that my secret was *not* kept, because every one was so sweet and kind and interested. Contrary to what I've always heard people say that "they couldn't bear to be engaged in college," my experience is that it is the very nicest place in the world in which to be engaged. I may have gone idly day-dreaming in lectures, which of course no *un*-engaged girl has ever done! But think of the joy of receiving one's fiancé in the show-case, or aquarium, while one's friends stand outside, with their little faces pressed to the window-panes! Or, of leading him surreptitiously from the Arch to the dim recesses of the cloisters!


\* \* \* \* \*

But seriously, I want to say what a joy it has been, to spend this, the happiest year of my life, here where everyone has been so interested, and kind and considerate. And so I want to thank you all, and tell you how much I appreciate the way in which you have shared my secret.


MARGUERITE H. LAYTON.







# CHINESE POETRY



Of course people's sense of humour differs, but for my part I don't see anything funny about Chinese poetry. But then I suppose there is something about it that is hidden from me alone. Every time I forgot to attend a lecture on a dead language—which I love *of course*—because I was investigating Chiah Chih and Tu Fu down in the hollow, my friends laughed; and educated people do not laugh without a reason. I have not yet decided whether I am an object of amusement because of China, or whether China is indebted for its present doubtful fame to *me*—deriving a sort of reflected ridiculousness, like reflected glory and that sort of thing. The trouble is, 1911 got the notion that China was mixed up somehow with my—well, lack of enthusiasm for athletics, and indifference about a few little local names in the papers, like President Taft and John D. Rockefeller. Now, to tell the truth, even if I could have put through a delightful scheme for setting Li Po's lyrics to hockey tunes—I never did care much for hockey tunes, but honestly, that wasn't why I missed some of those thrilling games—or better still, if we could have imported real Chinese chants with epigrams from Confucius, I really and truly don't believe I should have become *violently* athletic. Furthermore, if we could have managed to get the newspapers to fill the second column of the first page with little chats about Chinese emotions there would still have been that first column of murder cases to discourage me, and you *know*, murders are *so* much less interesting than suicides

Some people who sat at my table—they know me better than the rest and so they realised which would be the unkindest cut of all—came to me before chapel one day and asked me about some man in Washington connected with Virginia Canan—her father or something—and *of course* I didn't know. One can't know about everything, and then just to be spiteful, and show how versatile they were they broke out with a little verse from one of those sweet old Chinamen. I couldn't believe they felt it very deeply, though it brought tears



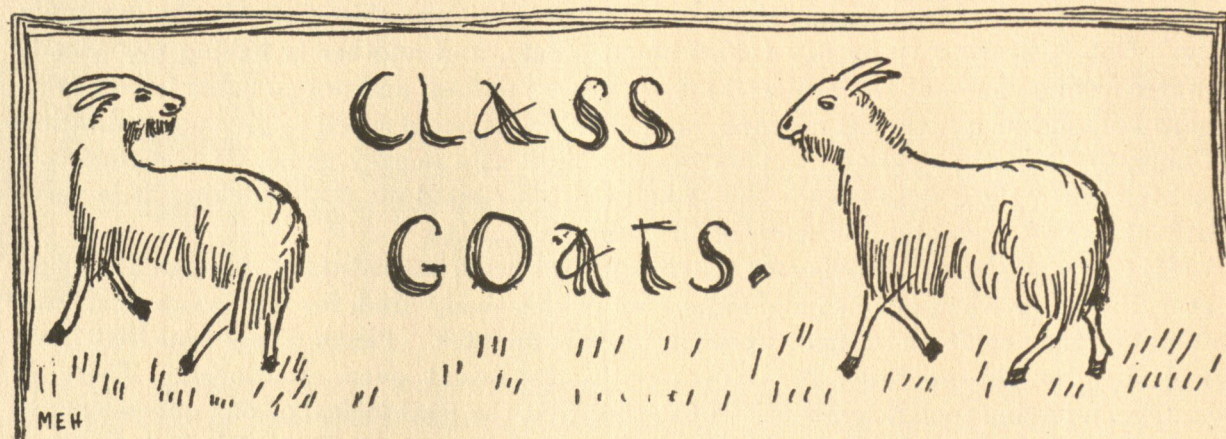
to my eyes. I was almost angry, though there are only three things that make me *really* angry. One is hearing Hoby say things about Keats, and another is having my friends flip water from a spoon at the table—if my curls were natural and not so liable to come out perhaps I should be a little less nervous—and the third is being asked to give up meditation on China, to sit in the cold and wet on the side lines at a hockey game. I feel then as I almost felt when those dear friends that I had trusted recited me that touching little verse—without the least emotion or sense of the sublime.

It is very generous of me to lay my soul open in this way, but naturally, I haven't touched on everything, for when one has had fame, *even* of this shady kind, for four years, there are profundities that can't be brought up in just a few minutes. Pieces of my soul that have been handed about as bric-a-brac for months I haven't even mentioned. There is advantage in having such a self-consistent nature that the least logical of our number needs to hear me say no more than "Oh" or "Isn't" to exclaim ecstatically that it is "*absolutely* in character!" For I seriously believe that if, some day, I should give up green as a distinguishing colour, and throw Chinese sensations in the fire, and declare basket-ball to be nobler than a walk at dawn, and promise never, never, never to be thrilled about anything again, the same dear friend, with rare perspicacity into the subtle workings of true consistency, or sure she had tracked me down at last in the first glow of a new emotion, would touchingly cry: "*How* H. P.-ish!"

HELEN HUSS PARKHURST.







### Apologia pro Vita Mea

A GOAT, a *caper ordinarius*, is a sprightly animal that must be divided from sheep because it makes its pasturage off tin cans. This definition can do no more than serve as a foundation for a classification of class goats. Once in Bi, Daddy asked a Freshman to what species a frog belonged.

"Why," she answered glibly, "he is an ambiguous animal."

Had the question but dealt with my subject, she would have hit her H. C. on the head, for the very essence of class-goatliness is contradiction. The virtues in the creature's character are elusive and puzzling. Goatliness is a quality as subtle and indefinable as wholesomeness or æstheticism, an inborn *tray* as it were. The athlete is born an athlete; the æsthete, an æsthete; and the goat, a goat. It is a quality, moreover, mixed as an ingredient in an infinite variety of characters. We have athletic goats and æsthetic goats, goats on the first ten and goats in the last, English Club goats and Henglish Club goats, mute goats and musical goats, classical goats, scientific goats, historical goats.

It is a high honour to be a goat,—a goat is always in the public eye,—but it is an honour for which one has to pay a heavy price, namely one's peace of mind. The goat is a target for the barbed arrows of the college wits, a butt for the rude jests of the owners of a sense of humour. Nothing that the goat does is treated seriously. Its palpitating heart, bared to a circle of confidential friends, is received with a shout of derision. Therefore the goat must be sprightly, and content with the tin cans of comfort thrown to it by its friends.



The goat must be full of rebound. When tarred and feathered and rolled down hill, it must pick itself up and blithely leap to the top rejoicing in the fact that since it is a goat it can scale heights unattainable by its friends and thence look down upon their folly. For the goat has this fundamental trait, its feelings are adamant, as invulnerable as Achilles minus the heel.

The uses of the goat are innumerable. The goats are the manufacturers of collegiate cheerfulness, the inspiration of *Dulci* writers, the boon and the terror of hostesses. At table the goat mingles her tears with her tea, but her companions mingle their shouts with the proctorial hush. At class meetings, if the goat rises to speak, she invariably loses her motion. But what matter? She has dispelled the gloom and leaves the hilarious class as putty in the hands of the chairman. In lectures and in lab she keeps the eyes of the class off the clock. At tea and President's Receptions her fox paws lift the pall of conventionality from the scene; in the swimming-pool and on the hockey fields her feats offer rare diversion to the bystanders; and in the gym her gyrations, in the wonder of their spontaneity and individuality, charm the attention of the entire class away from the platform. In short, the goat is a continuous performance.

For this reason a student who possesses a single peculiar habit is not necessarily a goat. Ruth Wells, for example, possesses a peculiar habit. Her speech is modeled on Webster's Unabridged. Once, at lunch, when offered cold ham, she haughtily thrust it away and asked "for the alternative," and the maid, being unlettered, responded, "Der ain't no alternative. Der am ragout." But Ruth is not a goat. Goatliness is an attitude of mind.

Now I do not wish to be too personal. I do not wish to wound again the already lacerated goats. Yet my monograph can not be completed without concrete instances. Therefore I will give my own autobiography. I am encouraged in the performance of this delicate task by the fact that H. P. and Roz have each written an *Apologia pro vita sua*,—Roz, in point of fact, has written several. If the reader will peruse these articles in connection with my remarks, she will have ample data, furnished by three of 1911's chief goats.

In the first place, as the old ballad runs,

"I killed Cock Robin."

I wrote——

(—let me bear the brunt of the charge, let me shield my two pure-minded colleagues whose careers have not been *tragic*\* as mine—)

\*Please note Greek pun. A proof of my classical goatliness.



*I Wrote the Freshman Show.*

The achievement of *Everyfreshman* was the triumph of the goat in me. Then came the necessity of living down my notoriety. Did I simply hide beneath my sins and turn to unobtrusive deeds? Not at all. I decided to consort with bishops. Now I am not the only ecclesiastical goat, there is our dear Pope with her eyes cast heavenward who proudly boasts the honour of enrollment in our society. But I am episcopal goat *par excellence*, the folder of bishops' sleeves, the recipient of such queries as this one from a Sunday night preacher:

"Am I to wear my academic robes, or my episcopal vestments, or my natural trousers?"

This, to regain my reputation. Besides, there was penance for the crime, there were the angry divinities of the Eddas to appease. You all know the result. I have been condemned by the college as an Anglo-Maniac and made to serve a life sentence in the library.

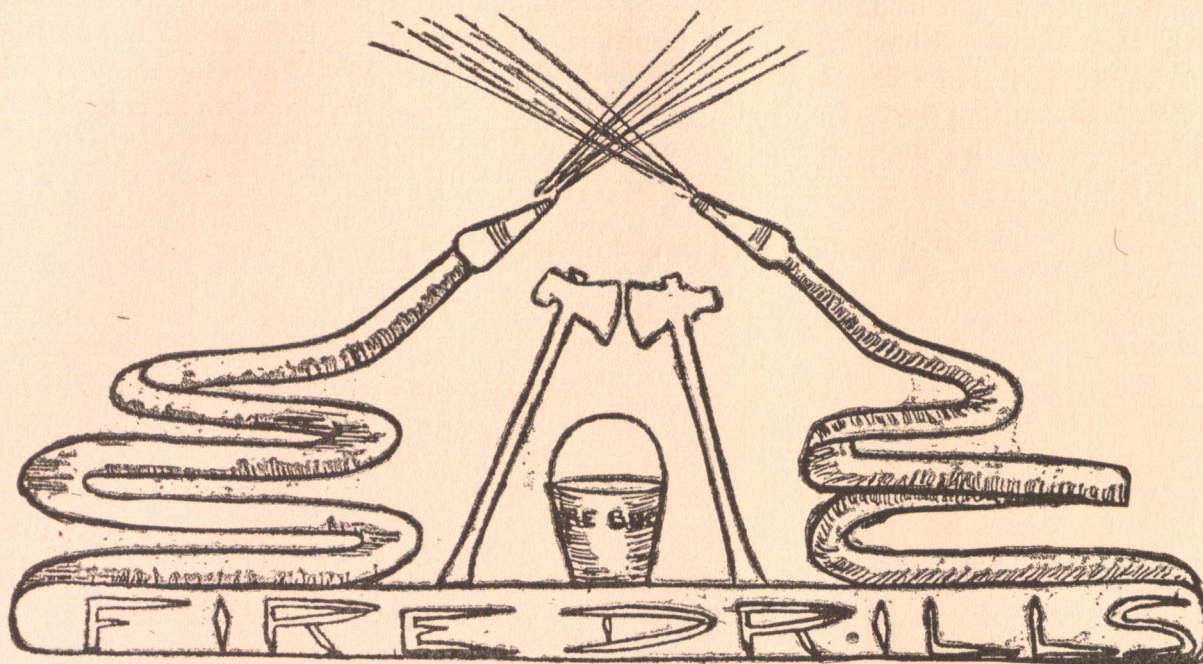
Yet it is sweet to be a goat, passing sweet. I never realised how highly the honour was prized until, when at a meeting of the Class-Book Board I suggested writing this article the editors raised their voice as one man, crying,

"I am the Goat."

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.







AS SEEN BY THE UNSOPHISTICATED

ONE of the most pleasant and popular ceremonies of our college life is the fire drill. A shrill clang rends the sacred self-government quiet; then, after a five-minute interval, during which the possibilities of concealment under the bed or in the closet are thoroughly investigated, a motley array wends its way to the fatal spot. It is beautifully logical that wherever the fire is, thither we are marched. If it is on the first floor we assemble as near as possible to its roaring heat, and stand nonchalantly—an everlasting monument to the triumph of mind over matter. When we are all well accustomed to the heat we are marched slowly and with dignity to the second story, to a point as nearly as possible above the leaping flames. Then the roll is called, because it is felt that those who have thus far survived the ordeal now deserve the privilege of at least attempting an escape from the half-ruined building. We behave in a similar way if the fire is in the



second story, our aim being in every case to rise above it. What an uplifting thought is this! Can one indeed imagine a more inspiring and heroic scene than one of our classic halls vanishing in huge flames, while in its midst two neat rows of students calmly stand their ground, waiting for the roll to be called or "draughts and warnings" to be completed. Nay, would not this move the poetess herself to alter her immortal lines, so that they might read—

"They called them, but they would not go  
Because they loved their captains so!"

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO,  
LEILA HOUGHTELING.



## Water Polo

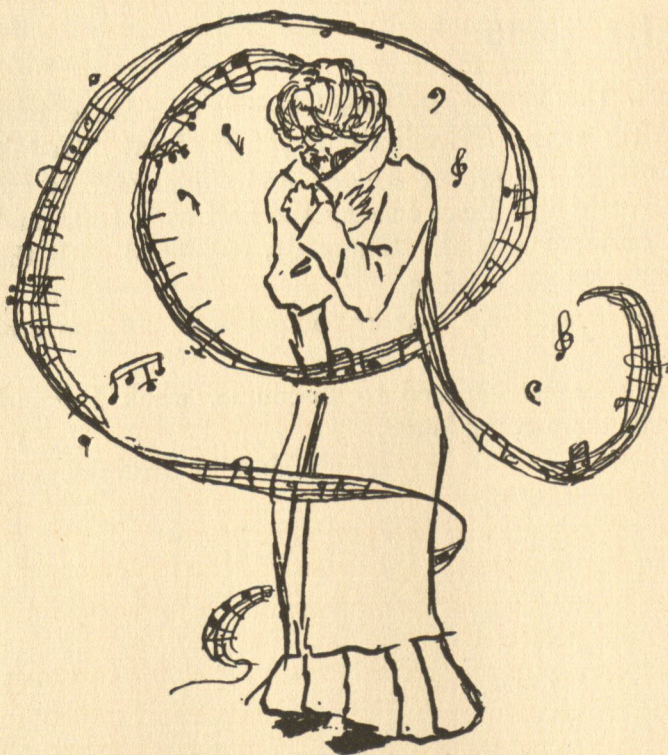
I N the very height of the track season Dottie Coffin came over to see us on a water polo question. Pem. and Denbigh were in the swim. Wouldn't we join? Join! Hadn't we just risked our lives getting authorised? However we relented sufficiently to see the contest and the games. There were Dottie and Egan tossing the ball with Leila and Schmidie splashing on behind, and Julia saving the goal. The walls re-echoed with the mighty din. My throat felt parched; I could not see a thing.

"Do you think," whispered a weak voice in my ear, "that we can get out? It is so *cool* in here."

I turned with a glare at the unpatriotic person, prepared to discourse, when I found to my dismay that the game was done and the team going home.

ISOBEL ROGERS.





## Songs of 1911

WHY Scottie asked me to discuss the subject of songs for the class book was less clear to me at the moment than it has since become. I now see that I was the only person qualified to celebrate our songs with impartiality, because I was the only member of 1911 who had never written one. And yet, as I look back into the dimness of Sophomore year, I remember that I once did write a class song. I recall nothing of it except the tune, which I didn't know. Helen Emerson wrote one at the same time, and the class, confronted by a dilemma, saved itself from derision by refitting Amy's words to a new tune. The tune itself was refitted to our use by an eminent musician (the same who now delights Dr. Ross's congregation by

playing "Traumerei" during the collection). It was doubtless this episode which gave us our faith in the principle "any tune to any words"—a principle brilliantly exemplified the other day in connection with a play song to 1912. Catherine's words, stretched to cover the desired "Chocolate Soldier" music, disclosed yawning gaps,—but what of that? 1911 is not the class to let itself be discouraged. "Let those who can whistle, fill in with whistling, and those who can't, make believe to." Which was done.

Ingenious always, 1911 has shown its ingenuity, not only in rendition,—by introducing such decorative adjuncts as whistling, sniffing, etc.,—but in composition also. What other class ever approached the subtlety of "Not just twelve, but all are sisters," or, better still, "Can you tell me whether?" History, astrology, general psychology,—I am in a position to state with authority that it was at least a year before the full significance of that song dawned on the dullest member of the class. Yet, "as always in truly great writing"



(I don't remember where I saw that phrase, but it is a beauty, and, not having had a chance to try it on Miss Donnelly, I must get it in here), ingenuity, in our songs, goes hand-in-hand with simplicity. For an example of a song reduced to its lowest terms,—all superfluity eliminated, only the necessary facts stated in the briefest language,—I refer you to "1909's sure to shine, How can they help it when they're all so fine?" There are only two serviceable rhymes to nine,—and there they are. The same occurrence of the "inevitable word" meets us in an earlier jewel,—“We've enjoyed your acting, Juniors, It's been simply fine.” But in this connection the palm must be awarded to “Oh, we've come to bid you welcome, *And* we're glad that you're all here, *And* we hope to have you with us at B. M. C. next year.” Never was the most ordinary of conjunctions used with such masterly effect.

Any treatment of our songs would be incomplete which did not add its tribute to Catherine's “myth-making power.” Her fancy toys deftly with Prussian Royalty, and, even dethrones at will that more imperial body, the Bryn Mawr Faculty. Why was it not until Senior year that we solved the problem of song-supply by simply throwing all the burden of invention upon her? This, of course, without prejudice to H. P.'s title as Laureate Extraordinary. “In matters of high sentiment” (it is time I quoted Arnold), H. P. alone is qualified to speak for us, and to put our cruder feelings in the “dim religious light” made imperative for B. M. poetry by 1913 and 1914.

To go further would be to trench on deeper problems of Poetics,—as, for instance, why college sentiment becomes vocal *only* at sundown, when “the evening swiftly gathers,” or why entrance on Freshman year, so lightly taken in the days of “Come classmates all and raise your song,” has become—witness our present classes—a matter of such tender solemnity as moves almost to tears. But such high debate is only for Miss King's specialists,—the “dauntless Three” who were in at the death of Longinus.

CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN.





# Note taking

**T**HERE is note-taking and note-taking. I do not make this statement rashly, or for the sake of making a remark, but carefully, and with a full realisation of what I am saying. If any one disagrees with me, I have only to call her attention to the following samples taken at random from the note-books of different people.

*Example 1.* (From the Minor History notes of C. I. Claffin, and thoroughly typical.)

"The Spanish Inquisition, established by Ferdinand and Isabella, and directed in its initial steps by the justly celebrated Torquemada, is generally, and doubtless in the main correctly, considered primarily as a political weapon. Owing to its isolated position, Spain had less foreign danger to apprehend than most nations and therefore less incentive to solid unity. In building up a national state the two sovereigns therefore turned to religious zeal as their political cement, as indicated by the previous history of Spain. As patriotism was the religion of the Romans, so religion was the patriotism of the Spanish." But oh! I hate to stop anywhere. There are three solid books like that for each semester.

Next a selection from the Minor Psychology Laboratory book of Miss Delano—(I should like to quote Miss Crane's, but that is in shorthand.)

*Example 2.* "Hering's ta. of con-gt-i.e. sim. ind. wd not expl. Ebb's phen. If phen. were mere ass. filling in no a.-i." But why proceed? It is all equally interesting and valuable. A further example of the same thing is in Virginia Canan's note book on Idealism and Realism. I have not the volume here, so cannot quote, but she had a way of using R. to stand for Royce, realism, rationalism, relations, Russell, reality, and reason—all of which words occurred frequently in every lecture. Needless to say this proved useful when examination time came.



*Example 3.* (From the Major Critics notes of a fair writer who shall be nameless.)

"Dec. 9.—Burke, by Jove.

We are to read the vindication.

Dec. 12.—

Dec. 14.—This is all very funny indeed.

Jan. 13.—We are discussing a speech which I know nothing about. I am so upset about Jerusalem being in Arabia.

Jan. 17.—I inadvertently cut everything on Wednesday. Speak up, Prussie!"

These, too, could be protracted *ad infinitum*. But they are very good. They have a style of their own, and have the great merit of interesting the reader, and of never holding his attention too long on one point. Like the bee, they flit from flower to flower.

Did you ever, round midyears, visit a lot of classes with an eye to finding a cinch course? Here are some fragments from one who did.

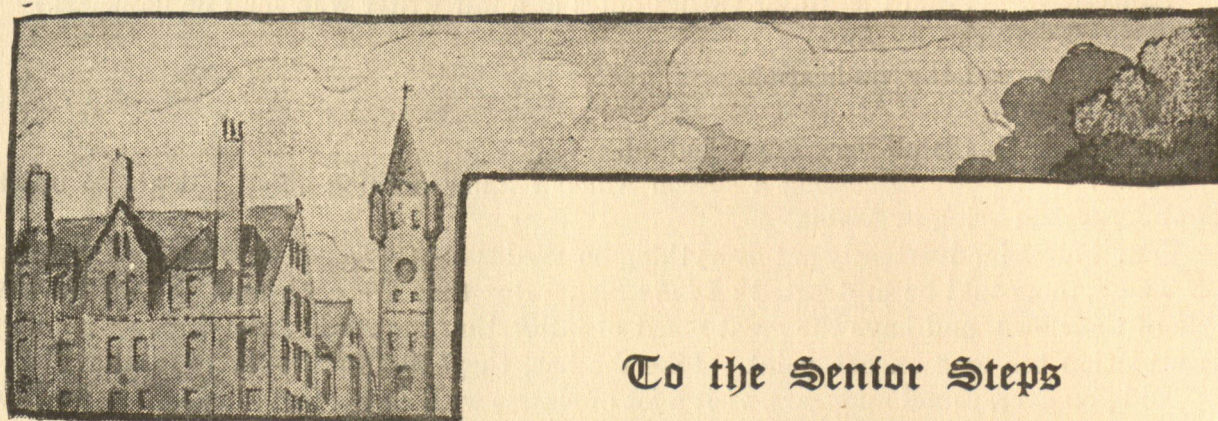
*Example 4.* "Major French Literature. Roz: 'Are we expected to know that development of languages?' Dr. Shinz: 'I deened't thought of that, eet's a good idea! Marot—his father was a poet and the sec. of Anne de Bretagne, who was wife of somebody—oh yes—Charles VIII and Louis XII—pretty good. Saw his poetical tendency and, oh well.—Francis I's sisters *protegent* all the *esprits* of the *siecle*—no I can't take this, it would be wicked to give up Mr. King who is a gift right from Providence and you have to write your exam. in French. *Fut imprudent dans les façons* with wh. he expressed his ideas. *Fait prisonier* and got out again but was *imprudent* again and was thrown in again. Couldn't get any *appui* (prop, stay, support) from the *roi*. (That is the first word off my list which has been used—funny, they wouldn't mention a black garden poppy, or to pug or roughwall.) His poems are very difficult to *lire*. Well I have lost track of his career about here."

The person in question did not take the course.

Does anyone still insist that I am wrong in distinguishing between note-taking and note-taking? Because if they do I may have to clinch matters by quoting from my Ethics notes in verse. Be warned in time!

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





### To the Senior Steps

We're glad we sang: although our rhyme  
The critic would not call sublime.  
Alas! to follow Fair Bryn Mawr  
Necessity said "guiding star."  
Our muse was wingless: this a crime.

We think we could not earn a dime  
Writing librettos. What a time  
We had; but though we rhymed on far,  
We're glad we sang.

Our sentiments worked overtime,  
'Twas sad to hear the last hour chime  
Good-bye. The past with iron bar  
Is closed—but though some faults did mar  
Our songs—yet in that flowery clime  
We're glad we sang.

ROSALIND FAY MASON.





## HALF AN A.B.

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

**I**NSTEAD of speaking about one-half an A.B. I should like to talk about A and A.B. Please remember that I do not intend to make a literary lapse and that there are A's and A's.

The advantages of being A.B. are so familiar to you that I shall mention only a few of them. Think of being able to slap the English department on the back in "most jolly Hinglish" style; of discussing the merits of nerve tonics with Mr. King, or the latest methods of proposing with Mr. Turner. Just consider the ignominy of hearing in class meeting, "I hate to have fines for everything, but if you don't hand in the list of pictures you want of the former members of the class, I'll have to fine you!" At these cruel words the A's felt more than ever the disadvantages of their position.

Notwithstanding her arrested development, A has been learning a few things in the mystic void, "the wide, wide world." As a result of her observation she has discovered that there are three ways of regarding college girls: As the fudge eater, the blue stocking, or the amazing riddle. If they think you are the voracious fudge eater, remember, they



also think your conversation is expected to be one loud and long cheer; therefore, leave the deep bass notes out of your voice, cultivate the high treble and even the feminine shriek; forget the free swing possible in a hockey skirt; remember your hobble. Hobble, never keep step with a man; he can't bear it.

If, however, you are classed with the chilly highbrow, your tactics must be more subtle. Cultivate in your manner all the *intimité* of an Italian landscape. Remember that while the world all forgives, "Gosh, my dear, isn't Low Buildings a lemon?" it cannot swallow a sentence like the following: "She was Greek; she had run about freely on those vistas haunted by visions of oreads and hama-dryads! What nympholepsy might have lingered in her blood!" Need I say more to those of you who "feel" your lantern? Keep the conversation on a safe and sane level, never rising to the sublimity of Longinus or sinking to the materialism of Canfield. Be the clinging vine, the unplucked rose, and remember that a blue stocking too often has a hole in it.

But if you are considered an amazing enigma here lies your great opportunity. Since "in the presence of an enigma one's mental processes become somewhat enigmatical,"—I quote again from my handbook of English literature,—these people are absolutely in your power, therefore do not beguile them with false notions of our cloistered existence. Do not proudly count the number of times you have "made breakfast," or you may be invited on a camping trip to be the cook of the party; do not "feel" your Keats or the map of Italy too much as an old hag "feels the weather" in her bones. Do not speak of tubbing or cutting or doing Mr. King or missing out, or you spread abroad a most unwholesome impression of college. And when at tea with your mother's friends do not pass them a "chaste sandwich," or a "pure cup," or speak of an "immoral friend" who would not come. You who would mold public opinion, here is your chance to make your influence felt. Finally, I would ask you most urgently to remember in your first flush of triumph on Thursday morning, that after all the only essential difference between us is, that we A's stop marrying at thirty, while you A.B's keep right on marrying until you die!

ELIZABETH WILLIS TAYLOR.





## On the Right Track

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

“ON your mark! Get set! Go!” And 1911 did go and win. This is what 1911 has done for the last two years since we started on the right track. Somehow before that we got side-tracked and to avoid a collision we were forced to see our upper classmen thunder past on the inside track, while we stopped at “Overbrook, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr and all way stations.” But for the last two years we have had that inside track, and have in our turn dashed past, waving our hands to the locals.

Track is essentially a class sport. That may sound like a very peculiar statement, but I venture to assert that more of the class has been more earnestly and more often urged to participate in it than in any other of our numerous pastimes. And the class always participated in one body. In fact, the unity of the class on nights of track practice was remarkable. In most events, as one woman 1911 came to the gym to practise, and as one woman carried off all the honours in the meets.



But why quibble about quantity when we have quality, and when there was need of numbers 1911 could assemble a crowd that could out-shoot all others, and another that could far out-step the rest. As for swiftness, who does not remember how, in one race, 1911 finished before the other team had started; and how, in another, such obstructions as hurdles were carelessly kicked aside in order to be the first to turn a backward somersault over the rope that guarded the gym wall from injury from our speed?

Then, our *piece de resistance* the tug-of-war. To add weight to their statements, the smallest and the weakest of our number have only to point at our team and say with pride, "They are in 1911. They are my sister classmates." Unfortunately this year we had no real tug-of-war, we merely had a tuglette. As the opposing team did not realise this and the odds were not with us, the results were a bit disastrous. Regardless, however, of this slight mishap, we went on our way to victory, true to our slogan, "making things hum, for we are 1911," and now that we are on the right track, may we never be side-tracked again.

ALPINE B. PARKER.





## Senior Dear Dramatics

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

DEAR CLASSE,—As M. Katherine Jackson would say—I believe it is customary to tell you that I don't know why I was asked to make this speech and that it is mainly impromptu any way. But as a matter of fact, I have worked on it for days, and I know perfectly why I am making it. I cornered Delano one morning at 8:45 during finals, when she was worrying that Dr. Leuba wouldn't give her 98½ in Post Major Psychology, and when she had retired—now this is just the sort of a girl she is—to the Christian Association library to take one last squint at the behaviour of the bee and other mammals, in the helpful atmosphere of those religious books.

I told her I was going to make a speech at class supper, and please to have me put on the programs. Catherine was in mortal terror that Margaret Doolittle or Leila Houghteling might come in at any moment and never think the same of her afterward; and I was bellowing to drown out the bird in the reading-room upstairs—but still she hesitated. She said a lot of things about how hard it was to make a speech and all that; but I said that if Treddy had brains enough to—and I had heard her make several—I could do one also. So poor Delano, hearing Catherine Arthurs approach slowly down the hall, shrieked: “Well, speak on dramatics; no one else wants to, durn ye,” and dived under one of the desks, where she sat crouched and trembling until Taylor rang.

Now that you understand, I will proceed to our Freshman Show. I can't say much on that subject because, as Modjeska once said to me about her unhappy first marriage,—“that is a part of my life to which I *never* allude”—and besides Leila is going to be



extremely funny on that subject in the Class Book, and Scottie made me promise not to ask her for any witticisms to put in here. But I want to say right here, with Hoby—who shares with me the cardinal virtue of modesty—that that was a very good show in many ways. Why just look at the classical remarks it evoked from President Thomas and what valuable material it has furnished for almost every song in 1911's song book. Had that performance been less *low*, less not-vulgar-but, much that is with us now could never have been said or sung.

It was when President Thomas asked Amy whether Mr. King thought he could get a cast for any play out of our class that I realised fully her abysmal lack of confidence—yes, downright distrust—of our dramatic ability. She saw all the preparations for that play, however; she saw the cast taking its nerve tonic in Miss Maddison's office before each rehearsal; she caught their merry revelry up and down the hall outside her office; and she heard every word of the monologues Mr. King delivered during the entire length of every rehearsal. "When I was playing with 'Enry Hirving, he would say to me: 'Why aren't you two inches taller? You could play Hamlet as it should be played, or Macbeth to Miss Terry's Lady if you were only *two inches taller*,'" etc. As I say, we kept nothing from President Thomas, and when she saw those Turks in their *harem* skirts and heard the refined jokes of that play she had to admit that we were one great step up the scale of evolution from our low beginnings. 1911 was no longer vulgar, but sweetly delicate. And every play we have had since has led higher and higher. I think that was caused by what Bernhardt or the younger Coquelin—a great friend of mine—said to me: "You notice that I always act in plays of strong moral tendencies. Always chose to give nice plays, *Il faut que les jeunes filles jouent toujours les saintes et les anges*." Why, by the time we gave *His Excellency*, Schmidty positively insisted on explaining that "this garment, though white, is a tea-gown." As for *Press Cuttings*, I expurgated whole hunks without being urged to more than six or seven times by Charlotte, and being finally ordered to by the Seniors in the cast, who had grown so squeamish that they declined to stay in the same play with some of the questionable remarks. The triumph of our tribute to Mrs. Grundy came with the presentation of our latest and last. Could any thing have been cuter, or more modest, than that nightie of HOFFIE's, or Pinkie's blue braces, so intensely admired by 1912, or the obvious way in which I hugged Eggie?

Oh, 1911, if we have felt as we carted furniture, made the noises without, acted, applauded and paid the bills, that plays are as integral a part of our life here as athletics



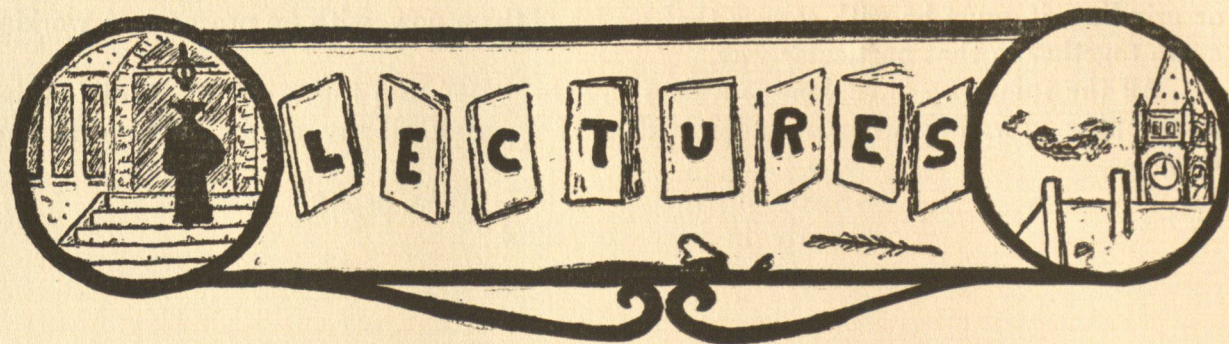
or grinding, it must be with sorrow that we leave them now, with no prospect of working again together in that particular way.

All the things we have done as a class have been such fun that we don't want to think of stopping now, but when we go I wish that we may all say as did Eve on leaving Paradise:

“Greatly instructed shall I hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of mind.”

MARGARET PRUSSING.





OR

### Tailor-made and Taylor-made

EVERY year with unfailing regularity the English Department challenges the Freshman with the question: *What did you come to college for?* and every year with unfailing regularity the Freshman in the travail of her soul covers a sheet with an effusion which is branded as *sentimental*, *superficial* or *pedantic*. Had the English Department a heart or the Freshman a head this cruel mockery would have ceased long since. The answer is simple; it is summed up in a single word, and woe to the student who does not learn it! Nevertheless—a fact which the English Department fully realises—a Freshman driven to death cannot discover this all-important truth until after the wave of receptions and re-adjustments has subsided. In point of fact, we come to college for *lectures*. As someone wisely remarked, the essential necessity of a college is its faculty. A college could conceivably exist without students, without office, without library, without campus or clubs or classes. But a college without a faculty would be a hockey game without a team. Now a faculty pre-supposes lectures.

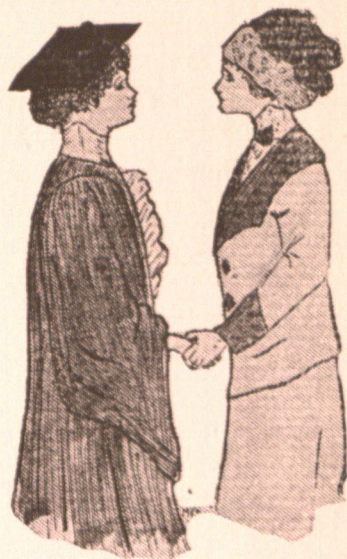
So we find lectures the pivot on which the college turns. The office exists for the purpose of superintending, the students for the purpose of attending, lectures; the campus for the purpose of providing lecture-room, the library for the purpose of providing lecture material. The day is divided, not into hours, but into periods; the week, not into days, but into the portion of the toiler and week-ends; time itself is marked, not by years, but



by semesters. Athletics awake only when lectures sleep. Meals and class-meetings are shoved into lectureless moments. Nelson himself was born for the sole purpose of ringing the knell of the passing lecture.

Lectures are of two sorts, voluntary and involuntary. Involuntaries are of an inferior order. They are heterogeneous, frequently heterodox. They occur *gratis* at spasmodic intervals. When not forcibly crowded out, as many as five may come in a single week-end. They are provided by the various presidents, *i. e.*, of the college and of the various clubs, and not even the depths of the stack-room or the swimming-pool can protect the student from the rapacious clutch of the harpies despatched by the presiding officer of the association under whose auspices, etc.

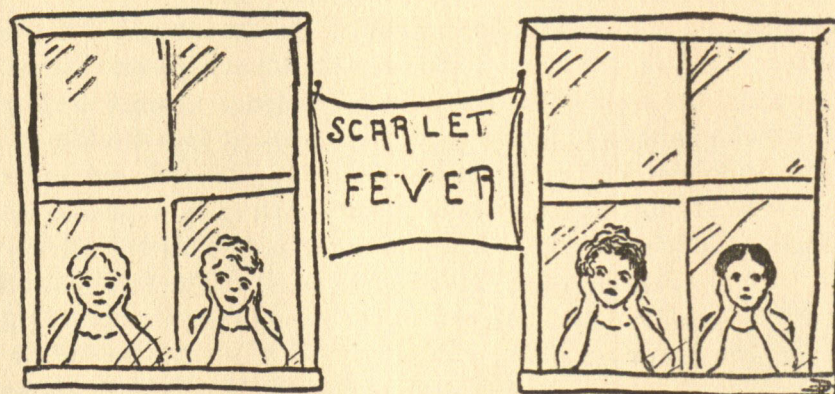
The voluntary lectures are of superior quality. In the absence of a cut rule they may be easily omitted; that is, if you do not care about having your course book signed. Voluntaries cannot exceed the time limit, unless in self-defence against undergrad meetings and water polo you select a benighted post major that meets at Low Buildings. Voluntaries are the life and the ornament of the college. They are planned, cut out and trimmed, not by a single department, but by the whole faculty sitting in august council about the Crimson Velvet Chair. They are embellished and embroidered by the advice of the Senior Class and the Students' Council. They are passed upon by the office and sketched in the program. In short, they are *Tailor-made*.



For eight semesters the docile maiden is provided with this carefully prepared product. At the beginning of each day she seats herself at the feet of an instructor with a blank note-book and a receptive mind, and every evening by the light of her midnight electricity she tabs her notes and underlines with pains and red ink all the jokes found on the neatly written page. At the end of each semester, examinations purge her of all dross. Finally she is tried once, twice, thrice, in some cases even four times, in the oral fires, a method of refinement peculiar to this particular factory, and warranted to produce a type of goods of a quality elsewhere unattainable. If she survives she is pronounced *sterling* and stamped with the mark and seal of perfection—*Taylor-maid*.

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.





March 1911





# R-R-E V E N G E



*(With apologies to Kipling.)*

When the scarlet-fever is over  
 And we're boiled in formaldehyde,  
 When the oldest bacteria's vanquished,  
 And the smallest germlet has died,  
 We'll come back (and we hope you'll have missed us),  
 And we'll give you some work to do;  
 We'll lend you plenty of matches,  
 And maybe a bomb or two;  
 And each shall have joy in the working,  
 And each shall be glad and free—  
 For the work that we give you to work at  
 Is to burn the Infirmary!

ROSALIND FAY MASON





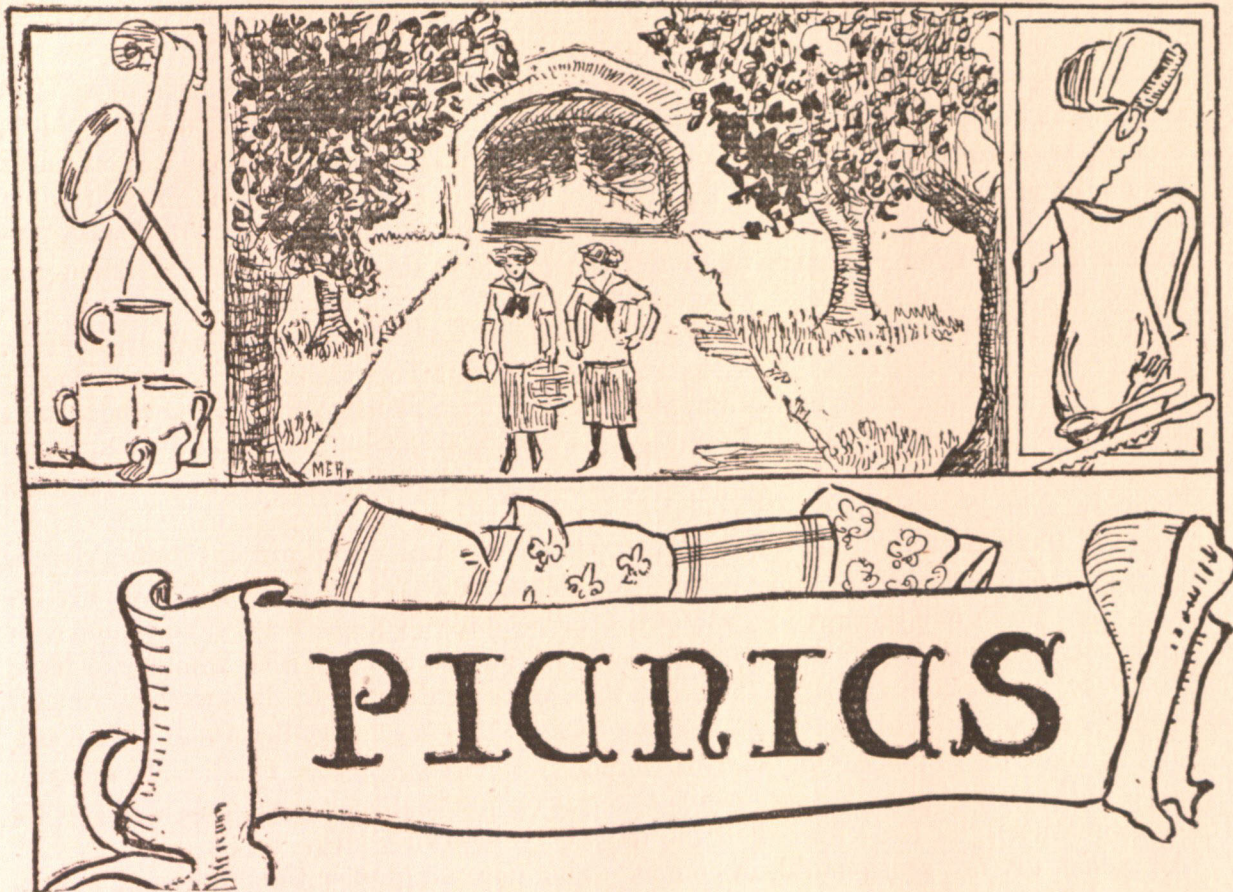
## Twenty Years Later

IN a *Highly Elastic* frame of mind, I stroll through Pembroke Arch, and the sight of the old buildings makes me feel *Most Jolly Hinglish*. On Taylor steps sits one of *Music's Adoring Followers*, who, with a *Madly Screaming Syren* surely *Makes Harmony Hopeless*. My *Merry Sallies* on the subject are replied to by *A Managing Woman*, who says: "It can be improved by this *High Hellenic Priestess* who *Averts Fracas* by *Looking Heavenward!*" I answer: "No, thank you! Bring me this *Easily Scared Creature* who, in her *Prettily Romantic* way, *Makes Acting Perfect*." At this, up strides a *Kindly Executive Captain* who, with *Ready Wit* says: "Call in this *Auburn Locked Maiden*, who *Leads the Singing Roughhouse*. Although she is *Very Crushingly Cross*, and *Dotes on Cats*, still she *Is Beautiful* and a *Joyful Chorister*." Before I can answer, there *Flies Past* a *Cross Country Walker* who is not *Especially Young*, but *Just Wonderfully Clever*. Say I: "She looks so *Marvelously Demure* that you would not guess that she *Ever Earns Credits!*" "Not only that," replies my friend, "but she is *History's Supreme Shark*. Moreover, she *Captures Insects Cleverly*, and *Mournfully Advocates Whiting!*" "Well," I exclaim, "Give me a girl who puts *Athletics Before Ph.D.'s*, and who, when she jumps, *Hits the Top*." As we talk, a *Languidly Indolent Mortal* wanders by, and asks: "Why do these girls sing so badly?" My first informant replies: "It is because one of them is a *Repeatedly Fumigated Martyr*, who is *Always Exuberant*; another is *Everlastingly Reading a Clergy's Limitless Directory*, or else *Reads Heavy Greek*; a third is an *Ever Friendly, Mardi Gras Jobber*, who *Hauls Much for Dramatics*. Being *Fearfully Keen on Classics*, she offends a *Hopelessly Happy-go-Lucky Humorist*, who *Charitably Laughs at Jokes*. She, in turn, cannot get on with this *Muddle of Mixed Enthusiasms*, whom *East Loves Fearfully*, because of her *Room-mate's Roses*."

Just then, from the Library, we hear a noise which sounds like a *Mathematical Mind Working Terribly*, but which turns out to be an *Eternal Everlasting Physicist*, in conflict with an *Enthusiastic Language Reader*. The latter, although she *Murmurs D.'s Carefully*, is *A Caustic Debater*, and *Has Fine Mentality*. Meeting a friend who *Adores Polecon Work*, and *Works on the Bible Actively*, she approaches the steps. "Courage," she cries; "Every-one of you *Has Marrying Relations!* If you will only *Eat Minutely* and keep your *Ankles Superb*, likewise *Indefatigably Manage Riches*, I am sure that there will be more than one among you who will be *Most Eligible for Hops* and *Marry a Handsome Lover!*"

LEILA HOUGHTELING,  
CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.





**P**ICNICS! What one subject could stir up more or more poignant associations than picnics? The reason they are so full of tender association is that they come in spring—most sentimental of seasons. What spring may be in the cold wide world we have yet to learn, but in our little cloistered community it fairly oozes sentiment. The natural effect of balmy air and bursting buds is balanced by the fact that the Seniors are going away.

This is about the time that little branches of arbutus and violets begin to appear on your room-mate's desk. Then, some day, you hear a scurrying of feet outside your door. A giggle. A long pause—then fresh scuffling. Feet adjourn. But only for a while—then they return, emboldened by a desperate resolution. A knock. You call—"Come in!"



well aware that the sound of your voice is imparting a thrill of horror. The wrong voice! But they are up against it now, and a head is stuck through a chink of the doorway, backed by other heads—there, supposedly, to give it courage, but really out of curiosity. “Is Miss Canan at home?” Miss Canan is not at home, but you don’t want to miss anything, so you urge them to come in, and assure them without being asked that so far as you know she has no dinner engagement for that evening. You try not to be a dragon, but you know you are one. The heads are withdrawn, accompanied by giggles, unpunctuated with one coherent remark. Then you rush in to tell the girl next door that some Freshmen you never saw before are going to take Virginia on a picnic. It is all highly inane, but nevertheless it is all interesting to anyone who has been there herself—outside the door, I mean. You would like to watch them start, as they are, if that be possible, more ridiculously silly about that than about the invitation, but you are tactful, and go to the Tea House with a classmate, deciding that you will encourage a Freshman yourself when your satire paper is in. (Note, it was in June 7, 1911.) Then you go and sing on Senior steps and watch the combinations that come home together.

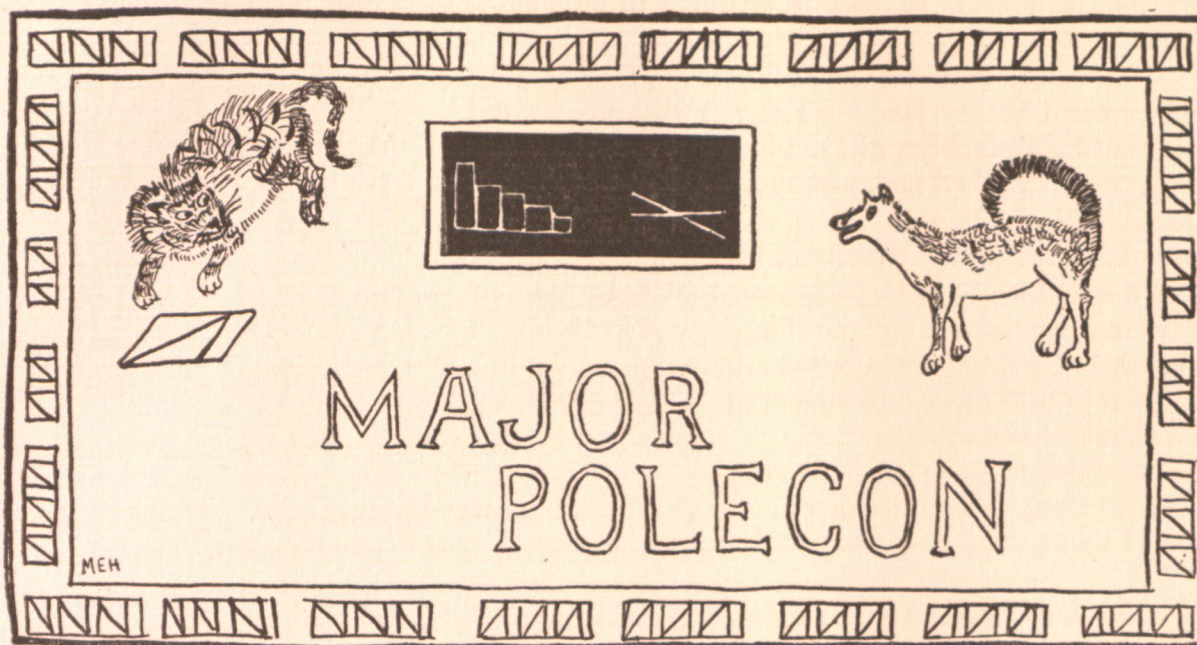
That is the joy of it—the combinations. Two Freshmen who are intimate friends, perhaps room-mates, decide to have a picnic, to which each will invite a Senior. One invites you, the other picks out the girl in your own class whom you know least (and whom you come as near disliking as you could anyone in 1911) or else the girl with whom you have fought wildly all through class meeting that day, owing to complete disagreement on all points under discussion and several others, but none of this may show before another class, so you two come back, holding hands and vaguely wondering whether Plattie and Skyntie were as intimate friends as you had always taken it for granted they were, and about other little combinations you had effected in the days of your own youth.

All picnics are not sentimental, of course. There are all grades, the cramming picnic, the casual friendly Dutch treat picnic, the Freshman-Junior picnic, the faculty picnic—getting warm, that last. There is a look about a person who is just going to take Miss Donnelly or Miss Crandall on a picnic that can not be mistaken.

There have been times when I did not think much of picnics, such as the night after I had been to a breakfast picnic, a luncheon picnic, two tea picnics, and a supper picnic all on the same day, by which time the sight of a pitcher of lemonade gave me all the sensations of drowning. But, generally speaking, picnics are a good thing and a delightful thing, and among them one finds represented all phases of college life, all seeming rosy and sweet, under the safe haze of spring sentiment.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





**I**MAGINE yourself lost in the dark, very much in the dark, in an impenetrable and impassable wilderness (emphasis on the impassable); imagine also that you are suffering pangs of acutest hunger and thirst (hunger for food, thirst for knowledge) and that you are surrounded on all sides by ravenous wild animals (in particular, hyenas). Paint this parenthetic picture as blackly as you can, and you will understand to a small degree our position in Major Polecon.

It wasn't that Major Polecon itself was at fault; in fact, Major Polecon is a very superior subject and something that no student should be without; but we were hapless victims of unfortunate circumstances:—first, in that we met daily; second, in that the hour was from 12 to 1; third, in that we had usually missed out on breakfast; fourth, in that milk lunch was a thing of the past, and fifth—there were our mental endowments, or rather our lack of them. I may say if the rising cost of production hadn't resulted in the cessation of milk lunch we would have been capable of greater receptivity of knowledge; but when we were all starving



for solid increments of food, it was next to impossible to absorb theoretical increments of Polecon.

Did I say that we were all starving? There were exceptions. Can we ever forget the lean and hungry Dog-Face gazing with piteous and beseeching eye at Agnes Wood who was consuming Nabiscos in the back row, and the rotund but also hungry other Dog-Face whose nose twitched nervously every time Willa sank her teeth into a sand-tart, or Alpine ate educators? It was a case of unjust distribution, and small wonder that the Hyenas turned socialist every time they heard them.

You know about the Hyenas—that they were six in number, and sat in a row, that they were ravenous, and howling, and everything in fact that hyenas should be—even moth-eaten as to fur (nothing personal, Schmidtie and Esther). When Miss Parris would set up her game of jackstraws on the board, they would all howl lugubriously, and the standard howl was:

“Ha! Ha! Ha! Hyena! Hyena! Hyena!”

Nothing could be more horrible than the laugh which distorted the features of the Newfoundland Puppy on these occasions; even Miss Parris thought so the luckless time she chanced to turn and see it. There was another howl, too, which originated after we had been in to gaze upon one of the masterpieces of the quiz system. The sight was too much for most of us and we had slunk out into the hall to smooth our ruffled fur. Last, but not least, came the Newfoundland Puppy. She had grappled too long with things of which she knew nothing.

“Böhm Bawerk and the Austrian School of Economists,” she read,—we eyed the printed slips dizzily.

“Bum! Bum! Bum! Bad Work!”—growled the Puppy, pouncing upon the sheet, and, tearing it to bits, she worried the pieces.

Technically speaking, Miss Parris’ games of jackstraws were diagrams, but she would draw them out on the board and then select with her pointer a line, just as you in your childhood selected a jackstraw, and demand of some unsuspecting letter-writer its significance. My own experience is memorable.

“Miss Hoffman—” Marshall’s shears, suspended by a single hair, fell. “What is this?”

“Rent,” suggested a Wise One back of me.



"Rent," I reiterated feebly.

"Yes," answered Miss Parris, encouragingly, while my breath came and went in windy gusts. "But what kind of rent?"

Courage is the ability to dare, for a moment I became a hero.

"Differential," I ventured, using a word as unfamiliar to me as cocoanuts and books are to the North Pole, and then as I said it the enormity of my hardihood, and the probable grossness of my error overcame me, and all of me flowed away into the toe of my shoe, and settled there quivering.

"Differential rent, yes," said Miss Parris from some distant height and no express elevator in the flat-iron building rose with half the speed that I did to explain her next selection.

"And this?"

"Is marginal rent," I beamed at her, turning the while one triumphant eye on the Hyenas, who by this time were every one having fits.

The genuine history making event of Major Polecon was, however, the reports. We began, in the first of the year, by taking the idea quite seriously, especially those of us who found our subject widely discussed in every floor in the stack and in all its most inaccessible corners. We have decided that the only possible good in the ill wind that brought the scarlet fever germ to college was the fact that it afforded us a legitimate excuse for postponing our reports; and postponed they were until the last week and a half of college. The results of that hectic rush to the library, and the diminished size of the class, were many of them gems. Do you remember how Schmidtie plead conversationally for a young man with head and brains, as well as muscle and sinew, who with grit would unite the two Americans in advantageous trade relations? And Higgie painted the English labour wars with dramatic fervour, while Leila was briefly cognisant on the Panama question; Esther, on the other hand gave us a well sustained (for an hour almost) account of French family life and profit sharing, while I still blush to think how nobly I began with "Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt," only to end with the information that India is irrigated by:—

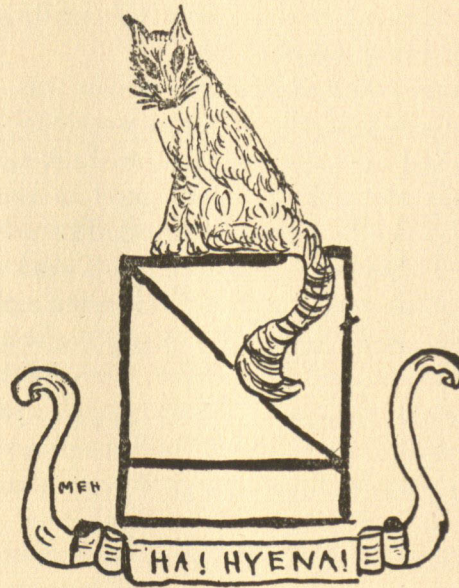
1 wells,  
2 ditches,  
and 3 canals.

The climax of the course was, properly enough, the final examination. Words fail me now, as they failed us then, when I think of it. All I can say is that the 1911 in that



class were more truly worried about their degrees than any Seniors ever before or ever to be afterward. We got through by the grace of Miss Parris, but the horrors of those three hours will return to torment us for many a day. At night I dream of them; and in my nightmare I float in a gruesome zone of indifference, clinging to a slender margin, while the differentials rise and fall about me, like so much lightning in a stormy sky.

MARGERY HOFFMAN.





*Our Dear President*

## THE HYENA CLUB

SOME time ago a great honour was thrust upon me by one of the esteemed editors of our worthy class book, who wrote asking for a brief account of the forming and of the life of the Hyena Club. This is a task far more difficult than one would suppose, for the organisation cannot be dealt with on the grounds of mere concrete facts and inquisitive statistics. It belongs to the realm of the great intangibles, to be felt rather than described. To the lay mind it would seem to be an anomaly, for though it deals with the most material sides of life it is in its essence the acme of spirituality. Like an oasis in the desert of dead thoughts did this verdant growth spring up from the barren rock of soul-drying fact, spreading its vivifying influence throughout the entire area in which it flourished, viz., Room H, third floor, Taylor Hall. This rare flower of the spirits (animal rather than vegetable) blossomed in the early half of the month of April, that season of smiles and tears,—when the campus cat sheds its winter coat and the College sheds its habits of continued study. It was in this stirring season that the writer first perceived, and later comprehended, the germs out of which were to grow the Hyena Club. This important discovery which was to revolutionise the intellectual life of six human beings, was made in the Major Economics class in the vicinity of six Seniors, who, in the usual retiring manner of Seniors, had taken quiet but permanent possession of the front row; ostensibly to be near their dear professor;



but more probably because those seats afforded easier and more silent means of access to and egress from that learned company. Thus it was not necessary for these six Seniors, when late, to crawl over the prostrate and protesting forms of the other students in order to achieve a seat in the centre back. To this happy fact is doubtless due much of the rapid and healthy development of the Club. It gave the members more time for thought and less cause for that agitation so detrimental to perfect mental poise.

For some time there was nothing to be remarked among these six earnest students, save, perhaps, an unusual devotion to their work, till one spring morning one of these serious-minded maidens was recognised by another as a Hyena. You ask "why?" No one can tell you, for Hyenas are born not made. It might be courteous to assist in the enlightenment of the lay reader. Therefore I shall try to describe, as one of the most representative members, our dear President and tell why she was appointed to this office. It was on account of her hair, which was a lovely red-gold,—what there was of it,—and on account of her eyes, greenish eyes with thick, yellow fringes; her nose, too, had something to do with the nomination, because it was a nose which would have liked to be a pug, but had straightened out for propriety's sake, showing a spirit tempered with conservatism. In her bearing the President showed timidity and reserve. From these few facts I leave you to draw your own conclusions about the other Hyenas, facts which were noted by the writer on that eventful spring morning whereat she hastily formed the Club, putting up E. Cornell for President. What else could she have done? *Kismet*: it was foreordained and all on account of that hair! As though by magic, hyena traits developed in the four other Seniors of the front row. You, dear reader, can decide what these traits were when I tell you that Leila, Higgie, Hoffie, and Amy were the new-fledged and happy Hyenas. I didn't count myself among these four, because for quite a while I had been a "something" and didn't know what it was until I caught that look on E. Cornell's face. It seemed to clear up the whole situation, and from that time forth I knew we were both Hyenas. At that juncture she had the advantage over me in having even less hair than I had, so of course the presidency went to her and I got the vice-presidency, a boon for which I was deeply grateful.

We always kept a careful account of the Club attendance for each day. The Log was written in a note book of M. Smith's and in these jottings were all sorts of personalities on the looks, actions, dress, and thoughts of the members,—if Hyenas could ever be convicted of thinking. All class jokes were registered, and all Club literature carefully preserved. Songs, dirges and triumphant marches composed for promised cuts. The portraits of the members were copied in the Log, as were also the "Dog-Faced Darling" notes kept, between Amy Walker and M. Smith, of their daily greetings and "retorts courteous."



In the course of time the club developed two cheers, used to celebrate each new diagram drawn on the board for the purpose of perfecting our already crystal-clear concept of the nature of a "Marginal Differential." These cheers were always given with much ceremony, the "Ha, Ha, Ha, Hyena, Hyena, Hyena," being pantomimed by a nod of the head at each word, together with a brave showing of the front teeth. With constant practice we came to do this very well.

One day our professor turned around at the critical moment to confront the Club, in full cry, giving the new diagram a most enthusiastic send-off with heads bobbing and teeth gleaming. Not being used to intercept these bursts of affectionate enthusiasm on the part of her students the lady didn't know just how to take the demonstration, whether to laugh or to cry, as she afterwards confessed when she had found out that we were crazy but kind.

Soon after this celebration a long paper on scientific management was read aloud in class. The subject for illustration was a Polac, who handled pig iron, making his trips by a stop-watch, and had—to quote from the article—"absolutely no intelligence; but was a perfect ox!" Of course the entire room was in an uproar and I, labouring under the nickname of Schmidt, sank in a confused heap beneath a desk. M. P. knew she was going to raise a storm and seemed to enjoy the result. I mention this incident as it was the beginning of our economic names and incidentally of our acquainting our professor with the existence and nature of the Club. She, I blush to say, had noted and perhaps secretly enjoyed what she pointedly referred to as our "intelligent attention;" for whenever Marginal Utility was mentioned Amy bridled, because she was called our "Marginal Hyena," being of waferish build. L. Houghteling had gotten the name of "Rising Cost of Production Hyena" and often looked the part to the pride of the entire Club. As for Higgie, she always beamed in time of stress, so we called her our "Hedonic Maxima Hyena." Margery Hoffman was uneconomically "The Seal" throughout the course, while I, *O tempora, O mores!* was stuck with the name of "Schmidt the Pig," for which I cursed that hated article until familiarity with the soubriquet finally bred contempt. We could not lower the tone of the organization by referring to Esther Cornell otherwise than as our "Dear President."

Time emboldened the Club to invite M. P. to a picnic. Then came the question of who was to hand her the note written carefully on Club monogram paper, made by Leila and signed with all our economic names. The President, true to her colours, was too timid; so that the duty fell to the Vice-President, Schmidt the Pig, to tender the invitation. M. P. accepted at once; but rain on the appointed day dashed our hopes and the picnic never came off. This was our one and only social effort, which, like all good things, died young.



To educate the reader to a sympathetic understanding of the delightful naiveté of thought and habit which stamps the Club, I am copying some of the daily jottings and poems taken from the Log, as written by the various members, hoping thus to make our readers feel that charming *intimité* so characteristic of the Club.

#### MINUTES OF THE HYENA CLUB.

*April 12th.*—M. Higginson missing—on a still-hunt for a hat. “Uneasy lies the lass without a lid.” Quotations from W. Shakespeare.

*April 13th.*—Attendance poor. “Seal” sporting in New York waters. Other members bowed beneath Lenten penance. No Good Friday cut! The Dog-Face Walker looks moth-eaten and our President is sad. Weather uncertain.

*April 14th.*—Leila in Baltimore. “Seal” in New York. Dog-Face missing. Club depleted. Weather raw, generally mangy.

*April 20th.*—Full attendance and a few statistics in club weights:

President.....	130 lbs.
Vice-President.....	112 “
Leila R. C. Prod.....	160 “
A. M. W. Marginal.....	119 “
Hig Hyena.....	135 “
Seal.....	132 “
Total.....	<u>788</u> “

*April 21st.*—Club all here—scared to death—questions fired at them. Hig and Seal a credit to the Club. Are too smart. No intelligence allowed. A committee will wait on them to remonstrate.

*April 24th.*—R. C. Prod Hyena took these notes—Dog-Face absent, consequent gloom. Seal again looking intelligent. Something must be done to her. Schmidt the Pig lurking in the distance. Hig Hyena has caught the “Earnest Student Germ,” very contagious. Fearful excitement. M. P. swearing and pounding! She is now calling herself a “luxury good,” in the same class with pianolas. Violent again! Hyenas distinctly nervous. Slam at dogs. She urges us to save in order to buy a sausage. Hyenas bristling. M. P. says she won’t be happy in Heaven,—very assuming I should say. M. P. has just broken her eighth piece of chalk. Economically wasteful!

Here is a sample of one of the more serious pieces of the Hyena literature. It is a dirge written by L. H. and A. M. W. to the tune of *Here We Come*, to be sung with a long howl at the end of each stanza:



"Here we come  
 We couldn't make things hum  
 We're the sick and feeble-minded of  
 Bryn Mawr.

Memory? No!  
 Forever cursed we go  
 We can ne'er be any better than we are."

"Pathetic but true," says the Dog-Face Walker in a foot-note.

*May 4th.*—Day set for reports. Club shudders with fright and cold.

"Cold of foot and sad of eye  
*Miserari*: hear us cry!"

*May 5th.*—Attendance good—only an alien is forcing her way in *medias Hyenas*.

The R. C. Prod. Hyena has a stiff neck. Weather good.

*May 8th.*—Schmidt the Pig-iron man gets spoke of from the platform.

Hyena Lullaby inspired by the lecture and written by L. H. and M. S. to commemorate a joke made at expense of M. S. at table some days previous, when in a *lapsus mentis* M. S. is stated to have said that M. P. used her fingers to pick up her notes "just like a hand."

## I.

Sleep, Hyena, Sleep,  
 While minutes slowly creep.  
 M. P. she is the shepherdess  
 And can't stop talking yet I guess,  
 So sleep, Hyena, sleep!

## II.

Rest, Hyena, rest,  
 This state for you is best,  
 Your little brains can never grasp  
 The "Pentagons"\* M. P. doth clasp,  
 "Just like a hand!"

\* Some kind of an economic diagram the Club couldn't master.

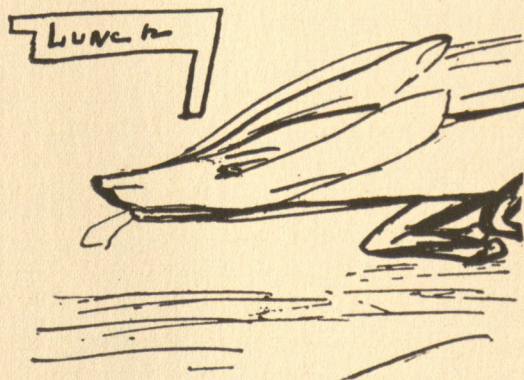


*May 18th.*—Club in throes of the report-reading. Hig Hyena gone—where? Like spring, no one knows. The dear President sits near, giving courage to the Club to pursue their quarry and run the reports to earth, let us hope not into the ground! Here R. C. P. Hyena makes a few remarks which I feel bound to copy, viz., “Vice-President more than usually untruthful and obnoxious. Should be expelled from Club. M. P. getting limper every moment. The Club feels for her. F. Leopold is now agitating Pleasure-Pain and Marginal Utility Theories. Feeling of the Club against such subjects, not fit for young and delicate minds.”


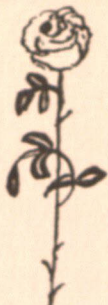
The Seal has gone to sleep—overcome by heat and *ennui*.

This was the last day of the Hyena Log, and in rewriting some of this foolishness which it gave the Club such delight to compose I here say, as a true Hyena, that it causes me a pang of very real regret to know that this little organisation is forever broken up and its members scattered from coast to coast. However, the fun we managed to get out of the Hyena Club and the bond it made for us—foolish though it was,— will not soon be forgotten by any of the six. So, in closing this scientifically detailed history of a matter which may interest, but few of the class, let me give the latest and best cheer of the Hyena Club for one of its heroes—Herr “Böhm, Böhm, Böhm Bawerk” of Austria!

MARGERY SMITH.





	<h1>1912's</h1> <h2>JUNIOR-SENIOR</h2> <h2>SUPPER</h2>	
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WE may have had thrills, as Freshmen, over the coming Sophomore and Junior plays, but surely they did not compare with the thrills we aged Seniors had over the last play given us in college. For months we agonised over it; for months we practised little ruses, such as catching Julia on the steps of East and saying airily, "Oh, I've just found out what it is, and I think you'll be wonderful!" or stealing up to peep over the shoulder of Jean, as she sat unguardedly in Chapel. Nevertheless, the secret was kept well, and when the eventful night came, not many of us suspected, and none of us were certain. We knew how 1912 could act—we had learned it two years before, in their fascinating Freshman Show; we knew how they could sing (Oh, those bitter moments when *we*, practising in the Gym, paused a moment in our "harmonious madness," and heard their voices coming through the wall!)—But we did not guess, until that eventful evening, to what lengths their talents and their generosity could be carried.

Slowly we filed into the Gymnasium, still unaccustomed to being guests, instead of hostesses. And then—we saw the table. Could anything have been more attractive than those dainty figures of the lovers, dotted along and gazing at each other over gray cardboard walls? And to think that "Terry" herself had modeled them in plague week! We were still murmuring admiration when the music began. The softness and delicacy of *Au claire de la lune* was a fitting prelude for *Les Romanesques*.

The play itself we cannot here attempt to criticise or describe. But 1911 will not soon forget how they were entranced by its romantic setting, its beautifully studied effects, and its idyllic charm. How exquisite Jean was! And how impassioned Leo! How killing, particularly as foils to each other, were Zelda and Anna, and how delightfully bombastic was D. Wolff.



When *that* play was over, we sat back, satisfied. Of course, we were a little surprised, and a good deal disappointed, that Julia and Barb and Maisie hadn't acted; but there they sat (all but Julia) perfectly well dressed, at table; so what could we think?

When, at the end of three more courses, we suddenly saw Fanny, as a gallant "Soldier of the Legion," appear at the stage door, salute, and begin to distribute *more* programs, we gasped with sheer excitement. *The Man of Destiny* proved to us conclusively that you can never have too much Shaw, or—truer still, too much of 1912's acting. Of course, Julia was Napoleon; we guessed that as soon as we read the title. She was "made for the part" with splendid poise, dignity, intensesness, and—last but not least—an excellent make-up. Maisie was gracious and charming as the Lady, and we cannot adequately express admiration for her pluck, in seeing the play through after those weeks of illness. As for Barb, nothing could be more convincing, appealing, or utterly delicious than her conception of the Lieutenant! Finally we found in Florence Leopold—a new star, to us—a thoroughly amusing and finished comedian.

And yet, perhaps, the last part was the best part—better even than the plays. Our songs said what many Junior-Senior Supper songs had said before, but we put into the singing of them much that cannot now be put into words. Our friendship with 1912 had been a long one, firm and warm, from the beginning; and it was not easy to say "good-bye." But the thought of our good-bye to them will always be a pleasanter one, because it is bound up with the memory of that wonderful evening, of the Junior-Senior Supper.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.





## The Old Gym and the New

(LAST DAY OF LECTURES, 1911)

I REALISE that I have a double task to-day—to speak not only about the new Gym but about the old one too, because 1911 is the last class who suffered in the old Gym. The old Gym was primarily a mistake in itself, because it was red, and while red and green always go together, red and gray don't. As you entered the Gym you found yourself in what you supposed was the vestibule until you discovered that it was the cloak room and general gathering place. After frantic search you might discover Miss Applebee's offices, and way up under the roof two crannies where the doctor hid from four to six every day. The room where we had drills was not long and was very narrow, with a small alcove where the apparatus (and weary students) hid. You notice we have no alcove now. Gym drills in those days were no laughing matter. My young heart would be torn between pride and pain when a prominent and executing Senior would lunge with great energy upon my toe. Of course I was honoured to be within lunging distance of her, but that seemed to be the favourite Senior toe. Although, with my usual retiring spirit, I have never said this before, nevertheless I have always felt that the new Gym was partly due to me. I was at a heavy gym drill and Miss Applebee suggested that we do the traveling rings. I bravely ascended the toboggan slide that one started from, grasped the first ring, and launched myself into space. But alas, as I reached for the second ring I lost my grip and fell to the floor and the splinters rose in clouds to the roof. Now some of you will remember that the splintered floor was one of the chief arguments for a new Gym.

But now to come to the new gym. You all know its many advantages; let me warn you of a great danger. I was at a gym drill this winter, and for some unknown reason I was at the very back of the room, but still I was feeling very much there. The line I was in had great difficulty in keeping straight, so Miss Applebee murmured gently: "Straighten out that line!" and then to the Freshman just in front of me, "Any one behind you, Dunham?" "No, Miss Applebee," replied Miss Dunham with great firmness, and my heart stood still. For a moment I was lost, was I there or wasn't I? If it had not been for Miss Applebee's suspicious nature, I might never have been found.

There are two especially fine points about the Gym which I must mention. In the



first place it is a wonderful character builder. To prove this, consider our water polo team as it dashes forth to battle cheered on by rows of its enthusiastic classmates (Pinky, Scottie, Hellie and Emy). First comes Dottie, pale and haggard from dragging the team from its several hiding places, then Potter, Virginia, Schmidt and the others, each one sure that she is the most unselfish, noble girl in the class. What more inspiring sight could be imagined!

And finally the Gym is such a labour-saving device. Each class can have a meeting there at 1.30 and in half an hour can learn not only its own songs, but the songs of the three other classes. This arrangement has been very successful this year, especially with the Freshmen.

But now I must say good-bye for the class to the Gyms—old and new. We have had wonderful times here with our own class and with other classes, and saying good-bye here means indeed good-bye to our undergraduate days.

LEILA HOUGHTELING.





## Farewell to the Library

(LAST DAY OF LECTURES, 1911)

I DON'T know why I have been chosen to speak on these steps unless it is that the class wished to pay me a tender tribute in recognition of my judicious use of this building, and wanted me to hand down to the coming classes my secret of preserving the Library impressions in all their pristine freshness.

Far back in the haze of Sophomore year I heard a learned psychologist who said, "A pleasure too oft repeated eventually becomes a pain." I have taken great care to heed the warning of this law with respect to the frequenting of the Library. For this reason the impressions of each of the four years do not overlap and obliterate each other. They are as clear as the numbers one, two, three, four, and I shall always keep them safely in that corner of the mind from which things don't slip out.

My first blessed memory was in Freshman fall when I heard my first great sneeze go thundering about the lofty ceilings. In those days there was no paint and gilt to subdue a fine echo. It could roll from beam to beam like a wave from the deep, while the sneezer sat cowering in a terrified heap, waiting for the noise to stop, and wondering how many earnest Seniors were commending her vocal apparatus to the everlasting limbo.

My second great remembrance was in Sophomore year when I first had the courage



to stop walking on tiptoe every time I mounted the stairs. In those days what had been the slim green worm called 1911 was just putting forth the first few feelers of the caterpillar, and was beginning to show a really firm faith in the red Phoenix of 1909.

In Junior year 1911 had a still greater interest in the Library. We began to feel a real responsibility, and under the leadership of M. Hobart we commenced a course in voice control. Not a sound would escape the mouth of a student for minutes at a time. No harsh whispering went on, and the rows of students lining the desks could sleep like babes.

All went well till the ventilation question came up, but that has been well aired, so I won't probe the matter. They merely said the air came in through the gargoyles, through the stack, up to the magazine room, through Mr. King's lecture room where it was refined and toned down, then up to the reading room. Then people asked why the students went to sleep. The more vulgar did go so far as to suggest that the windows be opened directly and the crude outer air let in. One outrage was committed and a window opened. It naturally closed, being in perfect harmony with the Library regulations. Then some barbarian tied an overshoe to the window cord, together with several other articles of apparel.

The next excitement was when Miss Jones' meditations in the office were disturbed by the noise in the cloister. She called upon Miss Hobart to proctor the croaking of the crocuses and the thuds the snowdrops were making. This matter was soon attended to, for the noisy blooms were stamped down by hordes of students who thronged the cloisters to glean culture from the gargoyle man. Junior year ended in a grand finale and burst of patriotic enthusiasm, over which the smile of President Taft shed its benign influence.

Then came the last and best year of all, with the Library steadily inhabited by Seniors. Some of 1911 took up their permanent abode there, and one student showed great self-restraint in refraining from putting up the only camp-cot in Bryn Mawr in the far right-hand corner within easy access of the reserve book room.

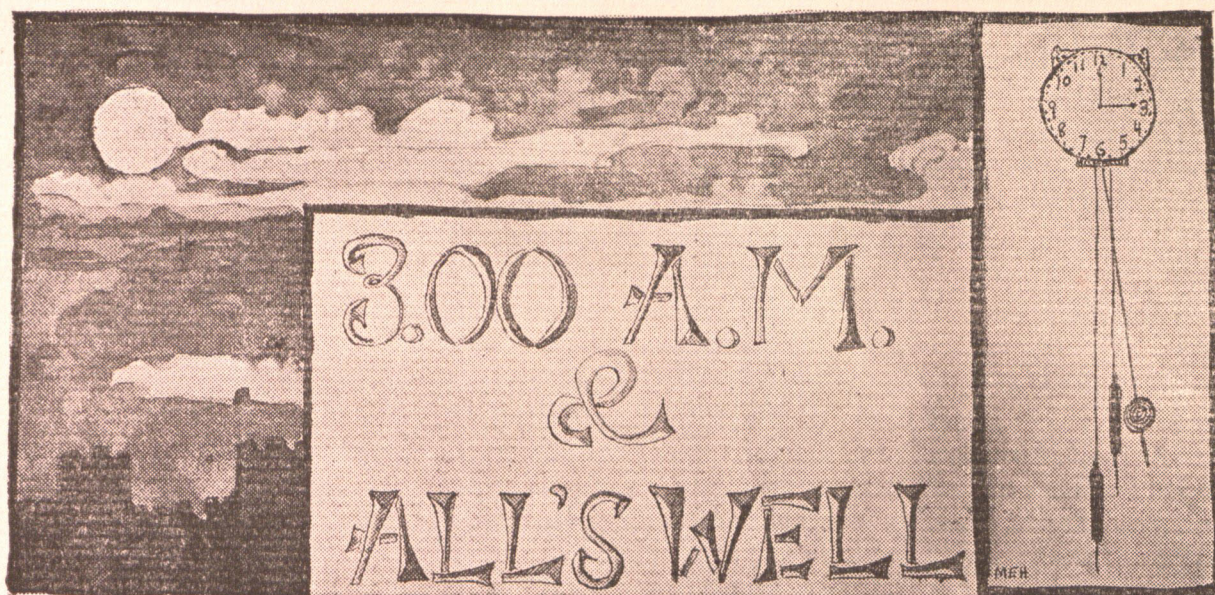
Many peaceful Junior naps have been rudely broken by the noisy fall of a shower of freshly dug up Greek roots from M. Hobart's encircling arm. Of course, the Library proctor never meant to make a noise, only there is a limit to the number of books one Senior can carry at one time.

Now, thanks to the steady use of the Library, 1911 has made its way through orals to the eve of finals. Soon we will take leave of these walls where we have learned just how vast is knowledge and how golden is silence, as is attested by the speaker's voice, which, through long disuse in the Library, has almost lost the power of speech.

With the few croaks left me, I bid farewell to the Library and its kind authorities in the name of 1911.

MARGERY SMITH.





(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

DEAR 1911, my last and (we hope) my final orgy of education was Saturday night, or Sunday morning rather. That lovely dawn that 1911 has been learning so much about lately was breaking, and I was writing a marriage-poem for Miss King.

I do think that that's a very pretty climax to a college career which began in Merion where Iola took but five minutes' rest over Chaucer while she waited until she could see out of her eyes, and I did my Sidney reading and paper between ten P. M. and six A. M.

Hellie wrote hers unobtrusively in about half an hour, and received it again with the inscription, "Shows careful thought."

Ah, that some one could give me again the fine, free, careless rapture of those Freshman crams! What childish gaiety was in the parties that keyed us up to the mighty effort! What harmless stimulant in our tea! What a mystery and romance in the great bare corridors through which we roamed hand in hand! With what zest we tucked our papers under the door of the early girl (there were few of that type in 1911 Merion Freshman year), with the request that it be put into box B., C. or D., and then *how* we slept!



Even during Freshman Mid-Year our horror was mitigated by thrills of pleasurable excitement. Could one learn Geology in a single night? One was sure one could, at least 60 per cent. of it and have time between strata for a secondary layer of fudge.

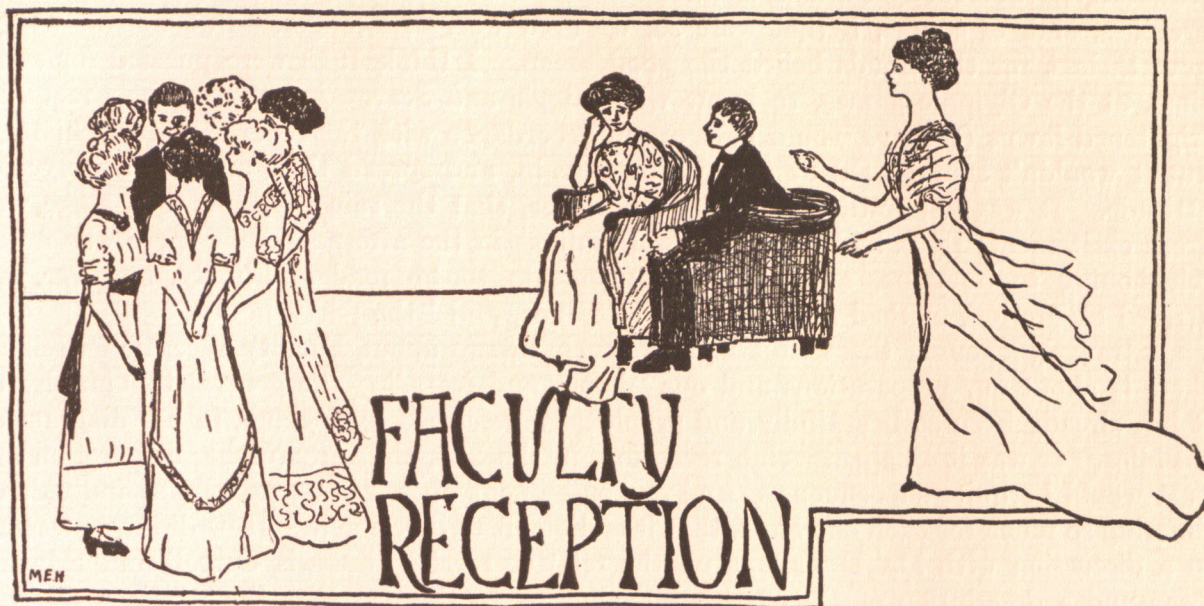
Skilled investigation has shown me that it is not so with a Senior. She studies before hand. This is the horror of it, or if she does not study before hand, she studies up with keen determination, crams scientifically and eats strictly hygienic food.

No longer are the corridors alluring paths of romance. The whispered questionings from door to door are scholastic. The Senior intellect is well organised. An all night cram in History gives a credit and a pain, not a passed and a pleasure to boast of after one has slept.

1911, though not many members of the class are younger than I, I feel old. We are bound with scholasticism and the learning of the schools. Our early romantic tendencies are crushed. Our cramming days are over, and yet we, too, can have a Renaissance, perhaps not of learning but at least of spirit, a revival of our early blitheness. We can come back and slide downhill on tea trays or picnic in the hollow, and we can do it with all the old gaiety of Freshman year.

ROSALIND FAY MASON.





WE had devoted much time and thought to our preparations for Faculty reception. Besides the obvious, commonplace arrangements for electric lights and Japanese lanterns, we had held a special consultation of the almanac, and had discovered that we should have a glorious moon that night, just short of the full. We expected great things of that moon. What charm it would give to the Gym roof, transformed already with rugs and wicker chairs! What an interesting pallour it would lend to those still uneasy over the exam of the morning! I believe Amy had several anxious souls eagerly asking if it was etiquette to ask a professor if you had flunked. And then the rumour spread that Dr. Barnes had said he would tell the Physics class their marks, whereupon the Physics class, as one man, said that if *that* were the case, they weren't going near him, to have their evening spoiled.

By that time, in fact as soon as we arose on Saturday, we had given up all hope of our moon, and had made arrangements for a hasty departure to Merion at the last moment, in case of necessity. But we lugged down chairs and rugs and cushions, at least half of us did, while the other half squeezed lemons with our Commissary in Ordinary in the West



tea-pantry. Somebody claimed to have seen a piece of blue sky as big as a Dutchman's breeches, and, of course, if that were so, we need worry no longer. But we did worry, nevertheless, for the clouds belied the good omen. I think 1913 were puzzled for some time, at the Olympic games, to know why Higgie and Scarey jumped to their feet like frightened fawns (turkeys would be more in accordance with the facts of natural history, but it wouldn't sound well) at every drop of rain, and spread their arms in a prayerful attitude. It was not until after dinner, however, that the rain fell, and then there was great excitement; H. P. had warned Low Buildings in the afternoon, but there was much telephoning to be done, and many arrangements to be made. Finally, however, we arrived at Merion, clothed and in our right minds, and "the party began."

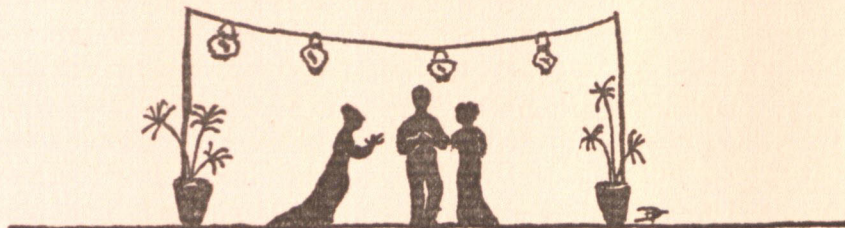
Strangely enough, there isn't half as much to say about Faculty reception itself as there is about our preparations and our "hopes and fears." The general topography of it has already been so beautifully and graphically described by Delano, in her diagram of a Philos.—or was it English?—club reception, in the *Tip*, that any further attempt on my part would be quite superfluous. And our enjoyment of it was necessarily so individual, differing so much for each one of us, that it is difficult to describe it. How did my pleasure in a discussion with Dr. DeLaguna on the relative merits of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, and a description of Dr. Clark's introduction to the *Jumbies*, the "*Pelican Chorus*," and *The Yonghy Bonghy Bo*, compare with hearing from Dr. Leuba's lips the words that meant that a degree was yours, with nothing except, perhaps, an epithalamion between you and it? Or with hearing Miss King and Miss Donnelly describe the songs of lark and nightingale, and advocate their respective charms? But the pleasure that we all could enjoy alike was the pleasure of witnessing the happiness of others. The little group down the hall, that lasted until Dr. Schinz fled precipitately,—the tete-a-tete in the far corner of the sitting room,—and especially the circle that sat around Dr. Barnes, leaning forward in their chairs and drinking in all the lions and Maltese crosses,—or were they cats?—that fell from his lips, all these the less fortunate, whose conversations did not last later than half-past ten, enjoyed to their heart's content as they passed and re-passed the door. Hoby was consoled for the disappointing fact that Miss Thomas would *not* allow her overshoes to be put on for her, and when these last parties broke up, and even Mr. King had finally emerged and got himself into *his* overshoes and at least as far as Denbigh door, we all went home in high spirits.

We cannot say that Faculty reception marks the beginning of our acquaintance with the Faculty; we cannot say, after many teas, picnics and receptions, that it is the begin-



ning of our social intercourse, even with unmarried male members of it,—considering Constance and Betsy. It cannot be the end, with all Commencement week to come. It is the climax, the point reached by us only once in our college life, the height which, once past, we may never again attain (even by special pleading before the president of the Senior Class). We had a jolly good time, and the Faculty, to one trying to view the matter with an unprejudiced eye, seemed to be enjoying itself fairly well.

AGNES LAWRENCE MURRAY.





## Senior Class Supper

MY last recollections of class meetings centre about that mysterious and feverish discussion as to whether we should or should not do something with the pictures in the class book. Presumably I am the only person in the class who never understood the rights of that question. In those days I came in late—heaven save the mark—and sat for a miserable twenty minutes on the floor of Pem East sitting-room, struggling with delayed cerebration. But in one lucid interval we discussed Senior Class Supper, and it was then that Scottie delivered herself of the text of this piece. “Senior class supper,” said she, “is not altogether a humorous affair.” It is my conviction that all class book articles should be more rather than less replete with witticisms. But to-night—a whole week later than the last possible date of going to press of that same class book—as I look back upon Senior class supper, I remember none of the jokes perpetrated thereat, unless it be that one of Scottie’s about the returned alumnæ. I do remember quite plainly how beautiful and how hopefully young we were, and how completely, in spite of “absent members,” we filled the big hollow square of tables in Pembroke dining room. Like our own good selves—the connotation of my subject calls for good words, if I say them as shouldn’t—we were not too serious. There *were* jokes, as my forgetfulness bears witness. Moreover, Macbeth and Macduff “laid on,” most appropriately accompanied by the good old bagpipe bass of Iddo Rogers, and all the mutes were allowed one final fling at tunes remotely modeled on the songs of 1911, like Frankenstein on the human frame. We were not wearing our hearts on our sleeves, so to speak, but beneath all our gayety there was a deep common understanding of one another, a shared affection stronger than the strength of individual differences. It was the spirit of the class perfected for the moment, the class which never could learn to co-operate around a May pole. It was the gathered fruit of four years life together; mutual respect and forbearance, with the comradeship which is offspring of these, generous admiration which asks no return, discerning sympathy, friendships over which chance and change can have no power. At the instant when we had locked arms for *auld lang syne*, each one of us must have been happy in her place in that gallant circle, so soon to be irrevocably broken.

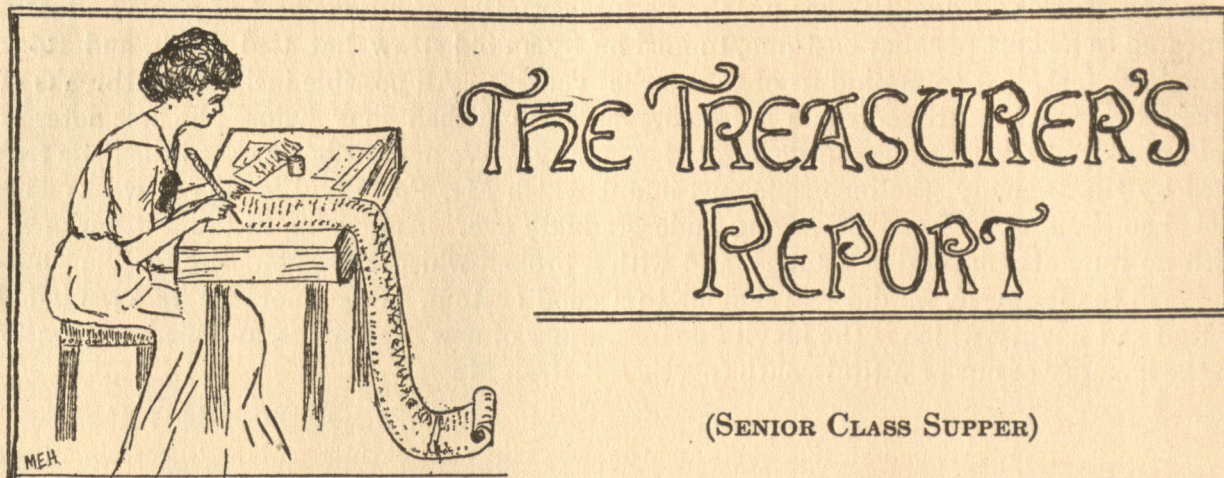
Perhaps it was as well that our procession to the class tree should have been undertaken in a steady downpour of rain. Certainly it was characteristic of our inevitable irregularities that we should appear under the Arch in motley,—hockey skirts, jumpers, raincoats, slickers,—calculated to destroy all superficial seriousness. Our toast mistress, lately presiding with



so great beauty and dignity over us, the very incarnation of all our best of grave and gay, appeared in a short peculiar costume, topped off by an old straw hat tied down, and Rock came back last, just to remind us of the eternal verities. All possible incipient outbreaks of a painfully frank sentimentalism were forever extinguished long before the first notes of *Pallas* brought silence upon our variegated company. We made pilgrimage to the little tree hard by the Deanery, the inconspicuous infant which Mr. Foley had for many weeks concealed so elaborately from the prying undergraduate eye. And there, in the wet darkness, with no romantic natural assistance, and with a broken whisper of sympathy for the slumberers in the Deanery, we did real honour to a good custom. Once more we were reminded of that sad finality which is the inevitable forerunner of new beginnings, and pledged loyalty to the memory of our beautiful youth together at Bryn Mawr.

MARION D. CRANE.





(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

HERE I thought was an escape from my executive duties. Fortified by the others' jokes, I might forget the woes of adding 7 and 9, but not at all. I found that I had to afflict myself and you.

To begin with, we have in our favour 98.76 per cent. of the faculty, Daddy being the last won over, because on second trial we didn't immediately snatch the one diploma out of Miss Maddison's hand. That 1.14 per cent. is a sad case of loss, and reminds me that I have an announcement to make:

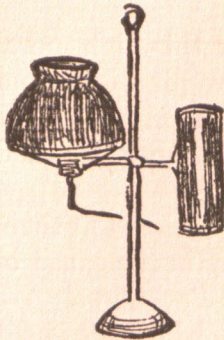
Lost, on Saturday last, one Dr. Barnes, medium size; was either locked out of Yarrow or in Merion. A liberal reward is offered for the return of the same to Yarrow West or Johns Hopkins University.

That accounts for the lost per cent.

To continue, we are two track meets and the hockey championship to the good, to say nothing of the Gym contest, and four and one-half plays, for I still maintain that that derided Freshman Show was not half bad. On the other side there is an expenditure of 1911's breaks. Isn't that enough? The balance I defer until Thursday, for it comes only by degrees.

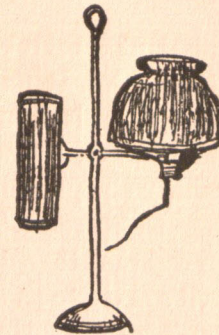
ISOBEL ROGERS.





## ACADEMIA

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)



DEAR CLASSMATES, it is with a sense of deepest gratitude to our esteemed toast-mistress, that I rise this evening to speak to you on the subject which lies nearest my heart, earnest study. Ah, classmates, the thoughtless call it grinding, but we of the finer sensibilities call it bliss.

What is more truly inspiring than to study from nine in the morning until ten at night? One can feel the great engine of the intellect go forging along the paths of thought to the goal of knowledge. Ah, definite knowledge, extending from a complete concept of the circulation of the earth worm that squirms beneath the foot on a wet path, up to the highest hyena learning. What more invigorating pleasure than a whole week of unbroken study in the basement of the stack! Could any of our number find an equal pleasure in a Saturday afternoon at the theatre? No, as one man we all shout our denial. Gosh, no, as my friend Roz has it.

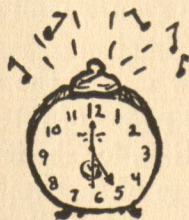
Before I take my seat I must allow myself the delight of calling to mind a few of our sainted guides along these paths to the peace of intellectual repose. I should most like to mention dear Mees King in this connection, for she it is who has most put our senioral minds at rest. Especially did her perfect sense of fact forbid her to pass Miss Higginson on the campus without a gentle warning of possible failure at finals and a broad hint that she expected a fine collection of facts from a complete knowledge of Dante, the Bible and all modern fiction to an intimate acquaintance with all architecture and ancient monuments. It is no wonder that Mees King is such a mental Hercules. How could she help it, living the life she does? "A cold, stinging ecstasy," instead of a morning tub, and every night a "slow, warming purification." Who under like circumstances would not be forever in the company of saintly Feegures and blessed Beeshops?



But I regret to state that the Dean of our college has fallen far below this high moral standard. It pains me to mention this, but Miss Reilly came into an examination room the other day, and upon finding seven classes taking eleven different examinations in the same room, the woman,—I can no longer profane the name of Dean,—rose to her feet, and said, "Let part of the psychology class please go to H."

O, horrors! The souls of Cranie and Leila quivered in Denbigh and Pembroke; but then, to quote rather a fine passage from H. Parkhurst's *Lantern Story*, "Martyrs in the cause of evil are quite as fine as the other kind, you know." Yes, I agree with Miss Parkhurst. We can't all have the "heavenly veesion," and it is to please the unfortunates who have spent their lives letting athletics and church work interfere with their academic career, that I extend my heartiest sympathy. That they may not go forth quite unenlightened, I have asked this boon, which has been so graciously granted to me, to speak of *Academia*.

MARGERY SMITH.







(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

WHEN I brought our banner up to hang on Pembroke I met Miss Patterson in the hall. "Well," she said, "that banner's getting pretty dirty; you'll have to be getting a new one soon." I started in horror, for I knew how 1911 would feel if we had to give up our carefully cherished banner, that banner which so rarely has been allowed to feel the sun's rays upon it. Like other delicate flowers, it has been kept within, away from the elements, and I felt it my duty, especially after Miss Patterson's remarks, to see that it did not stay out long this time.

But you know it isn't very easy to be funny about basket-ball when we were beaten. We have, however, a great consolation in having been beaten by a class with a spirit like 1913's. It may be childish to talk or think about "sporting spirit" at our advanced age,




but I think that the people who show a good spirit in athletics will show it in everything else, because in games you don't show all that you may be, but rather, all that you are.

I fear that I am talking too long about basket-ball, for when our respected toast-mistress asked me to speak, she said, "You needn't talk about basket-ball; just talk about anything you want." I thought for a while of reading my political economy report on the "Economic Importance of the Panama Canal." With much stretching it covered almost twelve cards, and was considered by the author quite a masterpiece. Miss Parris wasn't quite as enthusiastic about it as I was, so I decided not to read it. Then I thought of my themes. I wrote one on Hockey in which I discussed the merits of the game and some of its drawbacks; among the latter the danger of losing one's wind. Miss Ward crushed my budding genius by writing on the margin: "Hockey seems to have left you enough wind to write five hundred words without stopping for a new paragraph. Rewrite." That squelch accounts for the fact that H. P. has not found in me a close rival in her rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend of the English department.

But to return to what a friend of mine calls "that execrated game." I hope my digression has satisfied Miss Delano, for I have touched lightly upon economics, reports, canals, themes, English readers, hockey, and English sharks—practically every side of college life. I have not mentioned the Infirmary, the Students' Building, Scientific Management, nor yet Rush Night, or rather "Parade Night," as there is a limit to the capacity of one speech on basket-ball. But now at the end of Senior year, we can be serious even about basket-ball. In the first place, I don't feel as if I ought to be making this speech at all, because Jeannette has really always been captain, and I've merely tried to fill her position, but I never could take her place. Although we have never won a basket-ball championship, we have had a good time playing, so let's drink together to the games we've won and the games we've lost.

LEILA HOUGHTELING.





# THE PASSING OF THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

(SENIOR CLASS SUPPER)

OF one thing we may be certain, fellow graduates elect, Friday morning the newspapers of the land will unfailingly announce that Bryn Mawr has sent fifty-nine "sweet girl graduates" out into the world. Some few relatives and friends will hazily remember that we did not look sweet. We ourselves will be painfully conscious that we are not sweet, but the world at large will revel in the picture; fifty-nine lovely young things, in filmy white frocks, trained to recite glibly some dozen famous poems, to stumble prettily over a few scientific names and to play hockey and basket-ball with languid grace and unfailing courtesy. This is what the "frankly sentimental" world believes us to be in spite of Bryn Mawr's annual attempt to convince them of the contrary.

The world believes that we are innocent and gay. How can we be when Pol. Econ. has made of us sharp instruments to cut the Gordian knot of present day abuses? Have not those specialists, the Hyenas, cultivated a surly manner for this purpose?

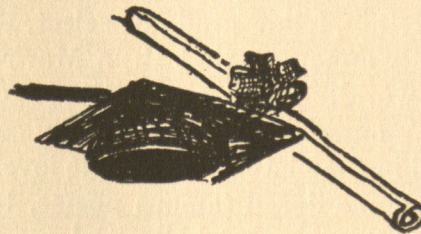
The world believes that literature sails over our heads or through our ears. Do they not know that we, who have not yet been privileged to live, must needs regulate our lives by literature?



Indeed, some of us have won the misnomer of unwholesome in the misguided effort to preserve some small measure of health for the pursuit of æsthetic truth, and those who preferred the wholesomeness of athletic injuries to the bliss of poetic rapture have courageously sacrificed beauty to strength. Even now some hearty and wholesome girl is concealing the nose President Thomas lost.

And so we will go forth on Thursday morning, fifty-nine of us, muscular, not sweet; erudite, not thoughtless; stern, not timid; but, lest we too rudely shatter the world's ideal, let us act like "innocent flowers," although we are the serpents that crawl beneath.

RUTH WELLS.







*Being an effort on the part of an humble member of the class to predict our future. The said prophet is not a poet by instinct, but she has carefully measured up the feet, the metre, and inches of her lines to correspond with a poem called "In Tuscany", which is by a real poet; with this authority she begins.*

Pinkie led so well our singing,  
And had a voice so sweetly ringing,  
That now she leads the songs sonorous  
Of the Metropolitan Opera chorus.

Janney, with her vast array of knowledge  
Of Italian learned at college,  
Entrapped a gay Venetian count,  
And writes her married bliss is paramount.



"A dean, a dean!" Miss Thomas cried,  
And sent for Marion Crane.  
"Come live with us," Miss Garret plied,  
"And help us to maintain  
An atmosphere  
Of joy and cheer."

Hoby has realised the ambition of her life  
To live in England as a bishop's wife,  
To dispense good spirits, as it were,  
To the poor and suffering living there.

Potter, with love of intellect supreme,  
Now percolates in the cream  
Of Chicago's most brilliant set;  
Cleverest of all, and strong on etiquette.

John Richardson has better chance to show her wit,  
Assistant to Miss Jeffers and has far worse a fit  
When those horrid student crooks  
Run off, and steal away her books.

Isabelle Miller's wedding was a great event.  
The hour came—the hour went.  
The groom was in an awful state  
To think his bride could be so late.

Best of athletes—our Emmy;  
I had a letter from her semi—  
Drowned in ink—which therefore tells  
Nothing of how she is, what she does, or where she dwells.

Alpine, with jolly songs and dancing,  
Is a Broadway queen entrancing.  
She quite out-shines the fair McCoy—to the joy  
Of college man, and Haverford boy.



Ellen Pottberg too, is acting in a play,  
In company with Mrs. Fiske, they say.

Carroll Justice has a school of such fine standing  
That she's landing  
Girls in Bryn Mawr every year,  
While Emma Forster, so I hear,  
Is tutoring there the poor young lasses  
In preliminary oral classes.

Hannah Dodd has found in life, naught of greater charm  
Than the Simple Life, and living on a farm.

Willa, with her winning grace,  
Still goes with smiling face,  
Breaking hearts, causing smarts,  
Yet careless.

With what slow steps, oh Beulah,  
You walk the green;  
Yet they tell me you are the fastest maiden to be seen.

Walking, talking,  
Smiling, beguiling  
All Chattanooga,  
Francis Carey leads the social pace  
In Baltimore, and leads them such a headlong race  
That only Esther can go her better  
In worldly wisdom. How we regret her  
Change of heart in playing thus a sophist's part.

Jeanette as a professional rider  
Achieves a fame almost wider  
Than Betty Taylor pleading law  
With arguments that have no flaw.



Schmidtie, domestic, stay-at-home,  
Says that she will never roam  
Even for the briefest space  
From her conjugal fire-place.

Another devotee of married life  
Is Henrietta, and makes a charming wife,  
Marguerite and Florence set this fashion  
Of succumbing to the grandest passion.

To marry? to eat three meals a day with one poor stupid man!  
H. P. swore firmly: "That I never can!"  
Yet how "*infinitely satisfying*" this may be  
She writes in old-time joy of ecstasy.

Charlotte Claffin, with classic steps and graceful glides,  
With Isadora Duncan dances, and thus hides  
Her literary light  
Beneath a chiffon white.

Alice Eichberg has a kindergarten neat  
With Ethels, Methels, and Teddy bears replete.  
Margaret Friend amounts to much,  
Does civic improvements, factory work, and such.

Hilpa has found her mission  
In a library position.  
Dr. Williamson urged her to it  
And she says she'll never rue it.

Ruth Gaylor's beauty, proud and cold,  
Enthralls all men, both young and old.

Elsie Funkhauser, a maid of honour so many times with such success  
Edits now the *Journal* column, which tells the bride how she should dress.



Agnes Wood has Beatrice Herford skun a mile  
With her monologues delivered in her racy style;  
While Ruth Roberts and Julia play so well  
Their music casts a magic spell.

To Spain our Aggie Murray went,  
To follow there her bent,  
To learn to speak the tongue  
Which at college she'd begun.

Mary Minor, of Southern fame,  
Has proved her theory just the same;  
The glorious South comes to its own.  
Is she the power behind the throne?

Ruth Tanner and Norvelle are on the concert stage  
And in the music world are all the rage.  
Dottie Thayer's paintings make a great stir  
And set the art world all a-whir.

Emily Caskey, who writes such clever rhymes,  
And Constance Wilbur, who speaks such witty lines,  
With their joint accomplishments  
Edit the comic supplements  
Of the *Times*.

Mollie followed her early bent to nurse  
The sick, and to disperse  
The dread diseases which make them worse.

Isabel Buchanan has so great a culinary skill  
That she was lately asked to fill  
The new chair at college  
For dispensing domestic knowledge.



Treddie went abroad to grind,  
But the best laid plans, you find,  
Oft go astray.  
*Ein Herr Professor* said her mission  
Was to stay in the position  
Of his *hausfrau*—and Treddie could not  
Say him nay.

Elsie Moore and Betsy Ross are on a trip  
With Dr. Reeds—to get them all a fellowship.

Where is Scottie, what does she?  
They say all swains commend her.  
Witty, fair, and wise is she,  
And wise enough to stay quite free,  
That she may still admired be.

Roz Mason wields that instrument  
Mightier than the sword—the pen,  
Wherewith she scores the drama of the day,  
A critic of essay, novel, and play.

Our looking-heavenward Lily said:  
“I’ll marry a missionary.” But I have lately read  
That she has wed, instead,  
A musician.

Kate Chambers lives in far distant places,  
Dearly beloved of those queer races  
Whom she has set about to teach  
Of better things within their reach.

Blanche Cole loves to exercise her powers  
In making lovely garden beds of flowers.  
And Helen Ramsay has gone the way  
Of her marrying relatives, so they say.



Emma Yarnall is most awfully swell  
And quite the Philadelphia belle.

Can you guess who  
But Harriet Couch would keep a zoo?  
She's at the Bronx and has the care  
Of all the little reptiles there.

Margaret Doolittle at Oxford seeks  
A Ph.D.  
Her thesis is to be  
The slang of early Greeks.

Margaret Dulles makes it her career  
In diplomatic circles to appear.

Can you guess whose name on the lighted theatre boards is seen,  
Which one of us has become the gayest, brightest Broadway queen?  
Who but Hellie Henderson could be our comic opera star,—  
The so-called *Titian terror*, famed afar.

Kate Delano preferred a life of psalms  
And lifting up her heart to deeds of alms,  
But fate decreed another place  
For Katie with her social grace.  
An Italian duke sought to win her;  
Kate forgot the suffering sinner,  
Coyly to his request complied  
And became his beauteous, blushing bride.

For the lighter side of life our Ginny did not care,  
But took to teaching school with a most grave, judicial air.

Phil and Will would not be parted.  
Though both married, they have started  
Housekeeping side by side,  
Always in sympathetic reach.



Angela and Arestine went abroad to seek  
In foreign universities more of Greek.

When lovely Dottie thought her talents to employ  
On drawing houses for her patrons to enjoy  
Each man among them swore he could not live  
Without her, but Dot was coolly negative.

Anna Stearns has done her best,  
In her neatest French expressed,  
To alleviate the degradation  
Of Nashua's factory population.

Jessie Clifton's ease of knowing  
The ins and outs of Psych is growing.  
You'll find her thoughts and data new  
In the Monthly Psych review.

Iddo Rogers, nimble, active,  
Makes a coach, most attractive,  
Of basket-ball, and hockey too,  
And all the gym things that girls do.

At first the stage was Prussie's aim,  
But this she found was all too tame.  
She thought she would become a flyer  
In atmospheric planes up higher.  
An aeronaut is she, in employ of the suffrage party.  
She takes her little bombs up there, and drops them down with laughter hearty.

Athletic Egie loved so well  
The sports in which she did excel  
That she undertook to be  
The coach of Bryn Mawr varsity.



Shall I compare thee to Miss Carrie Nation,  
Oh Ruthie Wells, with your rabid condemnation  
Of alcohol!  
Yet all  
You do brings, in the end,  
Our gratitude to you, dear friend.

To pass the equal suffrage bill  
Was the object of our Amy's will,  
And, of course, at last  
The bill was passed.  
And they say at next elections  
The suffragettes have polled the sections,  
Amy is about to be  
The mayor of her dear city.

Higgie has gained a voice sublime;  
She sings now most all the time.  
Mr. Whiting bids her come along  
In his chamber concerts, and raise her song.

MARGERY HOFFMAN.

And the fair writer, where is she,  
Who writes us up so kindly?  
Handing out taffy to you and me,  
Which we take and swallow blindly.

Each from her pen has a pretty phrase,  
But of herself she's not told you;  
So who is there better could write in her praise  
Than her own little choc'late soldier?



I'll tell the tale, though I find it hard,  
Of your class-mate and friend and Hyena  
And the lady who, in the eyes of the bard,  
Is nothing but just Raina.

She has not lost her manifold charms,  
She's renowned from Beersheba to Dan;  
And the worst of it is, I'm up in Arms,  
For she's found another Man.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.





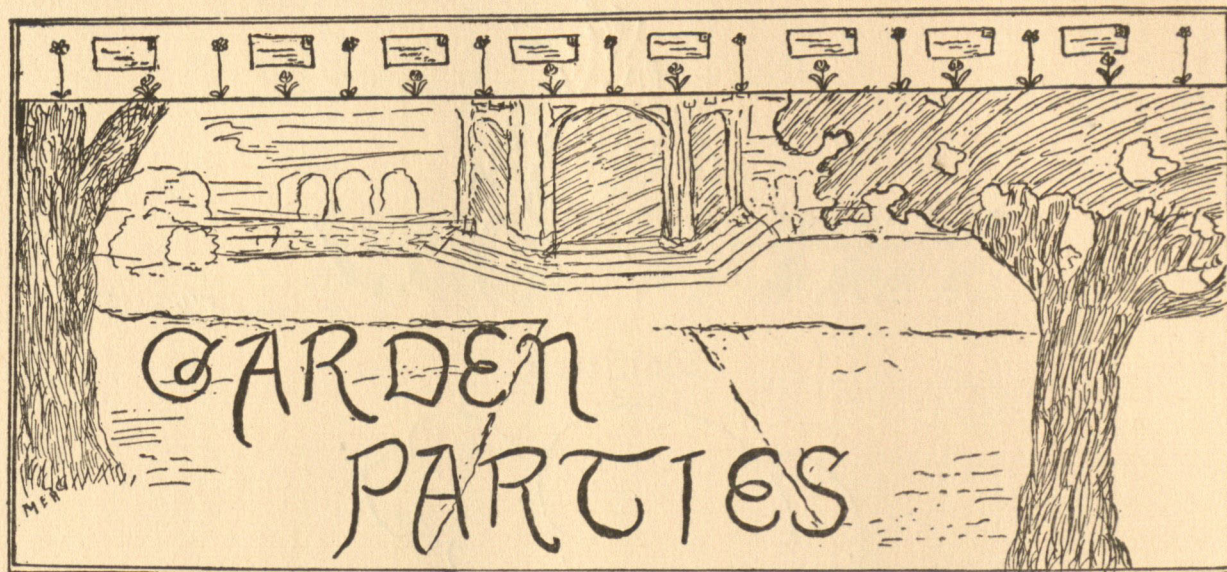
## Bonfires



NOTE:—We regret the absence of reading matter in this article. In spite of many and faithful efforts to recall some event connected with 1911's bonfire our memory retains little save the fact that there was a bonfire. Doubtless it was like the above sketches from the conscientious pen of our artist. For the rest, a call to arms, transparencies which seemed trite, costumes which—to put it mildly—seemed lacking in a certain gaiety, then the circus-ring with the ringmaster's whip urging weary forms to feats of would-be humour fraught for us with nothing but Ortygian\* gloom. For one brief moment we remember lying down and shamming dead—Oh, the irony of it—but were once more roused to keep up the delirious antics. Next morning Alumnae came to us and said tenderly, "It was a good bonfire, the funniest in years." We only smiled pityingly at them. Even Dr. Barton's lament over our failure to burn the transparencies, (he intimated that it was not so in his day), roused no shame in our breasts. Whatever the spectators thought, whatever we thought, we can at least be sure that in this the last of our stunto-dramatic attempts we are immortal because we died aspiring.  
—C. L. D., Ed.

\*Hoby put this in. She majored in Classics.





**T**O do justice to this subject of garden parties one really should have a band playing somewhere in the distance by way of suggestion and stimulus. Had I only known that this honour was to be thrust upon me at the last moment, I should have gone to the function in question with a paper and pencil concealed beneath my cape and thus have not only got the benefit of the band but justified the cape as well.

In my opinion the band is entirely responsible for Garden Party. It is true we send out the invitations and make other elaborate preparations for this event, but in the end if anything were to intercept the band I believe we would all be as helpless as babes. In this fearful extremity we really could do nothing but send the guests home. Think of the hopeless apathy out of which this gaiety emerges. With such material could we create any excitement at all? Recall the campus during the dull dismal hours from two until four when everything is hushed in silent dread of the first drop of rain. It is then that one limply carries out a rug or two after which one sinks down upon a couch in exhaustion. At four one decides to give up Garden Party for this year, just as one's next door neighbour, finding the dreary landscape too fatiguing for words, comes to the same decision; and so on down the corridor. Think of a situation like this and guests at that very minute on the road!



How wonderful then is the transformation scene which follows! Suddenly a strain of music falls upon the air. Enchanting, wonderful music, and as one listens, the room about one grows oppressively small while the campus becomes more enticing every moment. Oh, to be out with the others! Whereupon a period of increasing torture ensues, then a hurried preparation and one is out.

At this point one's own responsibility is over, for it is my opinion that the band not only furnishes the occasion, but in addition ensures the most delightful conduct on the part of everyone. I have seen some of my friends display such elegance of manner at these times as to make them altogether unrecognisable and I may say of myself that I have never conducted myself anywhere as I have on these memorable occasions. Only in dreams have I used such mellifluous words while my manner each year has left nothing to be desired. With the music always in the distance I have seen myself step up to some formidable stranger and conduct her to refreshments as though she were the Countess de Saldar and I myself no less than Lady Joscelyn's daughter.

I must confess, however, that in the attainment of the aforementioned refreshments I frequently lost this delightful identity. Yet even now I am regretting that we can never again with decency force our way up to the caterer's table as I used to do then. And I was always sorry when the end of garden party came, and the campus was deserted, until the lights heralded the approach of another festivity.

ESTHER STUART CORNELL.

That, my friends, is what Esther thinks of Garden Party. Myself, I think it's great. It is almost too wonderful that anyone should feel that way about the occasion. However, although the account is both cheering and interesting, it is not, I fear, sufficiently representative to stand alone. My own views may approach the other extreme, so the average undergraduate can take her choice.

I can say more about garden parties than most people, largely because I have more time for reflection during them than others, and also because I have been to four. The way that happened was as follows: Freshman year the Sophomore play caste stayed over commencement week to rehearse with Mr. King, and coming out of such a rehearsal in the library, late one afternoon, we found ourselves at Garden Party. It wasn't our fault. If Garden Party would be in one place we could take care to be in another, but Garden Party is everywhere and we—that is Leila and I, especially Leila—cannot be nowhere, so we were at Garden Party. She, I have reason to remember, had on a girlish white frock with what



the design book would call a pink sprig. As a matter of fact I will tell you confidentially that there were a number of sprigs. I know, because I riveted my eyes on the sprigs till they fairly burned into my brain. I was even more simply attired in an almost unbelievably dirty white linen Peter Thomson, a relic of my childhood. Where Delano and Margaret Friend and Betty Taylor went I couldn't say, I only remember clinging to Leila and looking at the pink sprig as we made our way across the campus, which is a large campus. I have no doubt 1908 enjoyed showing their guests a little local colour, but we didn't stop to see.

It wasn't any worse than the other garden parties, however. The way they affected me was to impress upon me that I had no friends, in college or out. It wasn't just that I had no beaux. Now Esther had beaux and I suspect they were at least as large a factor as the band in her enjoyment of the occasion. But I had no friends whatever. Everyone I knew had friends, and was always walking and talking with them, but I was always all alone. I was so alone I was conspicuous. I couldn't have been more conspicuous if I had had no clothes on at all, in fact it gave me much the same feeling I have when I dream I have no clothes on. As a matter of fact I generally had what seemed a very good kind of clothes on; but it didn't matter what they were I always took a dislike to them after I had worn them to a garden party.

Last June, having sent out over a hundred invitations, I finally got a guest to come, it was my mother. I guess I was pretty proud of having a guest all my own, and as a good many people spoke to her, even when I was with her, I was feeling reasonably popular for a while. Finally, however, even she got away from me. The only person who would speak to me personally was the third assistant librarian, who followed me about quite flatteringly for some time to tell me that if all eight books were not in by five-thirty I couldn't get my degree the next day. As it was then five-fifteen, and the books had been lost for months, I had to borrow enough money to buy all eight of them outright. It was annoying to think how long I had been paying fines on them, but after all the incident helped to pass the time, created some excitement, and afforded a little human intercourse.

Sometimes I went down to the Denbigh receiving ground, where I belonged, with the starved but alluring hope that a surprise might be awaiting me in the shape of a guest, or even half a guest; and also to show people what flowers I belonged with. But the large unfriendly looking group who were sitting on Virginia's and my flowers, or rampaging through them or pulling them down to see whether or not they grew on that oak tree, always seemed to regard me as an intruder, and I went meekly away alone, grateful, in my uncomplaining Christian little way, that I was carrying my best orchids.



The only thing capable of assuaging my feelings at those parties was the food, but I was always too sensitive about eating alone to get much of that. It looks badly, I think.

It wasn't that I was exclusive. Junior year I struggled against my fate, I got a large group of classmates, who swore they knew no one who was coming, to go out with me, and I determined to cling to them. First up rushes a Senior demanding that Pinkie shall come and entertain her family. Next six more Seniors, wanting Virginia to play with their beaux, so they will be sure to stay till evening. Another batch of Seniors insist that Prussie shall demonstrate to their snobbish aunts that one may be refined though a college girl. Suitors begin to collect round Treddie, whom she pretends to be much surprised to see. Esther and Charlotte are suddenly drawn into conversation with leading members of the faculty. This is one of the moments when I reflect most bitterly that Garden Party certainly ought to be somewhere, so that I can be somewhere else, instead of being everywhere.

But, then, of course, there is the band. I can always go listen to the band.

MARION STURGES SCOTT.



## Commencement Rehearsal

*Rainy Morning in Early June*

*The Gym.*

*Enter 1911 in indescribably varied clothing, but each with a cap on her head. They sing "The Star Spangled Banner." At least four people know the words because they learned them for the Anniversary.*

PAGEY (*on the platform steps making a motion like a benediction*).—Sit!

*Dr. Warren leans over and growls in her ear.*

PAGEY.—Oh, please get up again, so that I can practise having you sit down.

*1911 bobs up and sinks down patiently with thrills of unutterable pride that it is really they for whom this rehearsal is held. After three years of substituting for other Seniors in this performance, this is an achievement.*



1911 (*confusedly, excitedly*).—Well, to think it's really us! I can't believe it! Four minutes ago I was in bed. You look it, dear! Do you suppose it's going to rain for Gar—. Now how do you change it to the other side? Oh my, how complicated! Mine's never going to stay on, never in the world! I wish they'd hurry! I've still got to get my garden-party hat, and a dress for President's luncheon—*How many papers does she have to write before Wednesday?* Oh, my dear! And

all those alumnæ went whooping down the hall, until two this morning. What point there is in my coming here, when there's not the remotest chance of my ever graduating, I don't just—well, my dear, you needn't talk, I—

*Pagey rises.*

1911 (*as one woman*).—Sh———sh!

*Dr. Warren and Pagey confer.*

1911.—When I get mine, I'm going to beat it off that platform and hide it—Mine's green, and the hat has sweet peas and—

*Pagey turns towards 1911.*

1911 (*unitedly*).—Sh———sh!





DR. WARREN.—I shall now read out the names which we shall without doubt in the future recognise as the great ones of this earth, and as I read the present possessors of them will please arise, as gracefully as possible, and stand until the whole division has been num-



bered off. The entire bunch will then ascend the platform (being careful to elevate their garments so as not to step on them), divide in two and when I utter the word "Caps," take 'em off! Wait, wait, now! I have not yet completed my instructions. The degree which you may sometimes have despaired of getting, will be placed in your hand, when your turn comes. When with conscious pride in your achievement you have grasped the document, step back into line, and wait with what

patience you can summon, until the remainder of your division shall have received its award. Then amid the thunderous applause of your admiring relatives and friends you descend the steps, no longer *puellæ ordinariæ* but *bachelores artium extraordinariæ*. I will now read the names of the first group. "Greek and Latin——"

*The rehearsal proceeds.*

DR. WARREN (*from time to time*).—No, Miss Delano, you needn't bow so low. It isn't worth all that.

Hurry please, Miss Miller, or the candidate behind you may get your degree.

Now, Miss Gaylor, you must not, positively must not, try to knock down your classmates. Look where you are going when you back into line.



Walk backwards, Miss Doolittle, not sideways. Step out with an air.

Shorter steps, Miss Parker!

No, Miss Egan, go back! You must not start out with a wild, athletic leap. This is no meeting of the track, even if it is in the gymnasium.

Don't put out your hand until you get within hailing distance of the President, Miss Russell. It looks grasping, and over eager, to start from the extreme end of the line with outstretched hand.

Miss Claffin, put on a nonchalant air, you look worried.

Don't genuflect, *please*, Miss Houghteling.

Etc., etc.





*The last batch descends, headed by Potter, whom Dr. Warren took for a Faculty child substituting for one of its Senior friends, and ended by Iddo Rogers. The applause subsides.*

1911.—Is that all? Can we go now? Why didn't he let Treddy come up on the platform separately? I've simply got to catch—And my poor mother waiting all this—I want to go now! I want to go now! PAGEY, I want to go now!

PAGEY (*in a hounded voice*).—Dr. Warren!

1911.—Did you see Dr. Warren stare when he read "Miss Chambers of Turkey?" He looked around for a veiled, sloe-eyed creature. Did you say, "Thank you?" I want to go now! I want to—Pagey!

PAGEY (*harassed*).—Dr. Warren! May we let the Undergraduates go now?

DR. WARREN (*who has been refreshing himself with a glance at the morning papers*).—Yes, yes clear 'em out!

1911 stampedes for the door.

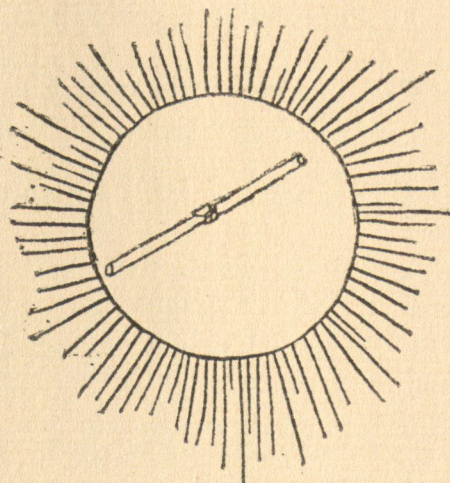
DR. WARREN (*as they leave*).—And now for the riper products. Miss ——. Fellow in——.

*The Gym doors close behind us.*

MARGARET PRUSSING.

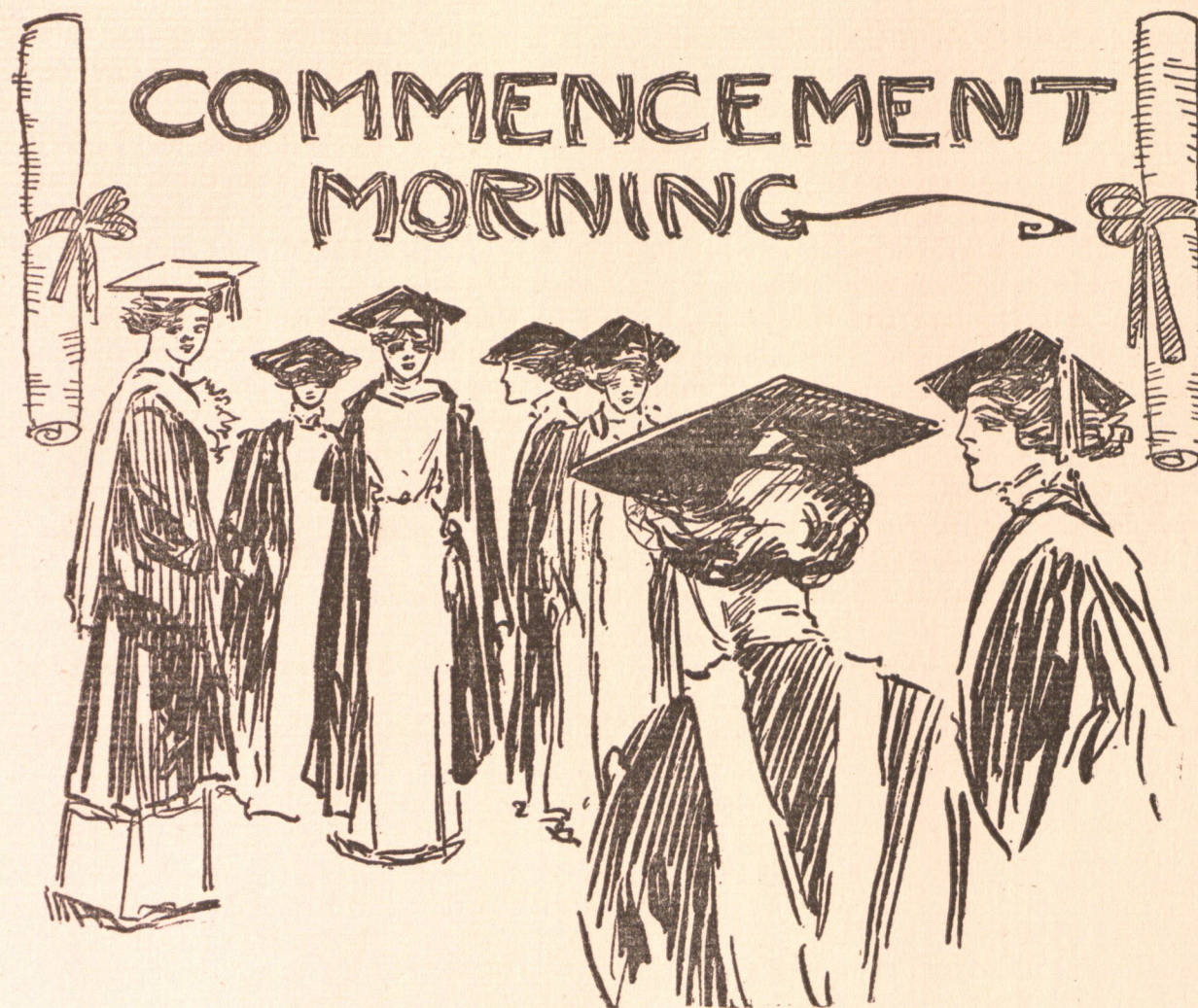


M. P.



F I N I S .





(BEING THE LETTER OF AN EYE WITNESS)

MY DEAR EMMA:—You wanted to hear about the Bryn Mawr Commencement and how Josie looked, so I will write you what I saw of it. Yes, it was queer. I don't say there was anything wrong about it, but it wasn't what I've been used to in the way of graduation exercises, *my* daughter having gone through Briarcliffe, and to me there was something



not quite refined about the clothes, and I can't help saying their fur boas seemed out of place to me, but of course I am not an authority on highly educated women, being one of the old-fashioned sort myself and not above being truly feminine.

Yes, there were fur boas—but I didn't see them at first, as they seemed to be only on the less prominent girls—probably supposed to dress them up a little. To me there was something almost pitiful about a lot of girls graduating without a single bunch of flowers among them, but of course these college girls! And then, as I say, my daughter went through Briarcliffe and it makes such a difference.

There were a few girls who seemed to be particularly important—they were carrying some wooden things which I afterward saw to be decoy diplomas. I fancied at first they were chosen on the basis of looks, and then of noisiness, but really it was hard to determine.

I can't tell you much about Josie, because, you see, she was a Senior, and Seniors aren't much in evidence at a graduation. The acting president of the Senior class (you know the real president is Helen Taft, but she wasn't back this year, but just held it as an honorary position) was Miss Walker, but I didn't see much of her, as she promptly turned her back as soon as anyone looked at her or pointed a camera at her. I didn't see why at first, for I didn't think she was at all bad looking, but someone whispered to me that she did it just to show her hood. You see, whatever these suffragettes may say, they aren't above thinking of clothes, and I think it's a good sign, though I will say I think the clothes were very queer.

I gathered by asking one of the girls with the decoy diplomas, that they were the chief features in the morning's celebration. At that moment a piece of faculty, whatever that is, got loose and began to escape and the girls had to go and coax it back into line. Then all these important girls were busy playing Alice to the Seniors' hedgehog. They would try to get the Seniors arranged, and every time they moved to another group the one they had just left would come undone again—it really got quite depressing, and I thought the procession never would start. However, finally, they did, the important girls leading along the Seniors by means of their decoy diplomas, which the Seniors followed with a hungry and eager look in their eyes that would have been indecent if it hadn't been so pitiful. I saw Josie among them, and, my dear, I will say, I thought she looked quite *cultured*, and really rather above the average in looks, though of course—well you see, *my* daughter went to Briarcliffe and it's so different. But Josie, as I say, looked quite *cultured*, and it really didn't matter if there wasn't much style to her wrap as all the others were *just* the same.

That was about all I saw, as they all went into a squatty building, and it hardly seemed



to me there would be anything interesting in the speeches, and I had a luncheon engagement. So that is all I can tell you. I will say I think you were wise not to bother to come, as there was really very little to see, and I'm sure I've described everything to you quite fully.

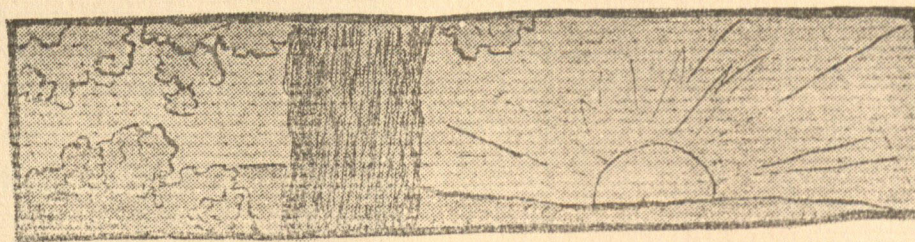
Your affectionate sister,

June 12, 1911.

GWENDOLYN.

ALPINE B. PARKER.





### The Last Lap of the Course: or The Exit of 1911

THIS article is not a report of the functions of Commencement Week. That honour has been divided up among other pens. My aim is to strike deeper and to disclose the really fundamental activities of the last fortnight the Senior class spends in the bosom of its Alma Mater. Did it ever occur to you that Commencement is a convention? That Garden Party is a side show to amuse Alumnae and guests? That Olympic Games and Bonfire and even Class Supper are but golden apples thrown in the path of the modern Atlanta? There are far more important things than these for the maiden who wishes to reach the goal-post by eleven o'clock of the fatal Thursday morning. It is possible to receive one's degree *in absentia*, but never has the A. B. been conferred with the proviso "to go into effect on the completion of one's Pol. Econ. report." Bonfires may burn and Steps may pass away, but the Senior cannot make her exit through Pembroke Arch into the Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr College until every examination has been passed and the English Department has been appeased.

Nevertheless Commencement Week functions cannot be ignored. If the class, as is usually the case, is bound by the icy chains of custom, it undertakes sideshows and hurls apples in its own path. The sideshows need rehearsal and the apples turn to mountains which require the force of the whole class to remove from the way. Therefore the fundamental activities of which I propose to write must be treated under two heads, *faculty-imposed* and *student-imposed*, to which might be added a third, namely, *warden-imposed*, inasmuch as when the panting and exhausted *novissimae alumnae* return to their halls, grasping with unbelieving fingers their precious sheepskins, they are immediately barricaded in their rooms by boxes and packing-cases and forced to doff their pussy hoods and long-sleeved gowns and use the ingenuity acquired by cramming facts into empty heads, in cramming books and lanterns, tea-kettles and Garden Party hats, into full trunks.



On the last day of lectures, when the Seniors have sung good-bye to Pembroke Arch, they file into the dining-rooms sadly, perhaps tearfully, but never fully realising that the end *has* come, that the knell of their college life has rung. Yet it is so, for during exams one does not live, one merely exists, and during Commencement one does not even exist, at least consciously. Nothing, except the last Oral, exceeds Senior Finals in horror and irrevocableness. The self-assured shark grows meek and the first ten resign themselves to a degreeless future. I shall never forget assisting H. P. to write an appeal to the Faculty begging them to allow her a second exam in Major Latin, and then when the marks were posted that afternoon leaving her speechless, and hesitating between gratitude and incredulity, as she gazed on a large M opposite her name, while I sought out Miss Crandall and begged her to accept said appeal in lieu of one of the arguments that in their unwritten state menaced my degree.

Just here, please observe, is the rub. Exams were bad. They required night-consuming reading, but they were spaced, e. g.—I finished my Major Latin at eleven o'clock A. M. and then had until two P. M. to prepare for Post Major Greek. But the reports and essays and poetical flights were all due at once.

Scottie's situation is a case in point. She was simply worn out. She was burning the candle at both ends, exams all day and Canfield all night, and West Point over week ends. It was the Friday before Commencement and she had five reports all due that day, between her and her degree. That morning she had her last examination, *Critics*, and after it was over stepped up to the desk to ask Dr. Upham to defer her report for the seventeenth time, not observing that Dr. Barton, who had just given her her twenty-second reprieve, was in the room. Dr. Upham, being philosophical, realised that a report which is supposed to be the culminating *opus* of the semester can not be satisfactorily written on the same afternoon as a Gothic Architecture essay, and granted Scottie's request. But Dr. Upham is also inhumane. As she left the room he caught the twinkle in Dr. Barton's eye and muttered: "Impossible little student, that." The remark naturally stung the poor child's sensitive soul.

The writing courses were even more requiring and insistent. Sunday morning, about six forty-five, I was dressing for early service when Roz knocked at my door to announce that she had just completed her verse compositions. While I brushed my hair she read me some blank verse composed between three A. M. and four-thirty A. M., and while I laced my boots I listened to an Epithalamion written between four-thirty and six forty-five. In return I read her an epigram dashed off between Olympic Games and Faculty Reception. But



it was two weary days after Rosie's feat that I stopped at Low Buildings on my way to the Bonfire to leave a bundle of arguments at Miss Crandall's door, and as for Cranie—well I never dared ask her whether she finally wrote that parody. Suffice it to say that we mounted the platform on Thursday in fear and trembling, knowing that *Argumentation* had not had time to go up.

Such duties, you may think, were sufficient to fill our time to overflowing. True enough, but since they were all matters which should have been attended to before, they had to be relegated to odd moments, witness Rosie. There were speeches to be written—Leila had seven besides two sermons and an opera,—skits to be worked up, transparencies to be painted, chairs to be carried, lemonade to be made, quarts and quarts of lemonade stretching in endless rows of tin buckets from Pembroke to the Tramp Woods, Japanese lanterns to be hung, Garden Party hats to be trimmed, songs to be practised, songs to be written, mothers to amuse, suitors to take for walks, and last but not least Garden Party correspondence to be dealt with. I can still see Betty Taylor—for such is the lot of  $\frac{A. B.}{2}$  during Commencement Week,—sitting in Senior Row in the midst of a dreary stretch of white cards, regaling her Byron-devouring neighbours under the next tree with such choice specimens as this:

“Mr. Pembroke West,

“DEAR SIR:

“Yours received. Wife and self pleased to accept your invitation to a Garden Party in honour of Miss Emma Yarnall. Hope it won't rain.

“Yours respectfully,

ENOCH JONES.”

I cannot, however, write with great accuracy of these events. For me, the doings of Commencement Week are veiled in a cloud of advertisements. You see the combined weight of class-book and exams bowled Hilpa over. Then John undertook the job. But the next day she was carried on a stretcher to the Infirmary. (Whether it was the C. B. or her longing to be joined again to Dotty is an open question. Dotty, you remember, had betaken herself to the Infirmary as a City of Refuge from Garden Party cards.) At any rate, the day of my last exam as I was stumbling up Taylor steps, my eyes buried in my notes, Amy grabbed me.

“Won't you business manage the Class-book?” she gasped. She looked so pleadingly at me, her hands full of tabs, that I assented, although during the next hour I found my mind



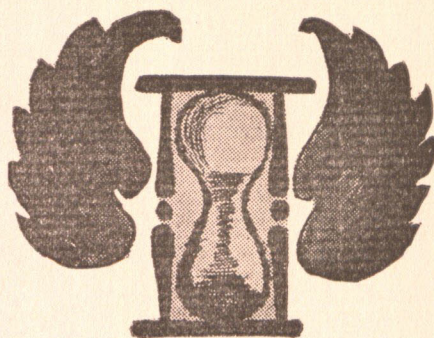
wandering from problems of Plautine dialect to question whether or no this were a deep-laid plot of 1911 to remove me too from the scene of action and cabbage my bishops at the Garden Party. However, I abide near the top of the strength list and I survived.

Faculty Reception proved a good time to obtain photographs, and Garden Party a splendid chance to solicit ads, while the time the marshals took to form the Commencement line was beguiled by the collection of class statistics. Meanwhile Scottie and the other editors held meetings in the room that had least trunks and mothers in it, and by Thursday afternoon, after grabbing our A. B.'s and a hasty lunch, we were ready to fly into town for a séance with Mr. Clarke. Friday we reserved for hunting the faculty with a camera. The results of interrupted packing and matriculation exams correcting is published in the back of this book.

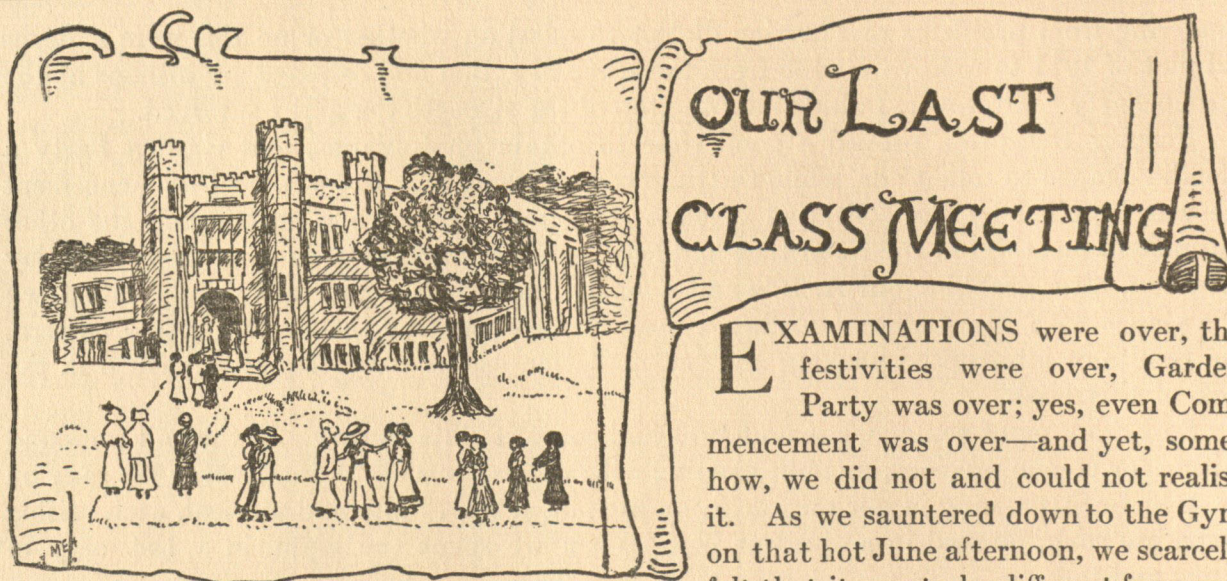
So Friday night came at last and 1911 had completed its course. At the end we found waiting for us one precious, moonlit evening with the campus all to ourselves. We sang on the Athletic Steps, sang in our own dear, undisciplined way, mute and musical, each raising a separate song, pitched in a different key. Then we spent the night in a last orgy of trunks and talk.

Next day, one by one, we passed out of Pembroke Arch, out into the June sunshine. Night found the class, its course run, its work accomplished, scattered to the four winds of heaven.

MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.







## OUR LAST CLASS MEETING

EXAMINATIONS were over, the festivities were over, Garden Party was over; yes, even Commencement was over—and yet, somehow, we did not and could not realise it. As we sauntered down to the Gym on that hot June afternoon, we scarcely felt that it was to be different from any

other class meeting. So we idled on our way, and half of us were late—just as we had been late throughout the four years.

The Gymnasium was still arranged as it had been that morning. With a dawning sense of our own importance,\* we went up those steps just as if we, all of us, had been European fellows, or “the best essayists in our class.” We put Amy in Miss Thomas’s great red chair, and arranged ourselves in solemn rows down either side. It came over us that perhaps this was one of the mysterious “rights, dignities and privileges thereunto appertaining” into which we had all been admitted that morning. Then the meeting came to order. And, instead of to choose or to practise a new song of some sort, lo! the “first business before the meeting” was to decide about reunions. With characteristic expansiveness, we voted to have them “on the first, second, third, fifth”—“and every fifth year thereafter.” Hellie insisted that that seemed too far ahead even to conceive of. Then we fought a little. 1911 has never been dull enough to let a motion go through *quite* uncontested. And when it came to deciding what hall we would re-une in—ah, then we proved anew that the old fighting blood was in us! *Tot homines, tot mentes*, ought to have been 1911’s motto, instead of that Greek one about the *hoi polloi*. But Amy knew our ways, and after sufficient clamour, she said that we would wait. Finally, after

\* Leila and I desire to point out that *our* sense of our own importance did not dawn here.—M. S. S.

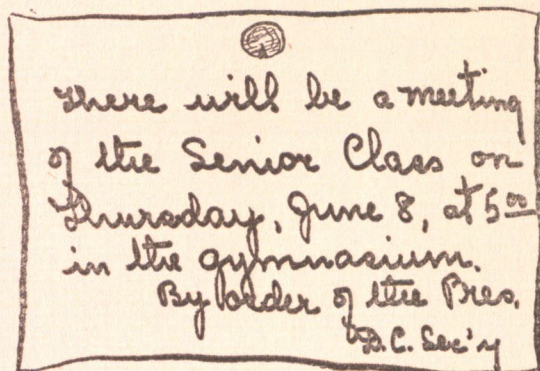


deciding to wear little green Robinhood caps, with peacock feathers, we left the matter of reunions and passed to the question of the Class Baby.

Hitherto, the question of this individual had not been a burning one in any of our minds. Now, however, we were informed that limitations must be imposed upon the infant. Like that of its "Alma Grand-Mater," the standard for the Class Baby must be kept high. With a few suggestions from the chair, we decided that it should be the "first girl-baby of an Alumna." But our indefatigable president pushed the matter farther. She forced us to consider its education. Then Higgie rose magnificently. She moved that if the parents were unable, the class should educate "the child." There was a second. In vain did I protest shyly from my corner that we were assuming a tremendous expense. I was silenced by the words "public school" and the motion went through. Time will show whether we were right or wrong.

Then we divided the nice peacock cups. And last of all we elected permanent officers, Amy and Dottie. It gave us a certain sense of stability to do this. We knew that even if we *were* Alumnae, we were no less 1911 than we had been before. So we cheered our officers lustily, and then we cheered ourselves. Under the gymnasium windows, the last of our Freshmen, faithful to the end, were cheering us. And so we filed out through the doors that we had so often passed through before, rushing toward Lab., with note-book-laden arms. Half instinctively, I turned toward the bulletin-board, intending to register exercise; and found it bare! Slowly we were all of us beginning to realise that it was indeed the end. But we laughed, and tried not to show how dreary we felt. And as we walked home across the campus, now deserted by all save ourselves, we knew that we were not going to lose it. 1911 would be 1911 to its twenty-fifth—yes, until its fiftieth, reunion; and no other class that had come or would come to college could ever be quite like it.

CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.





## IN MEMORIAM



ELIZABETH SWIFT



SINCE THIS BOOK TELLS THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1911, IT SEEMS FITTING THAT A WORD SHOULD BE SPOKEN OF BETTY SWIFT, WHO, THOUGH NOT A MEMBER OF THE CLASS, WAS WITH US DURING OUR FOUR YEARS AT COLLEGE. IN MOURNING HER LOSS WE FIND A CERTAIN HAPPINESS FOR OURSELVES IN THE THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS WITH US DURING OUR LAST YEAR AT COLLEGE, AND THAT WE SHARED IN HER JOY AT THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE TASK WHICH SHE HAD SET FOR HERSELF. THERE HAVE NOT BEEN MANY PEOPLE AT BRYN MAWR SO WIDELY KNOWN AND SO TRULY LOVED AS BETTY SWIFT, AND HER LOSS IS KEENLY FELT, NOT ONLY BY THOSE WHO KNEW HER WELL, BUT BY EVERY ONE WHO WAS IN COLLEGE WITH HER. FOR IN HER WE FOUND A FRIEND WHO CARED FOR EVERYONE, WHO HAD A FRIENDLY GREETING ALWAYS, AND WONDERFUL UNSELFISHNESS WHICH BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO THOSE ABOUT HER. SO IN OUR SORROW AT HER DEATH, WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE INSPIRATION WHICH HER LIFE HAS GIVEN US, AND WE REJOICE IN THE HAPPY MEMORY WHICH REMAINS FOR US WHO KNEW AND LOVED HER.





### L'Endoi

*The four years are over, with all that they meant, of interest, companionship, happiness. The first parting is intolerable, and we find consolation only when we begin to realise how wonderful it is to have behind us four years in which there is nothing to regret.*

*We, as a class, may feel that; for we have cared, 1911, from the very beginning we have cared earnestly and with all our hearts, and so we have entered fully into all the richness of life and of learning that Bryn Mawr can give. If we wanted a further reward for our devotion we had it when just that quality of our class was emphasised by the person to whom we owe our ideals. She said, as she bid us good-bye, that we had supported every standard and tradition of the College; and if we have earned such praise, we have, indeed, nothing to regret.*

*To her who has held steadily before us ideals higher than we sometimes knew, an outlook broader than we quite understood, we pay homage with our hearts as well as with our minds. Long may President Thomas be spared to Bryn Mawr and to us.*

MARION STURGES SCOTT



## Class Addresses

	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESSES
WILLA BULLITT ALEXANDER.....	October 12th.....	617 St. James Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
JEANNETTE VALERIE ALLEN.....	April 28th.....	"The Connecticut," Washington, D. C.
SOPHIA BLUM.....	October 18th.....	Reno, Nevada
NORVELLE WHALEY BROWNE.....	January 13th.....	65 Central Park West, New York City
ISABEL BUCHANAN.....	August 25th.....	473 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey
VIRGINIA CUSTER CANAN.....	November 12th.....	1803 Third Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania
FRANCES KING CAREY.....	June 10th.....	838 Park Avenue, Baltimore
MARY FRANK CASE PEVEAR.....	February 28th.....	1514 Beacon Street, Brookline Massachusetts
EMILY EDNA CASKEY.....	May 17th.....	Glenside, Pennsylvania
KATE ETHEL CHAMBERS.....	April 27th.....	916 Pine Street, Philadelphia
ALICE CHANNING.....	May 12th.....	74 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts
JULIA CHICKERING.....	December 9th.....	3213 Clifford Street, Philadelphia
CHARLOTTE ISABEL CLAFLIN.....	March 22d.....	Broad Exchange Building, Boston
JESSIE WILLIAMS CLIFTON.....	April 2d.....	5038 Schuyler Street, Germantown, Philadelphia
DOROTHY COFFIN.....	November 9th.....	Winnetka, Illinois
BLANCHE E. COLE.....	December 8th.....	Chester, Illinois
ELIZABETH CONRAD.....	November 15th.....	3236 East Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri
ESTHER STUART CORNELL.....	May 11th.....	1511 Ridge Avenue, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania
HARRIET LORD COUCH.....	July 3d.....	141 Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pennsylvania
MARION DELIA CRANE.....	March 21st.....	Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore
ANGELA DARKOW.....	November 15th.....	3911 Poplar Street, Philadelphia
CATHERINE LYMAN DELANO.....	November 25th.....	510 Wellington Avenue, Chicago
CHRISTINE ELLEN DEPEW.....	July 5th.....	Delano, Pennsylvania
HANNAH MARIA DODD.....	November 26th.....	Rehoboth, Sussex County, Delaware
MARGARET DOOLITTLE.....	January 3d.....	102 Valentine Street, Mt. Vernon, New York
MARGARET JOSEPHINE DULLES.....	April 25th.....	67 South Street, Auburn, New York
MAY MARGARET EGAN.....	May 2d.....	600 East Thirty-sixth Street, Kansas City, Missouri
ALICE EICHBERG.....	March 24th.....	619 Oak Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
HELEN EMERSON.....	May 15th.....	162 Blackstone Block, Providence, Rhode Island
ARISTINE FIELD.....	May 6th.....	Gates, New York
EMMA FORSTER.....	April 14th.....	2631 Fillmore Street, Bridesburg, Philadelphia
MARGARET ALICE FRIEND.....	December 17th.....	657 Astor Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



## Class Addresses—Continued

	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESSES
ELSIE LUSH FUNKHAUSER.....	April 10th...	Care E. P. Peck, Esq., 401 South Fortieth Street, Omaha, Nebraska
RUTH HAMILTON GAYLOR.....	October 14th.....	105 Fisher Avenue, White Plains, New York
GERTRUDE GIMBEL DANNENBAUM.....	November 26th...	(Mrs. Edwin Dannenbaum) 1507 Girard Ave- nue, Philadelphia
HELEN HAMILTON LEIPER HENDERSON...	March 19th.....	Cumberland, Maryland
MARY HAMOT HIGGINSON.....	May 7th.....	Care Charles H. Strong, Esq., 109 West Sixth Street, Erie, Pennsylvania
MARGARET JEFFERYS HOBART.....	December 1st.....	43 Fifth Avenue, New York City
MARGERY ELIZABETH HOFFMAN.....	August 30th.....	161 North Twenty-third Street, Portland, Oregon
LEILA HOUGHTELING.....	April 24th.....	Winnetka, Illinois
CAROLINE LETCHWORTH JUSTICE.....	April 26th.....	Narberth, Pennsylvania
MILDRED JANNEY.....	December 13th.....	4729 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago
VIRGINIA JONES.....	November 8th.....	259 Western Avenue, Allegheny, Pennsylvania
MARY KILNER.....	September 25th..	335 West Seventy-eighth Street, New York City
CHARLOTTE STUART KIMBEL.....	May 8th.....	Roland Park, Baltimore
MARGUERITE HAMMOND LAYTON MORRIS..	May 27th.....	(Mrs. Robert Lennox Morris) Monroe, Louisiana
LOIS PARTRIDGE LEHMAN.....	April 4th.....	Redlands, California
HENRIETTA FLOYD MAGOFFIN.....	July 13th.....	Mercer, Mercer County, Pennsylvania
ROSALIND FAY MASON.....	August 5th.....	673 Lincoln Parkway, Chicago
LAURA ISABELLE MILLER.....	November 16th.....	316 Juneau Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
BEULAH MARGARET MITCHELL.....	March 16th.....	Chattanooga, Tennessee
ELSIE MOORE.....	March 27th.....	Danville, Pennsylvania
EURANA DINKEY MOCK DE BOBULA....	February 9th.....	(Mrs. Titus de Bobula) Loretta, Pennsylvania
AGNES LAWRENCE MURRAY.....	July 21st.....	206 Main Street, Binghamton, New York
HELEN MAXWELL OTT.....	July 28th.....	521 East Leverington Avenue, Roxborough, Pennsylvania
ALPINE BODINE PARKER.....	September 6th.....	1923 St. Paul Street, Baltimore
HELEN HUSS PARKHURST.....	January 3d.....	Englewood, New Jersey
FRANCES PORTER.....	October 14th.....	Hubbard Woods, Illinois
ELLEN ESTHER POTTBERG.....	June 11th.....	2338 North Broad Street, Philadelphia
MARGARET ALICE PRUSSING.....	March 29th.....	1519 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago
HELEN MARGUERITE RAMSEY.....	January 27th.....	Rosemont, Pennsylvania



## Class Addresses—Continued

	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESSES
PHYLLIS RICE.....	April 2d.....	124 Ocean Street, Lynn, Massachusetts
ETHEL LOUISE RICHARDSON.....	June 28th.....	2232 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia
RUTH ROBERTS.....	September 7th.....	919 West William Street, Decatur, Illinois
ISOBEL MITCHELL ROGERS.....	June 27th.....	48 Highland Avenue, Yonkers, New York
ELIZABETH ROSS.....	February 26th.....	2051 East Ninetieth Street, Cleveland, Ohio
LOUISE STERNBERG RUSSELL.....	April 30th.....	184 West Eighty-second Street, New York City
ANNE RUSSELL SAMPSON.....	December 28th.....	Pantops, Charlottesville, Virginia
HILPA SERENA SCHRAM.....	January 17th.....	420 Chestnut Street, Columbia, Pennsylvania
HERMINE RICE SCHAMBERG.....	September 6th.....	1841 North Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia
MARION STURGES SCOTT.....	October 23d.....	Virginia Hotel, Chicago
ANNA STEARNS.....	December 9th.....	37 Orange Street, Nashua, New Hampshire
ALICE ANITA STEARNS STEVENS.....	July 15th.....	(Mrs. Weld Merrick Stevens) Greenwich, Connecticut
IOLA MERLE SEEDS.....	September 16th.....	607 Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia
MARGERY SMITH.....	October 1st.....	White House, Balston Spa, New York
ELIZABETH WILLIS TAYLOR.....	December 20th.....	33 West Ninetieth Street, New York City
MARY MINOR WATSON TAYLOR.....	April 7th.....	2001 Monument Avenue, Richmond, Virginia
RUTH FRANCES TANNER.....	November 24th.....	Care Herbert A. Gill, Esq., 612 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.
DOROTHY THAYER.....	August 1st.....	New Canaan, Connecticut
HELEN TREDWAY.....	July 21st.....	43 Fenelon Place, Dubuque, Iowa
OLIVE OSTRANDER VAN HORN.....	May 30th.....	150 Dan Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
RUTH PERKINS VICKERY HOLMES.....	December 2d.....	(Mrs. Bradford Buttrick Holmes) 452 Sixteenth Street, Bellingham, Washington
AMY MOREHEAD WALKER.....	March 29th.....	1128 La Salle Avenue, Chicago
RUTH WELLS.....	September 19th.....	Hanover, New Hampshire
CONSTANCE CAROLINE WILBUR.....	February 1st.....	711 Grand Avenue, Asbury Park, New Jersey
MARY ALMIRA WILLIAMS.....	June 17th.....	1005 Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
AGNES PENMAN WOOD.....	October 10th.....	234 Walnut Avenue, Wayne, Pennsylvania
FLORENCE WOOD WINSHIP.....	August 31st.....	(Mrs. Herring Winship) 37 Bank Street, Princeton, New Jersey
FLORENCE JULIEN WYMAN TRIPP.....	June 4th.....	(Mrs. R. C. Tripp) Rye, New York
EMMA YARNALL.....	September 5th.....	217 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania















IN MEMORIAM



JOSEPH EDMUND WRIGHT



ROSE CHAMBERLAIN



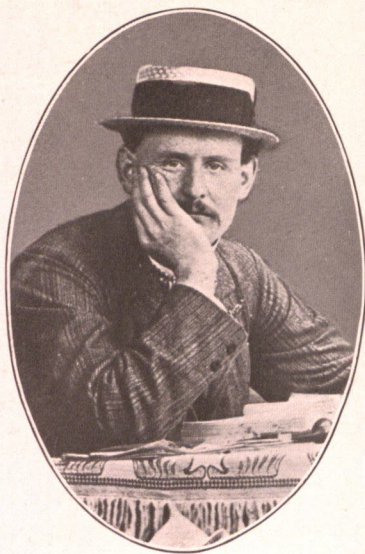
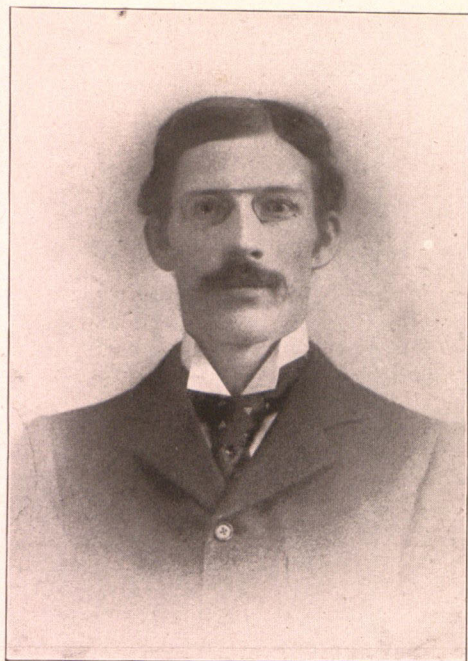
# The Faculty













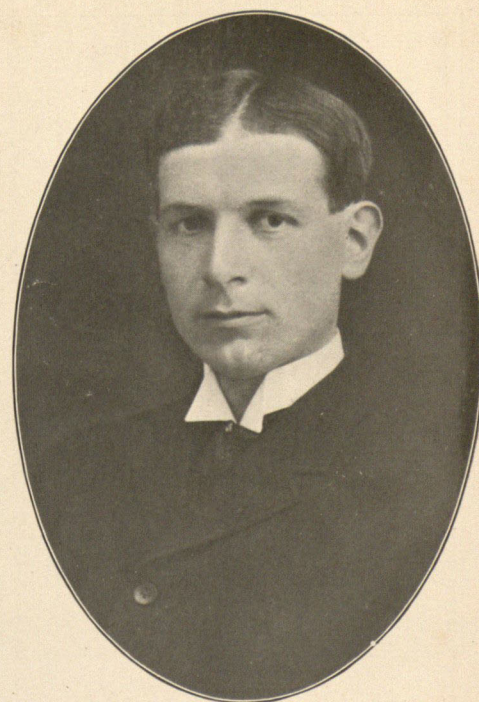


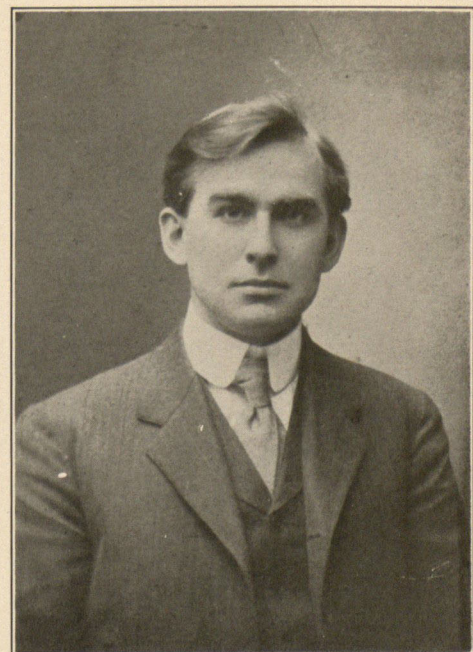
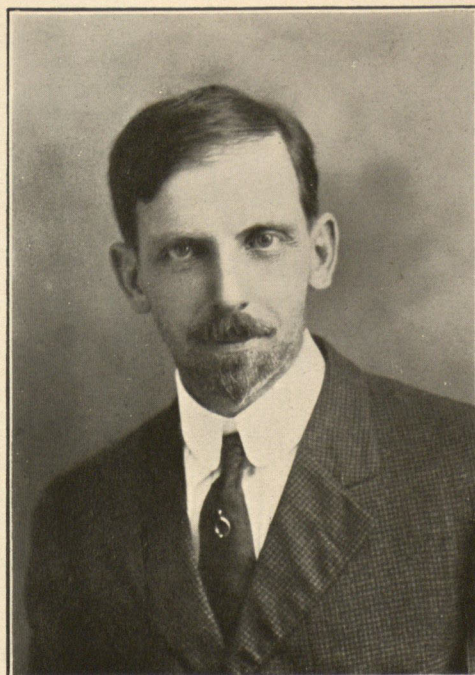
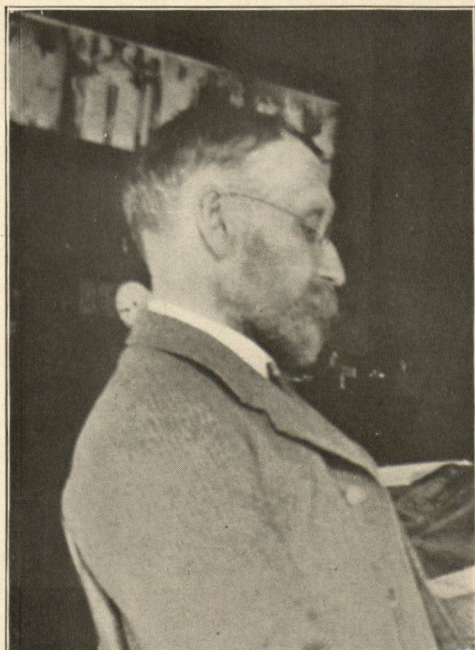




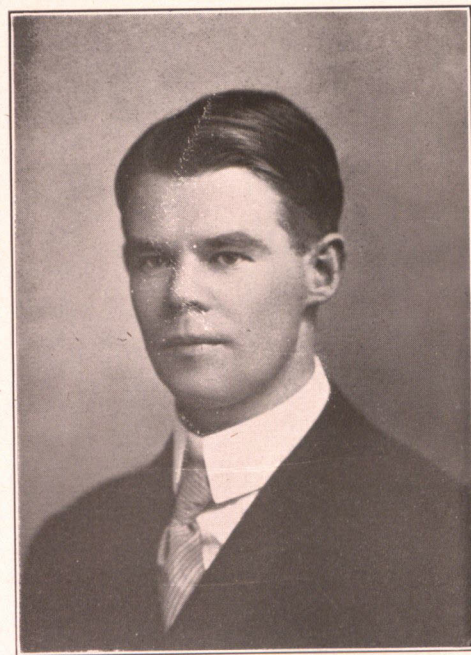
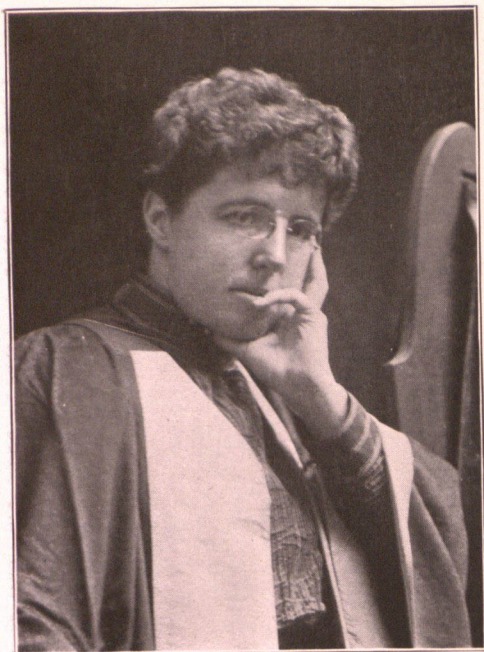
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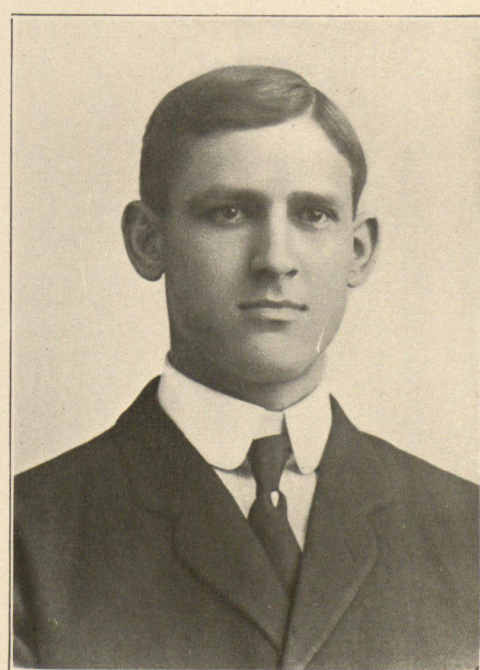
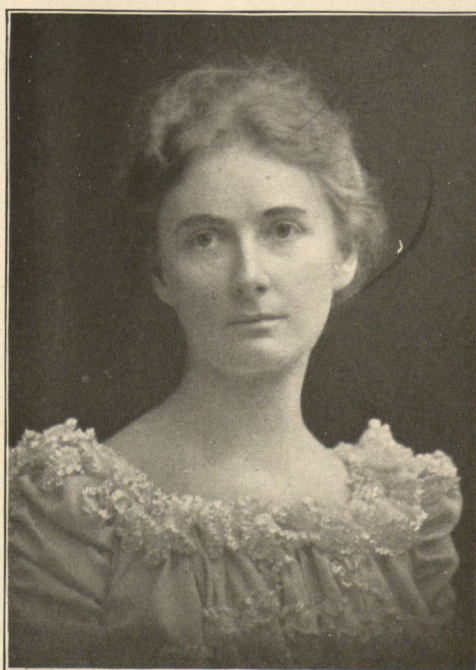
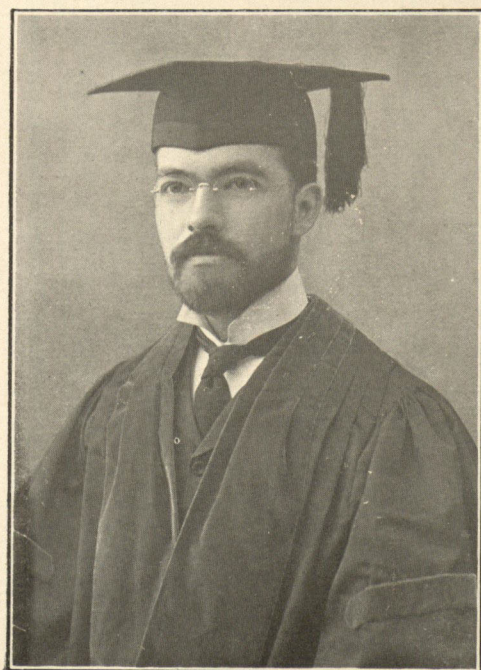
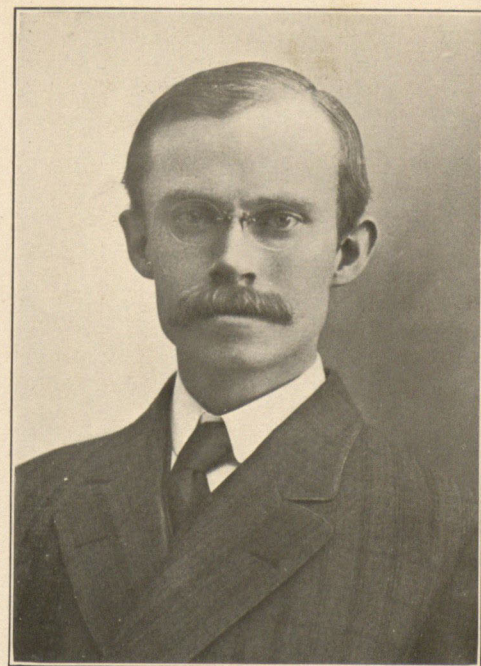
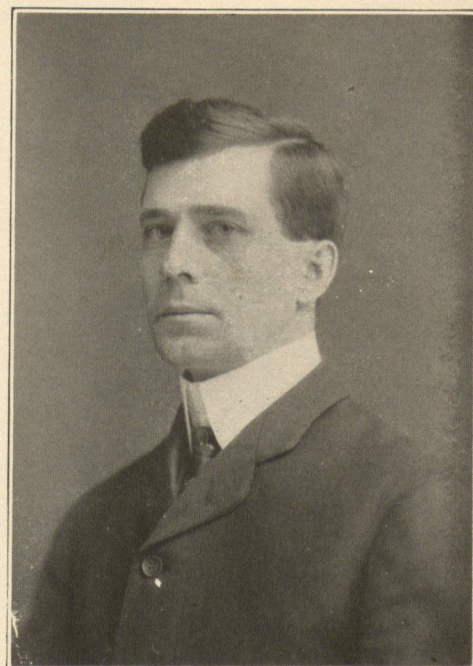
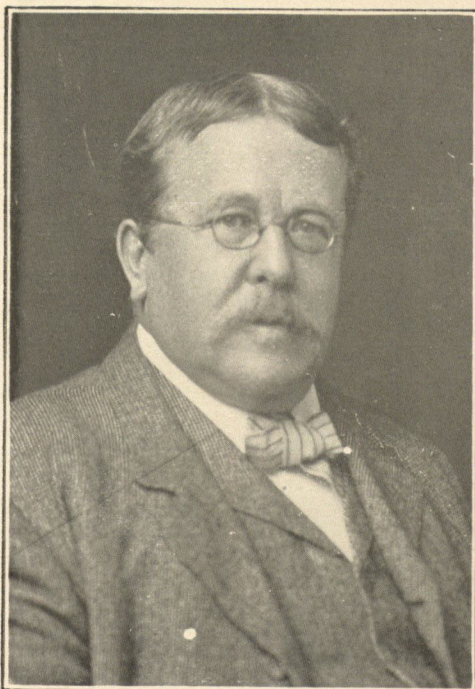








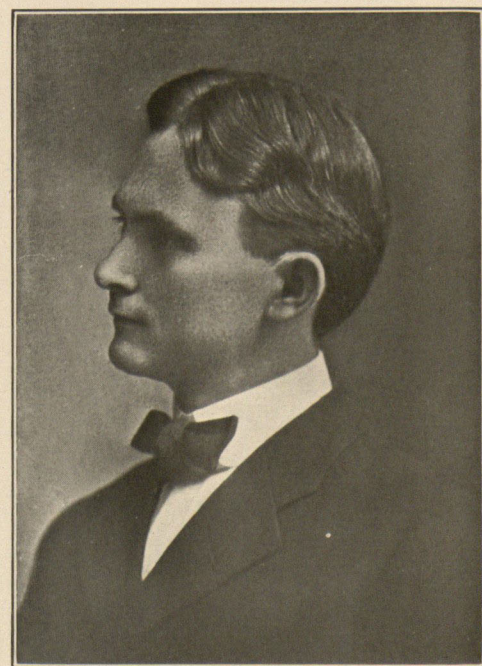
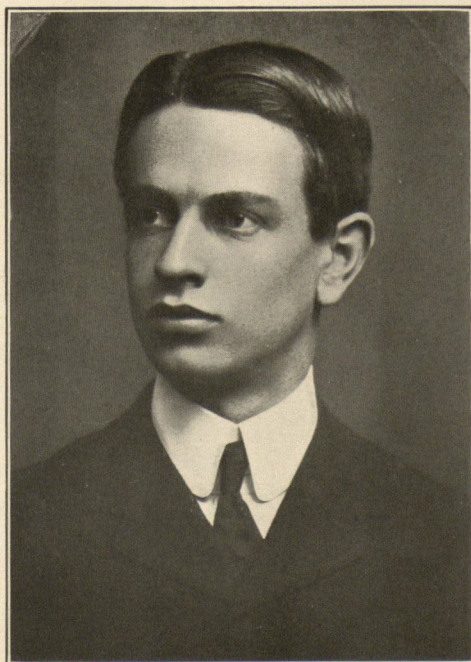
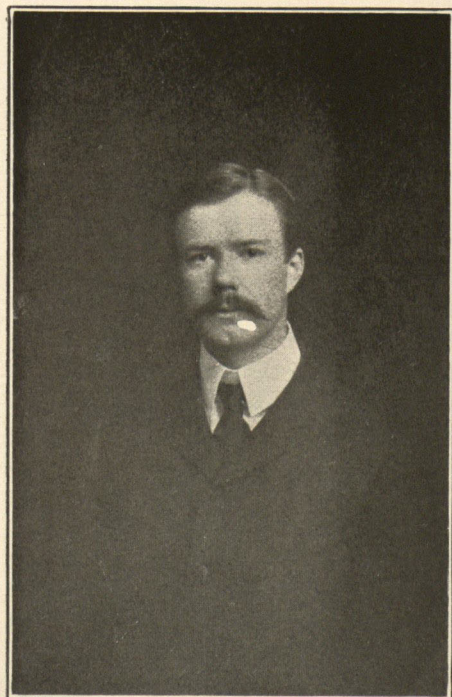
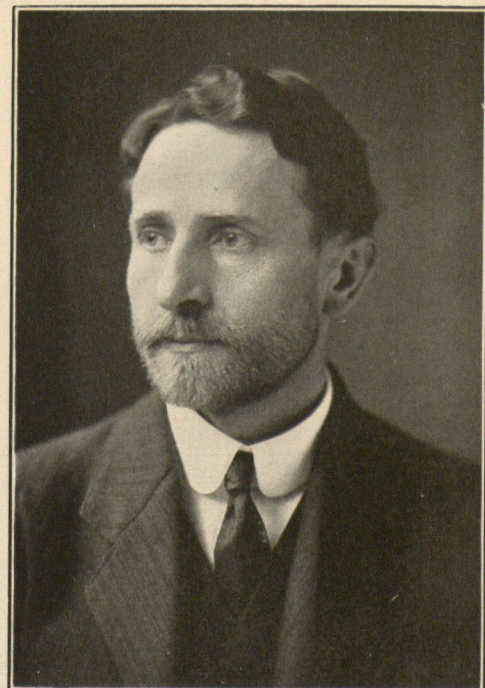
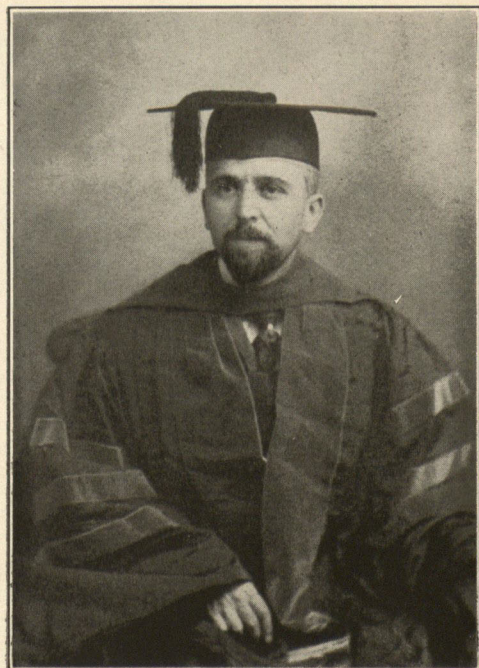




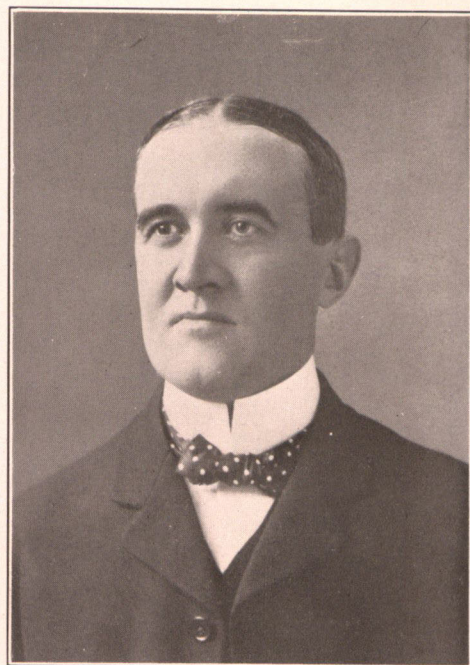
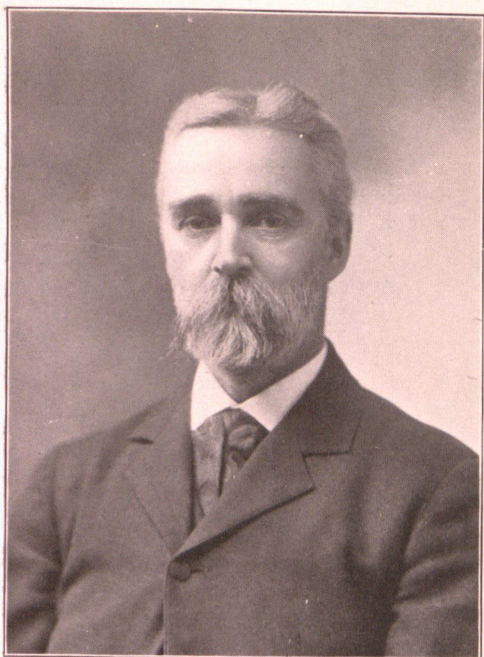




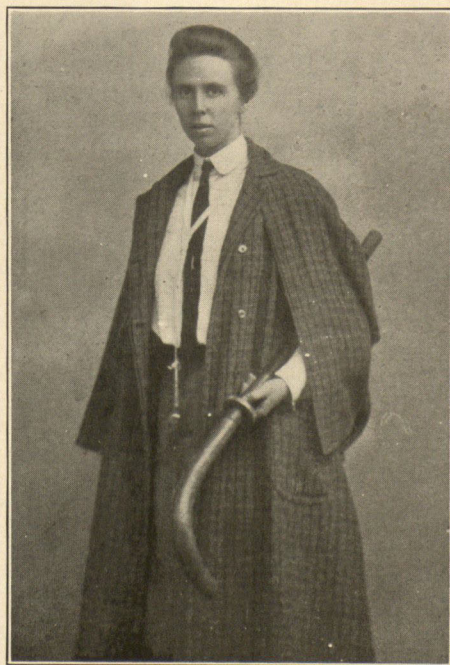






























































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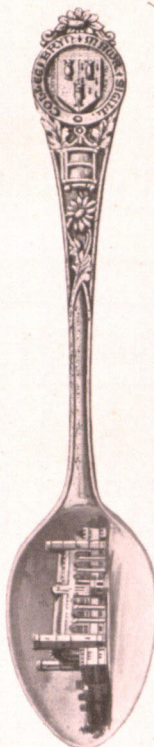
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